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DRESDENER GALERIE



RAPHAEL SANZIO P.

W. TRENCH sc

DIE MADONNA.
(Sixtinische)

THE MADONNA.
(St. Sixtus)

ART
TREASURES
OF
GERMANY.

A COLLECTION
OF
THE MOST IMPORTANT PICTURES
OF THE
GALLERIES
OF
DRESDEN, CASSEL, BRUNSWICK, BERLIN, MUNICH AND VIENNA.
WITH PORTRAITS OF THE MOST CELEBRATED MASTERS
AND
EXPLANATORY AND BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICES

del.
BY
A. GÖRLING, B. MEYER

And
AND
A. WOLTMANN,
AUTHOR OF "HOLBEIN AND HIS TIME."



BOSTON.
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Novels.

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THE SISTINE MADONNA.

(BY RAPHAEL).

The deafening noise which, since break of day, had reigned on the left shore of the Tiber suddenly ceased. The double notes of the evening bell sounded from the church of St. John of Lateran, calling to prayer, and the motley group of Alban peasants, of shepherds from the Sabine hills, of Campagnards, and of Trasteverenes, who had worked all day in the sweat of their brow for nearly nineteen hours, threw down their shovels and pickaxes, turned over their long line of wheelbarrows, muttered a hasty evening prayer, and dispersed quickly to their abodes, without troubling themselves to consider what ancient treasures had been brought to the light of day from the débris and shingle of the river shore. After a few moments, the last of the labourers had disappeared, and there only remained behind a few well-dressed young men, with several Benedictines, and a richly decorated officer of the Pope's Household, who was occupied in investigating the progress made by the works for the re-discovery of ancient Rome.

The excavation of ancient Rome was a gigantic labour, as was proved by the difficulties which had already risen. Enormous heaps of earth, such as were thrown up by the legions of Caesar around beleaguered cities, were spread along the banks of the Tiber and thrown into the wide streets, which although they had formerly been traversed by millions of Roman citizens, were now but indistinctly to be traced by dark castellated palaces and miserable huts. Near the field of labour were the gigantic ruins of the old "Pons Milvius," which since the days of Roman glory had obstinately defied the angry waves of the stream.

Sloping away from the "Ponte rotto," Rome of the Middle Ages showed its dark threatening face. The strong citadels, so well fortified with freestone walls, turrets and battlements, around which the ancient temples and other buildings had been destroyed, in order to deprive assailants of every protection against the heavy cross-bow shafts and bullets of the "arcolay," owed their origin to the wild horrible times of the struggles of the Guelphs and Ghibellines, to that period of almost four hundred years, in which the Frangipani and Cenci fought with the Colonna and Orsini, and the Bianchi and Neri, the Guidicelli and Raspanti, made Italy into one great camp.

From the summit of each of these castles built for the most part in the Norman-Sicilian style of architecture, there waved a small flag with the arms of the proprietor. Pope Julius had destroyed, with iron hand, the dynastic glory of the great families of Papal rule; and although after this second David an era had arisen under Leo X. of Solomonic peace, of knowledge and art, with a passionate love of display, the noble Roman families were not always willing to surrender the emblems of their previous self-government.

Thus two banners fluttered upon the battlements of the dark palace near the bridge, one with the tiara and the crossed keys—the other smaller banner adorned with two recumbent red lions, one holding a serpent, the other a lamb in its claws, the symbol of the Cathedral of Ancona on Monte Guasco. Above the portal was another armorial bearing, a hand outstretched in oath, with the fingers turned downwards, pointing to the executioner's block, the badge of the Malatesta.

Before the palace, or rather the castle, stood two athletic figures, clothed in the dress too well known in Italy, of the German foot-soldier, with gaily striped slashed doublet, breast-plate, glittering steel-cap, and long partisan. A noble horseman, entirely clothed in steel, with the exception of a small feathered cap in place of the vizor, rode slowly and thoughtfully upon his heavy Walloon horse, over the heaps of refuse carefully examining the excavations; then, shaking his head, and thoughtfully stroking his thick grey beard, he rode on to the door of the Palace Malatesta, while the two sentinels saluted him with martial honours. Richly-dressed servants and a tattered rabble, rushing through the portal, seized the reins and stirrups of the war-horse, and on a sign from the cavalier, they were rewarded with some small coin by an imposing personage adorned with a monstrous plumed hat, probably a Swiss Major-domo.

Just as the warrior was about to step under the vaulted entrance-porch, a brilliant cavalcade attracted his attention. A train of perhaps twenty horsemen, principally young, galloped past, dressed in gaily-coloured attire, with waving ostrich feathers in their hats, and flashing rapiers at their sides. These cavaliers served as out-riders to a young man, whose dress recalled the simplicity of the cloister. He was seated on a raven-black mule, richly equipped, advancing in measured trot, and was escorted by some distinguished churchmen and laymen on horseback. He wore a black, so-called, licentiate-cap, the "biretium," from beneath which hung his long, smooth brown hair, almost touching his shoulders. A brown velvet mantle of the shape worn by the Benedictine preachers, clothed the thin figure; his only ornaments were a brooch of brilliants, attaching a short red feather to the cap, a glittering dress-sword, and golden spurs.

The knight who still stood at the Porta Malatesta appeared greatly astonished. He turned to the steward and said: "What is the meaning of this procession, more suitable for the court of an emperor or of the king of France, than for the clerical city of Rome?"

"My gracious Lord," replied the servant, lifting his hat, "these are the artists, the great painters, followed as usual by a number of young aristocratic knights."

"Are they the members of the Academy of San Luca, or the foreign artists of the 'Schilderbent?'"

"My Lord, I am not sufficiently well informed, to be able to answer your question. So much indeed, I do know, that the greater part of these artists are not foreigners, but good Italians from the dominions of his Holiness the Pope. They are the pupils and friends of the great master Raphael, whom all Rome idolizes, as you have doubtless heard Monsignore in Ancona."

"Was Raphael himself amongst the cavalcade?" inquired the governor with evident interest.

"Certainly, gracious Sir; did you not observe the young man, in dark dress, wrapped in a mantle, with the small red feather in his hat?"

"He, upon the black mule? Is he Raphael, with whose praise all Italy resounds? Still almost a youth?"

"You have seen the wonder of Rome, my Lord Governor, this artist on whom the holy Father has bestowed unlimited power, to dispose of Rome as he will. Raphael is now making

his circuit, to give orders, respecting the direction in which excavations shall be carried on to-morrow. What, if the Castle Malatesta does not please him, or if he makes the discovery that it stands on the ruins of an ancient idol temple, he, the Raphael, gives a signal, and its walls are thrown down."

"Gran Spirito!" muttered the governor to himself, and entered the wide court-yard, without vouchsafing an answer to the steward.

A litter, borne by mules, and ornamented in the French fashion, soon after appeared. The litter was escorted by Swiss gend'armes of the papal guard. The lower step almost touched the ground, so that the inhabitant of this tasteless tenement so fantastically adorned with golden palm-leaves, and carved vine tendrils, rising like horns into the air, could step to the ground with the greatest ease.

It was a distinguished prelate, a prince of the church, who crept out of this "navicella," and looked at the two gigantic foot-soldiers with good humoured astonishment. The elegant little man, who already stood on the threshold of old age, could still boast of coal-black hair, and dark bushy eye-brows, from beneath which unusually vivacious little eyes sparkled with a searching and almost humorous expression. This was the secretary of the Pope and of the holy College, his Eminence, Cardinal Sinibaldo, Count Ismeducci, belonging to one of the oldest dynastic families of the demesne of St. Peter, and Bishop of Fessano "*in partibus infidelium*."

Cardinal Ismeducci extended his hand in blessing over the heads of the two soldiers and received their thanks in the grounding of their partisans, their highest token of reverence.

"My brave sons, has your lord, the Count Malatesta, returned from Ancona?"

"Your Eminence is rightly informed."

"Shall I find the Lord Governor at home?"

"He has just ridden under the portal."

The foremost of the Swiss guard announced the cardinal. Entering the wide court with slow measured tread, he approached the colossal open staircase which led to the first floor, and undisturbed by the tattered clothes which were here hung up to dry on every side, Ismeducci again pronounced a blessing, and ascended.

The old warrior who had taken off all his armour, excepting the halberd and cuirass stood awaiting him.

"Most Reverend Sinibaldo," said he, extending his sinewy hands, "welcome to Rome. We have grown very old, my dear Ismeducci, since we last met."

The cardinal first giving his benediction, and then embracing the greybearded man, replied, "our friendship, Galeotto Malatesta, is like old wine—it grows better and stronger with age."

"And your art in making kind speeches has suffered as little as our friendship by age," said Malatesta smiling.

"*Musa dedit fidibus divos*," answered de Cardinal, "*puerosque deorum, et pugilem victorem, et equum certamine primum et juvenum curas et libera vina referre . . .*"

"O, *per Bacco*, most reverend Sinibaldo, you are gifted with a fluency of tongue which can run through a letter of Horace as easily as through a Pater-noster."

"Galeotto, we are not permitted to draw comparisons between heavenly and earthly things," said Ismeducci, with a pious upward glance.

Taking the arm of his old friend, Malatesta led him through the gloomy corridors into a narrow but long room, adorned with armour.

"Welcome, Sinibaldo, to my dwelling, notwithstanding it may be out of keeping with that future, which His Holiness the Pope, and such of his favourites, who concern themselves less about their breviaries than about the interests of worldly art, intend to construct on the ruins of ancient Rome. An artist, or painter, shares in Rome the throne of the Pontifex Maximus. What is the meaning of this? for even Cardinal Ismeducci conforms to the new fashion, and forsakes his devotion to the holy virgins and martyrs, in order to follow the steps of our ancestors in the gay worship of gods and heroes."

"Do not be blasphemous, Galeotto!" Ismeducci replied earnestly, "Raphael's art is not merely a Christian, it is a Heavenly inspiration. Look at all that has been accomplished here, with wonderful patience, in an incredibly short time, and you will not refuse to confess that Raphael's be called a true and holy religious service."

"If such is your opinion, your Reverence, an old general like myself, must be silent. But, in speaking to my daughter, I have stigmatized such a view of the young painter as fanatical and dangerous. And you cannot deny, Ismeducci, that your Raphael paints much for which he can find no authority in the annals of the Church!"

"Have you had an audience of the Holy Father, Galeotto? for I have no means of knowing, as orders have been given for your immediate admission, whenever you are announced by the body-guard."

"I have only been three hours in Rome," replied Malatesta, astonished at this sudden turn in the conversation.

"Now, dear old friend and cousin, when you see His Holiness, he will probably take the opportunity of correcting your views respecting the profane side of Raphael's art. I assure you, that your daughter, my god-child, blessed in the holy name of Aldruda, cannot, in her enthusiastic admiration of Raphael, surpass that with which Leo X. regards the great painter."

Malatesta paced up and down the room with long steps, while the cardinal sank into a large easy-chair, deliberately twirling his thumb, and surveying the governor with benevolent attention.

"Sinibaldo, I confess that I am no friend to your plan, which seems intended to make the ancient arms of the Malatesta the property of your idolized painter. You, the sons of the dynastic family of the Ismeducci, have been long in alliance with the tonsure and the robe of the scholar, while we, the Malatesta, cannot tear ourselves from the saddle and the warrior's armour. We have had valued artists, as may be judged by the monument erected by my ancestor Galeotto in the neighbouring baptistery to the memory of those who fell in the battle of La Cescina, and by the numerous pictures in this room. That picture of the three Malatesta in the armour of the knights of St. John was painted by Pietro della Francesca of Borgo San Sepulcro in 1423. For that portrait of Ilaria di Malatesta, of the family of Ordelaffi, painted by Santo Tosini of Vicchio, the painter received its weight in gold."

Ismeducci followed with his eye the direction pointed out by the governor.

"We have employed valued artists, and have rewarded them well," continued Malatesta, "but we have never thought of making sculptors or painters, members of our family. Even the Medici have wisely avoided this, although they have been especially occupied with the culture of art."

Ismeducci quickly drew himself up in his chair.

"From whence, then, Galeotto, can Leo obtain the necessary dowries for the new Medici?" asked the Cardinal. "There is not a single heiress in his family, who, like the Countess Aldruda di Malatesta, can lay claim in her own right to the possessions of an almost extinct male line..."

"I am still alive, Sinibaldo, and I have also a nephew..."

"Ah! this nephew is no Malatesta, but a Guidi—Count Azzo of Dovadola; as much a stranger to you as Raphael Santi, the painter; and the acknowledged favourite of the head of your Church, your liege-lord and commander, the Pope!"

"There are so many noble families—the Cenci, the Colonna, the Orsini, Frangipani, Pamfili, Ottoboni..."

"I understand your meaning, Galeotto," said the Cardinal. "You would ask: why has no lady from one of these noble families offered her hand to the painter, who is a prince, and unequalled in his art. Do not you believe, Malatesta, that our noblest Roman ladies have exerted the power of their beauty and of their charms, in order to enchain Raphael? I could mention a lady of the family of Montefeltres; or beauties from the families of the Salimbeni, the Gabelli, the Mulucci, or my own nieces, the charming Countesses Camerini—all are fascinated with Raphael, and nothing would stand in the way of his suit..."

"Then may the young painter seek his wife there!" muttered Malatesta.

"But, my dear Galeotto, you must point out to me, from amongst the aristocratic admirers of Raphael, a lady whose mind and culture can at least reach the pedestal on which a Raphael is enthroned. Perhaps the only Roman lady fully worthy of Raphael, would have been Michael Angelo Buonarrotti's Colonna."

A long silence ensued. The governor took off his breastplate, and stood in his leather jerkin, in spite of his fifty-six years, as muscular as Buonarrotti's David.

"You, Malatesta, possess in your daughter Aldruda a star of beauty, an Italian Sappho, worthy to receive the laurel-crown of the Capitol. She is mentally as richly endowed as Raphael, such a pair cannot be found in all Christendom. You love your daughter as your choicest treasure, and you have a right to do so; you should rejoice in Aldruda's admiration for Raphael, and in the impatience with which she awaits the suit of this painter-prince, for, by my patron Saint, you might otherwise have no happiness to offer Aldruda, beyond the walls of a convent cloister."

Ismeducci rose with sparkling eyes. The old diplomat, who had more than once run an even tilt with the crafty and powerful Signoria of Venice, seemed satisfied with the result of his attack on the governor of Ancona.

"In parting, Galeotto, I will tell you a little secret," he said laughing. "I am not commissioned to divulge it, but I think it wise to give you information. The holy Father expects that you should open to your friends the state-rooms in the Castle Malatesta, which have been closed for the last ten years."

"Whoever wishes to visit me, Sinibaldo, shall be welcome," remarked the governor with a frown.

"Leo himself wishes to visit you, Galeotto, and it would be too much in the style of personal friendship, were you to receive the Pope, as you receive your old friend Sinibaldo without bread, salt, and wine!"

Angrily clutching the end of his beard, as if he intended to pluck out the curly grey bush, Malatesta asked:

"Where is this Swiss bull, the majordomo, where is that rascal Emmenaldo?" cried Malatesta. "He welcomed you on my threshold, Cardinal Ismeducci; and let the curse which is contained in your words rest upon him, the Swiss, and not upon the hospitality of my house."

"I came to bless, not to curse," said the Cardinal.

"What does the Pope wish, what does he demand of me?"

"Oh, I can only express my own very decided wishes, my Galeotto," answered Ismeducci smiling. "Give a feast to the knights of Rome, a feast, at which Aldruda di Malatesta shall do the honours, and be sure that I will lay my blessing at the feet of my beautiful god-daughter, and that Leo X. will not disdain to visit the hero, who so long and stedfastly defended Ancona, that bulwark of the States of the Church, against the French, as well as against Venetians, Dalmatians, and unbelieving Turks."

"Has Aldruda heard of the proposal, that I should give such a feast?"

"The plan was long ago discussed in writing," replied the Cardinal, thrusting his hand into the pocket of his robe.

"O, I believe it! I now see more clearly than I did ten minutes ago—my daughter has made alliances behind my back, in order to overthrow me . . . My name is not Malatesta, if the Pope does not bring with him to my feast the painter Raphael; Sinibaldo, let me have the truth this time."

"I think," said Ismeducci, taking up his rosary, and smiling graciously, "that the Holy Father only conceived the idea of a festival in the Palace Malatesta, because he could find no better way of introducing his favourite Raphael to you and the Countess Aldruda without further ceremony . . ."

"Sinibaldo, you and no other, have arranged this attack skilfully, in order that I may be overthrown, before I have time to defend myself!"

"Galeotto, I am proud of having had a hand in the game," laughed Ismeducci.

"Well, the Pope, his painter, and all the rest of of you, may do as you please," said Malatesta, shortly and abruptly. "I owe you a bottle of Montefiasconè, bread, and salt. And tell his Holiness, that the Castle Malatesta will be ready to receive him, but not I!"

"Tell that yourself to the Pope, when you have your audience to-morrow!"

"I will have nothing to do with the matter . . . O! had I but stayed in Ancona . . . I was ordered here as if I were a blind man, who could only recover his sight from Cardinal Sinibaldo . . ."

"Blessed is he that walketh in the light—before him lieth the way which is the truth and the life," murmured the Cardinal, counting his beads, as a spinner revolves her spindle. "You are a fortunate man, Galeotto—may God open your eyes, that you may discern your happiness, and not cast it from you," and finishing his business of blessing, the old friends separated in tolerable harmony.

Turning towards a distant wing of the palace, the old noble passed along through the gloomy labyrinth of corridors, of galleries with long stone knee-rests for the cross-bow-men, of flights of stairs, and small vaulted halls with the certainty of a returned wanderer, who roams over a region in which he has spent his youth. Suddenly the reflection of evening's golden light streamed down one of the narrow passages,—a balcony, ornamented with slender pillars opened the view upon the Tiber and upon the mass of houses in Rome, which appeared

to have lain down to rest under the protection of a great number of overtowering churches, and among them rising like a mountain, the colossal masses of the Cathedral of St. Peter, then in process of building.—“All that I see and hear of Rome, seems to be connected with Raphael,” said the general to himself, for Raphael was directing this work, towards which all Catholic Christendom was bringing its offerings. And as Malatesta turned slowly away the tones of a lute, played with skill and decision, struck his ear.

Opening one of the richly-carved olive-wood doors, the lord of the castle entered a small room, decorated with antique splendour, where he discovered the lute player seated upon a gilded chair, while two servants were occupied in arranging her hair for the night. This was soon accomplished, and the servants disappeared, but not without casting uneasy glances at the weather-beaten face of the old Governor.

The lady arose, and laid aside the lute.

“You appear to be in very good spirits, Aldruda,” muttered the lord. “In Ancona your lute was silent—but a few hours of Roman air have sufficed to restore its voice.”

“My noble father, you confirm the song sung by the poet Buonagiunta Orbiciani respecting the Eternal City: ‘In thee, oh! Rome, wonders will never cease,’” replied the lady with a pleasant smile, while she laid her soft hand upon Malatesta’s powerful arm.

“I am not acquainted with your poet, Aldruda.”

“What?” cried the lady astonished. “The Lucchese are not less proud of their ‘Orbiciani,’ than of the painter Buonaventura Berlinghieri, the architect Matteo Civitali, of Castruccio Castracane, and the great golden cross, stolen from Pisa . . .”

“I repeat, child,” said Malatesta impatiently, “I do not know your poet, and have no desire to make his acquaintance; but he is right in saying that wonders never cease in Rome. Formerly saints performed wonders here, but now and this in itself is wonderful, it is a painter who performs miracles.

“You speak of Raphael, my father!” said Aldruda, looking at the old man with sparkling eyes.

“In this I am only imitating all the Romans, and especially Cardinal Sinibaldo Ismeducci, who began and ended his conversation with me, with the word ‘Raphael.’”

Seeming to repent her unconstrained demeanour, Aldruda turned to the window, and cast a glance over the sea of houses. Her beautiful head, surrounded by a golden light, and her graceful form, approached those of the ideal, and although Aldruda di Malatesta was perhaps twenty-four years old, she appeared much younger, on account of her well-rounded but fine figure. and compared with her father, as a fairy might compare with a grim giant. Her head was of striking beauty, of the true Roman type, she had a narrow, high, almost perpendicular forehead, an arched, short nose, while her mouth and chin were strong and almost masculine. Her complexion was of pearly clearness, with a soft rosy tinge on each cheek. How expressive were her large, deep-black eyes! And yet her chief charm lay in the ever-changing expression, which played around her mouth! Self-appreciation, and highly-cultivated mental power could be discerned in the beautiful head, although its very power of expression imparted to it a character of restlessness, disquietude, discontent, and dissatisfaction.

“Was my right reverend god-father here?” Aldruda enquired mournfully—“I should have liked to receive his blessing . . .”

“His Holiness, the minister of State, is no father confessor—there are enough other priests for this purpose in Rome. And what news could His Eminence have told you?”

Aldruda was silent.

"You have arranged all this without consulting me," continued Malatesta.—"Were my love for you less than it is, my daughter, I would in case of need, destroy your fantastic dreams, nor would I permit myself to be shaken in my resolutions by the Pope... But you are my only child, and the last of the true line of Malatesta,—Come, Druda!"

Aldruda threw herself at her father's feet, and he laid his hand in blessing upon her thick braids of hair.

"Do not make a mistake, my child," said the governor. "Do not judge of the painter whom you have never seen or spoken to, by the impression which his works made upon you. I have seen his drawings, which Ismeducci sent you, and also the two pictures of the Madonnas... No doubt, Raphael is a great artist, but whether he understands the art of making you happy, should you become his wife, and should he bear the arms and name of the Malatesta, Aldruda, that is another question."

Aldruda turned to a picture, about two spans in length, hanging between two fresh laurel wreaths on the wall, which was covered with embossed leather.

"Is that the face of an ungrateful man, or of a traitor?" asked Aldruda, with enquiring gaze.

Malatesta recognised the spiritual, almost feminine head of Raphael Santi.

"My father, I feel that I possess that gracious gift of heaven, which can make Raphael happy. I desire and demand no other happiness than the right of gladdening him who can be neither ungrateful, nor treacherous."

Malatesta looked gloomily before him.

"You are a true Malatesta," he said, sighing, "for you are resolved to win your happiness with sword and bow! Yes, even to fight for it! But can you believe, Aldruda, that Rome will afford you no beautiful or courageous rival, who will spend her last breath in disputing with you for this prince of painters?"

"I shall be victorious, my father! Cardinal Sinibaldo has sent me drawings of Raphael's, he has also sent me careful copies, which show clearly what ideal of womanly beauty lives in Raphael's mind and heart—I know all his pictures of the Madonna. Raphael portrays women with the feelings and simplicity of children.—Here is the most intellectual of Raphael's Madonnas, the Madonna of St. Peter's Fish. Even that does not represent a woman, but a child in the form of a woman." Aldruda opened a portfolio, and pointed to a wonderful copy of the Madonna 'del pesce.'

"This Madonna is beautiful," said Malatesta, "it can even touch the heart of an old warrior. It is no earthly work, Aldruda, with which you can enter into competition. How can you dream, that you could supplant the artist's love for his holy image? You are indeed beautiful, Aldruda, but you look like a Jewess by the side of this Madonna."

"Was not the mother of God a Jewess?" said Aldruda with burning cheeks.

"I will make another comparison," said Malatesta, thoughtfully stroking his furrowed brow. "Raphael's Madonna is Dante's Beatrice. Formerly I knew whole songs from the 'Divina Commedia' by heart... *Che sol per le belle opre, Che fanno in cielo il sole e l'altre stella, Dentro di lui si crede il paradiso, Cosise guardi fiso Pensar ben dèi ch'ogni terrea' piacere...* The Madonna is the Beatrice, and you..."

"Well, and I," said Aldruda piqued.

"May the Saints defend you!—but in comparison with her, you are like Francesca at Rimini." muttered Malatesta.

"Francesca!" repeated Aldruda turning pale. "Well, well, she had more love in her heart than all Raphael's other female portraits taken together... And she need never fear that her lover may prove faithless."

Meanwhile the Cardinal had continued his "business" journey, and had arrived at Trastevere. Here he alighted, and conducted only by the Swiss corporal, he lost himself amongst the crowd of the children of poverty. Ismeducci appeared to be very shortsighted; for he enquired from time to time: "Do you see no sign-board, good Rigi? look around for a tavern."

"Your Eminence, here is an Inn!"

"Good, my son. Go in and ask for Father Petrajo."

The Switzer let down his halberd, and entered the hut.

"Father Petrajo is not there," reported the soldier.

"Is Falerner sold here, Rigi?"

"Monsignore, I do not know, no wine was offered to me."

"Here is a piaster, Rigi, drink in the name of all the Saints, and enquire after Capo, the Capo del popolo."

The corporal was absent a long time. Ismeducci took out his breviary, and paced up and down, reading. At last Rigi appeared with a crimson face.

"Father Capo is within, but he wishes first to empty his newly opened bottle."

"Maladetto," murmured the Cardinal, "I will give him five bottles, if he will leave this one unfinished. Quick, Quick!"

A gigantic Franciscan appeared before the inn door, and looked at the Cardinal, as if he would first discover, who could be the pitiless disturber of his entertainment. The Father had the bearing of a soldier, his aspect was martial, and he appeared a man accustomed to command,—not to obey.

"My blessing upon you, Petrajo...," said Ismeducci.

"Enough, enough, I thank you, but, Monsignore, I can assure you that you have disturbed me in the midst of very important business. I am wearing myself out, in the endeavour to persuade these stupid Trasteverenes, that the Holy Father does not intend to sweep away Trastevere, to chase the inhabitants into the Campagna or the Maremma, and to build palaces on the vineyards of poor Naboths, and in this work you, Monsignore, have disturbed me. The clang of the drums of Trastevere will be heard soon enough in the Vatican, and then Capo will have little power to help you."

"Calm yourself, Petrajo—I will promise you a whole barrel of Lacrymae Christi, but I require you, to accompany me at once to the Villa Frangipani."

"There are three 'Villa Frangipani,' your Eminence."

"I am going to see Raphael's Fornarina, and you, Capo, must accompany me."

"Optimo! that is a pleasant evening walk. The Fornarina lives in the Villa Frangipani d'Astura on the Appian Way," muttered the Franciscan. "But, Monsignore, I obey, and I hope that my obedience will be appreciated."

Petrajo was one of the veterans of the time of Julius II., a monk, who, as brave as his spiritual leader, had served in the campaign against the Lords of La Mark.

Father Petrajo was now the favourite of Leo, as he had been of Julius II., and at the same

time the terror of the College of Cardinals, and of all the Superiors of the Roman monasteries. He spoke the truth, and did not hesitate to read the Pope himself a lesson, whenever he had an opportunity of maintaining the rights and demands of the lower classes of Rome, and especially of the Trasteverenes, against the Curia. Petrajo had been the plebeian tribune of the people under Pope Julius, a Pope who would have gladly enrolled his prelates and priests into a pretorian legion, in accordance with his commands at the modelling of his statue by Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. "I will not be represented in the act of blessing, and holding the Gospel, give me a sword in my hand, Michael, for my mission is to punish the unrighteous Bolognese." Leo X. was a truly noble character, an aristocrat by learning and education;—but even with this Protector of the Muses, the true metal to be found in the 'Capo del popolo' had asserted its value.

"Send me a carriage, your Eminence, and at four o'clock, if the Saints permit, we will be in the Villa Frangipani." This son of the holy Francis was not very polite, or he would have thought not exclusively of himself, but also of the apparently exhausted Bishop of Fessano.

"Where shall I find a carriage?" asked the Cardinal, casting an enquiring glance over the neighbouring huts, which did not look at all likely to contain either horse or carriage. "I will gladly accompany you on foot to the house of the Prince Gabelli—there we shall find a carriage."

"Altezza eminentissima," said Petrajo, "You have put on your Calzoletti—and every child can see, that those are Cardinal's stockings. But I, your Eminence, do not like to show myself openly, in the character of an appendix to a cardinal. If I appear as the obedient servant of a Cardinal, my authority in the eyes of the people is lost for ever. Your Eminence must go forward—we must seem to be strangers. And then ring at the monastery of St. Francis of the Stigmata. I will take care that you receive one of our capochs, and we can then continue our way without my being compromised.

The little cloister of the Franciscans near the Tower of Boniface VIII. was reached, and Ismeducci was transformed into a Franciscan, after he had vowed to make a pilgrimage to Assisi in honour of St. Francis of the Stigmata, within a year. The wanderers found a carriage at the Palace Gabelli, and rumbled along the stony, rough, encumbered streets, to the exterior Appian way.

"Are you certain," enquired the Cardinal anxiously, "that the girl will obey your command, Petrajo?"

"The Fornarina tried to raise objections—but I required her to submit," said Father Petrajo quietly and firmly.

"Then she will go to the woman's convent on Mount Carmel?"

"Doubtless...."

"And the Fornarina will not let Raphael know where she is? That is the most important question."

"Your Eminence, when I speak, I know that my children of the confessional blindly obey; you will witness the proof of this. I see that you intend to speak to the Fornarina—do not spoil my plot. Remain silent, and hide your violet stockings... Or, still better, relieve yourself of your shoes and stockings, if only in honour of our holy Francis. If you wish it, I will serve you, as the Saviour served his disciples."

Ismeducci yielded to his fate with a shrug, and Petrajo, with a strong hand, pulled off his shoes and stockings. After a long drive they came to beautiful gardens of agrumi, a narrow row of mulberry-trees, a little group of firs, and upon a gentle elevation, dark frowning pines, sur-

rounding a small villa, which sparkled white in the twilight. Beyond it lay the dismal Campagna, already buried in darkness.

The garden with its sunken grassplots looked uncared for. Here and there a statue rose above the yews with a dried up pond in the middle, containing a colossal group of Tritons and Oceanides.

"A melancholy place of abode," said the Cardinal.

"Raphael's taste might easily transform this garden into a dwelling for the gods."

"Raphael requires no other flower, than the Fornarina," said Petrajo, "and the Fornarina would not perceive the sun, if Raphael were absent. Do you know, your Eminence, that I am about to impose a very heavy punishment on a girl, whose only crime is that she loves Raphael?"

"You are doing a good work, Petrajo. Otherwise, do you think, Cardinal Sinibald Ismeducci would be willing to assist you?"

Turning his large black eyes sideways, the Franciscan cast a searching glance on the Cardinal, and shrugged his shoulders. The monk who appeared quite at home here, avoided the portal, and entered by a side door. A respectable old woman, in the dress of the old Trastevere, received the ecclesiastics.

A moment later they found themselves in the presence of the admired beauty, whose only name in Rome was the "Fornarina," or the little baker. The Fornarina was seated on a throne-like chair, beneath the flickering light of the lamp, and held a little book in her hand. The room was furnished with the simplicity of a cloister. In one corner hung a small picture, representing the virgin with the Christ-child, and the Apostle John, while before this treasure burned an eternal lamp. Ismeducci looked at the solitary girl, with astonishment and curiosity, who, rising, cast a sweet sorrowful glance on Petrajo.

The Fornarina was perhaps twenty-five years of age, tall, and with a gracefully rounded figure. Her countenance, with its regular features, high forehead and straight nose, appeared at first incapable of an animated expression—sorrowful, resigned meditation seeming to be its natural state. But her soft sweet glance, with its child-like candour and resignation, at once lighted up her features, and imparted to them an undercurrent of life. The Cardinal appeared to find something wanting in her appearance, for he had pictured to himself Raphael's beloved, as a noble lady adorned for a festival? The Fornarina wore a simple blue dress, with a narrow rose-coloured girdle beneath her bosom, for in this she did not differ from any daughter of Trastevere. Perhaps the Cardinal had expected, that the thick gold brown hair, which lay, like a priceless frame, around her forehead and temples, would be arranged, according to Venetian custom, in a mountain of curls falling over her modestly covered shoulders.

And yet, this was Raphael's beloved, and certainly his noble eye could not deplore the presence of any of the fictitious charms bestowed by coquetry or fashion! Raphael's position would have enabled him to adorn the almost naked rooms of the Villa Frangipani with a state, which kings might have envied—but the walls were wainscoted with common red Cittadino marble, and only the "*Belle jardinière*" recalled the Divine creative power of the artist. The Fornarina had unlimited control over the jewels and golden ornaments which were heaped upon the painter by the Pope, and by those princes who were so fortunate as to receive a picture from the hand of Raphael. But she did not wear the smallest ornament, not even a modest chain, such as the poorest Roman girl would have considered a necessity, no cross, and no ring. There was about this woman an atmosphere of dignity and reserve which the Cardinal appeared unable

to comprehend. He held back in perplexity behind the gigantic figure of Petrajo, and drew mental comparisons between his beautiful god-daughter Aldruda and the Fornarina; whom, however, the Cardinal held in too low esteem, when he made satirical remarks in the style of Juvenal upon the name which had been given her of "the incomparable."

"Welcome, my honoured Petrajo, although you bring me bad news," said the Fornarina, bending her knee, and lightly signing the cross upon her breast.

That was not the clear nightingale's chirrup, the voice of Aldruda di Malatesta—but a weak vibrating alto, which touched the heart of the warlike monk.

"Fornarina!" said the Franciscan, "Have we received good from the hand of God, and shall we refuse evil? albeit no evil can come from the good and righteous God, whose name is Love. But His commandments often appear evil to us because they lead us into ways in which we do not wish to walk, and being held back by blindness and ambition, by fear of man and idolatry...."

"O Petrajo! a Christian has no idols..."

"Do you mean that beautiful, pious, god-like Christians, know none?" cried Petrajo. "I understand this better than you, daughter Fornarina, I, the preacher to the Jews, I who am called to keep the passover, in the hope that even one idolator may turn from the golden calf to the sacred name of Christ. It is written, 'they have worshipped the creature more than the creator, who is blessed for ever.' Fornarina, as I have told you already, you serve an idol; your mind, your heart, your soul belong to a creature, and it is the Creator Himself who commands you by my mouth, to renounce your idolatry, for the salvation of your poor soul."

"Raphael! Raphael!" murmured the maiden, crossing herself.

"Yes, the idol, whom all Rome worships," exclaimed Petrajo. "He is an idol, clothed by God with brilliancy and power, an idol full of majesty, and yet no God, for who can be compared with the Lord? 'The children of men,' it is written, were mighty, but the Lord looked upon them and brought their counsel to nought.' The man who built the tower of Babel, was also an artist, my daughter Fornarina, a powerful man in the land, as your Raphael is to-day—Nimrod undertook to erect by the hand of man mountains, of which the true God had said: 'Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid the corner stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?'"

The Fornarina had sunk upon her knees, her head bent low.

"Spare me, Petrajo, spare me!" she said with stifled voice, "who can stand before the all-powerful God? and I am only a helpless woman! I obey you, and follow your commands, but I shall never, never feel, that it is a sin, to love God's noblest creature. Raphael is not my God, but without Raphael I should never have found my God and your God, Petrajo. But I see Him, as do the Holy Virgins, face to face."

"May your profanity be forgiven you, child," said Petrajo, turning round to fasten his capoch. "I pardon you, and may the holy Eudoxia, who once dyed Mount Carmel with her blood answer Amen! But I ask you, my daughter, have you kept your word, have you not spoken to Raphael for three days? I know every step, which your foot takes, Fornarina!..."

"Oh my father, Fra Petrajo, why should you not discover the traitor, for I live here in the wicked abode of traitors?" said the Fornarina.

"I do not understand you," answered the Franciscan.

"Look round, Petrajo," exclaimed the girl, casting a terrified glance around, and extending

her hands, as in defence. "Is not this a traitor's house? By whom was it founded? By Frangipani D'Astura, who once, I believe in the year 1268, betrayed the noble Conradin of Suabia to his enemy? The marble of the walls is red—had it been white, the blood of Conradin would have dyed it. There are the spots, the long stains... Oh! that is blood... away from here, be it even to the woman's cloister or Mount Carmel? Whom have you brought here? Who is this old man, with his anxious face?"

"Do not trouble yourself about him, daughter Fornarina; only remember that you owe an atonement to heaven. Raphael does not know that I am going to take you to the Carmelites?"

"I have concealed it from him."

"He was not here yesterday, or to-day?" said Petrajo, laying his three fingers on the maiden's bosom, as if in oath.

"No! Yes, though I did not see him, my father. But he was here, yesterday evening, and he wrote this," shewing a paper, covered with writing in pencil.

"Brother Sinibaldo, you read better than I," said Petrajo. "Read this letter aloud."

"This is no letter, but a poem," whispered Ismeducci and proceeded to read.

"Silence, Sinibaldo!" said Petrajo, after having heard the first few lines. "This is the service of Baal. And such a painter paints pictures for the Pope and for believing Christians! Fornarina, you are on the verge of committing a deadly sin, or of causing the commission of such a sin. Prepare yourself—you must follow us immediately to the place where the lessons of an ungodly life may be expurgated from you..."

The Fornarina rose, casting a glance round the room, and stretched out her hand towards the *Belle jardinière*.

"Stop, no remembrance of him!" cried Petrajo. "That would be the Babylonish garment, the ruin of its possessor. Follow me, better shoeless than with this, time presses, until I can extend my hand to save you from drowning."

"Capo, I follow you. But once more, what is the name of your companion? Is he not Cardinal Sinibaldo Ismeducci, one of the princes of the Romagna?"

Although much astonished, Petrajo turned with much composure to the Cardinal, and said, "If you are an Ismeducci, you must own to your colours," and taking the arm of the Cardinal-Bishop, he pushed him, not altogether gently, forwards.

"Signora gentilissima," stammered the Diplomat.

"Monsignore," answered the Fornarina, "to-day I must pardon all my enemies, and you are certainly the most dangerous of them. You wish to destroy me, Monsignore!"

"Signora, you are really much mistaken..." answered Ismeducci, raising both hands.

"I am not mistaken," answered the Fornarina. "But I forgive you, because I believe your inmost wish is to make Raphael happy... But, Monsignore, will Raphael be happy when he becomes convinced that he has lost me? Yet, go on, good Petrajo, and do not fear that I shall be faithless to my promise. I will sleep to-night in the cloister of the Carmelites..."

"And your maid? do you intend to send her away that Raphael may know where he can find you?"

"She will accompany me, and Raphael will not be able to hear where you have sent me, Petrajo," answered the Fornarina resignedly.

"And farther remember that your low birth prevents you from becoming Raphael's wife, neither may you be his mistress, for a man like Raphael, who is on intimate terms with his

Holiness the Pope, must be pure and free from reproach like a priest. Receive my blessing, daughter Fornarina."

As the ecclesiastics left the villa, Petrajo muttered grumbling: "Now, your Eminence, I have fulfilled your wishes," "but let me remark that this is no good work. We have certainly broken one human heart, if not two."

"I am only afraid that Raphael will discover where the Fornarina is hidden," said Ismeducci evasively.

"And I fear, that he will cease painting, if he does not regain his beloved," added Petrajo.

Ismeducci was silent, but he was secretly convinced that the plan so carefully arranged by himself and the Pope, would succeed in separating the painter from the "baker's daughter," and in bringing about an alliance between Raphael and Aldruda di Malatesta.

On the next evening, the old governor of Malatesta gave a brilliant entertainment. Before the castle stood the Bolognese escort, thirty foot-soldiers, in full dress—while the house-steward paraded up and down, with a heavy staff, adorned with a solid silver head. The distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen, came in their splendid carriages and litters. Shortly before midnight, the Pope himself appeared with his suite of prelates and cavaliers—a long procession of litters, escorted by the German life-guard on horse-back, and a part of the Swiss body-guard on foot, with torch-bearers on each side of the cavalcade.

Raphael sat in the third litter, dressed simply, and in dark costume, as was his habit. He had a companion, whose princely figure and unusually rich dress, drew exclamations of applause from the spectacle-loving multitude. This man, with shortly-cropped raven-black hair, and long beard, reaching almost to his girdle, was Raphael's favourite pupil, his friend in the fullest meaning of the word: Giulio Pippi, the Roman. Raphael's second companion was Polidoro, who, with his cheerful and animated manner, formed a striking contrast to the earnest, grave Roman.

On alighting the Pope stepped on the carpet, a splendid tissue from Arras, which led to the wide staircase in the Casa Malatesta. Leo X. was of middle height, but appeared small on account of his corpulence. He wore the small "avito" and a black silk cap, which did not cover his powerful forehead. His eye flashed with all vividness of youth, and he evidently did not require the support of the strong arm of Galeotto Malatesta, who appeared, dressed in Spanish costume, and conducted the Pope up the great staircase.

Aldruda received the princes of the Church, on the threshold of the large room, already filled with guests. Her appearance was literally dazzling; her black locks fell loosened over her beautiful shoulders; a dress of silver brocade confined her graceful figure. Beneath the wax-lights, Aldruda appeared as if she were clothed in silver scales—a fairy from a palace in the depths of the sea.

Cardinal Sinibaldo presented his beautiful god-daughter to the Pope, who bestowed his blessing upon her, with the smile of a man of the world. With knightly courtesy Leo presented some prelates to the Lady of Malatesta, and then turning quickly round, made a sign to Raphael and his companions, extending his well-formed snow-white hand to the painter.

"Malatesta," said the Pope, "I beg you to inform your daughter that I bring with me my especial favourite, whose renown is as great as his modesty. And as no name can ever be blotted from the list of those shepherds of souls, who have sat on the throne of St. Peter, so the name of this painter will go down to the latest ages. Here is Raphael, and I thank our gracious God, that he is especially the Raphael of Italy and of Rome!"

Ismeducci had drawn back in anxiety. He appeared to be studying the face of the young painter. Raphael's eye had a thoughtful, almost melancholy expression—there was inspiration in his sweet and yet immovably firm, searching gaze.... but the painter seemed cheerful, and even for him, in good spirits. No dark shadow clouded his open charming smile; but he certainly did not know that the Fornarina had disappeared from the Villa of the Frangipani d'Astura. He looked at the Countess Aldruda very attentively, but it was as if he were studying the strange effects of light which played around this new Amphitrite, and his smile may have betrayed astonishment at the boldness with which the lady had dared to bring the delicate tint of her shoulders and bosom into immediate contact with dazzling silver.

As Raphael was the first layman, who entered, following the Pope, and as the warlike ecclesiastics were not permitted to escort a lady, the honour fell to the painter of giving his arm to the lady of the house in her progress round the reception room. Aldruda walked by the side of Raphael, as if she were leading a prisoner in triumph. The painter answered in monosyllables, appearing to direct all his attention to the portraits of the Malatesta, which seemed to look down darkly upon the festival, from between trophies of arms, and the lights on the wall. How many beautiful, longing, and envious eyes were directed on Aldruda, and how many of the Roman ladies now whispered a word, which might cast a doubt on the victory of the Anconese lady: that word being Fornarina!

Taking his seat the Pope surveyed the festive board which was beautifully laid with rich dishes. Malatesta presented himself, with his daughter, before Leo.

"Count, you have seen the chief Alexander," said the Pope smiling, and pointing to Raphael: "but these two, Giulio Pippi and Polidoro, are also 'Alexanders'."

He pronounced the name of the great Macedonian in Greek fashion, and then asked with a friendly smile: "You do not understand me, Galeotto? And yet you were formerly a good classical scholar. But, with your permission, Malatesta, I have a commission for my Alexander."

"Holy Father, it is for you to command," said the governor, who could scarcely withdraw his eyes from Raphael, "and Malatesta, the soldier, is bound to obey!"

"It is my wish that Raphael should paint the portrait of your daughter," said Leo, casting a side glance on the artist.

"Your Holiness may be assured, that I should esteem it a great honour...", muttered Galeotto.

"The Countess Malatesta will I trust condescend to lay her commands on me," answered Raphael, bending low. "But I would suggest that the lady should consent to be painted in this dress of silver sheen. And, if possible, by candle-light."

"A portrait," said Leo, "would be less prized by the Countess Aldruda, than a composition, in which she should play a part. The lady belongs to a family, which can point to heroines as well as heroes upon its annals. I will only refer to Aldruda del Bertinazzo, the ancestress on the mother's side of the Countess Aldruda di Malatesta. In the year 1174, the army of the Emperor, six thousand horse and thirty thousand foot, advanced before the brave city of Ancona. The army of the Ghibellines was led by "the German Pope in armour," Christianus, the Archbishop of Mayence. The rock fortress defended itself boldly—but the galleys of treacherous and mercenary Venice appeared in the harbour of Ancona, and hunger began to lay bare the city of the Guelphs. Napolione del Bertinazzo collected together about twenty thousand men, Florentines, Romagnese, German, and French mercenaries, and defeated the Archbishop of

Mayence. But the hero Bertinazzo was severely wounded, and the Ghibellines returned the next day to their position before Ancona. This inflamed the courage of the Countess Aldruda del Bertinazzo, and she appeared in armour at the head of the Guelphs.... She undertook the command, drove back the enemy to one side, and was the first who entered Ancona on horseback, through the Porta Capo di Monte.... The next day the Ghibellines abandoned the field."

"I remember it, holy Father," said Raphael, with an expressive smile.

"Aldruda di Malatesta might lend her features to the brave lady of Bertinazzo," pursued the Pope.

"Holy Father," answered Aldruda, "I have no ambition, to appear as a heroine."

The prelates around the Pope were struck dumb with astonishment at hearing such free language, for Leo X. would bear no contradiction, under whatever sweet and classic garb it might be veiled.

"I should not object to appear as a poetess," continued Aldruda, "to which title I may possibly claim a right, but I will never be an Amazon! If Raphael Santi wishes to paint me, it should be as a holy virgin, a martyr, or, if I may express my inmost desire, as a Madonna."

"Do you hear that, Raphael?" said Leo with an ironical smile.

"Noble Countess," replied the painter, in a low but decided tone, "it is beyond my power to select voluntarily a model for my Madonnas. I have often attempted to approach the ideal formed in my own mind, but the sublime vision vanishes, when I take up the brush, and the Madonna painted by me bears no resemblance to her, the Eternal and the Holy, whom I behold in my moments of inspiration. By my pictures of Madonnas I can measure the progress of my powers of representation."

"Oh it was the thought of a moment"—she said smiling, and showing her regular, white teeth. "I am the servant of his Holiness; but I hope that I shall not be compelled to be painted like a gipsy, seated on a war-horse...."

At this moment of frightful defeat to the Countess di Malatesta, the gigantic figure of Giulio Romano bent down to Raphael, and whispered a few words in the ear of the master. Raphael seemed to have received a dagger's thrust in his heart. His eyes opened wide, his look became that of a sleep-walker. Romano seized his arm, and dragged him away.... He obeyed, but turned round, and approached the Pope.

"What is the matter, my Raphael?" Leo asked in consternation.

"Holy Father, he wishes to say a few words to you alone," explained Romano.

"He is dying!" said Leo, looking with terror at the painter.

He then rose, took Raphael's hand, and led him out of the room into a corridor.

No one but Romano dared to follow the Pontiff.

"She is gone!" sighed Raphael, leaning his forehead against the wall.

"But who? my only beloved son—who?" exclaimed Leo.

"*She, she!*"

"Pitiable, misguided youth. I suspect of whom you speak, whispered the Pope, laying his hand on the artist's shoulder. "The sin is hers, if she has faithlessly left you, in order to follow another in the paths of wickedness; but do you, oh Raphael! return thanks to the Holy God, that she has aided you, who thought to do you harm. The serpent, whom you cherished in your bosom, has fled,—do not weep tears for her, but thank the All Holy, that He has freed you from

the poisonous viper. From this time, Raphael, the era of your real greatness will begin; your eyes will now first recognise the true and the beautiful in untroubled splendour...."

"My eyes?" asked Raphael. "Have I still eyes? I have become blind—I can see nothing. The eyes of the Fornarina are my eyes, and without them I see nothing but horrible darkness..."

The Pope remained silent.

"She has been stolen, murdered...!" exclaimed Raphael. "My noblest life is lost! Did I not suspect the rough stroke of ruthless evil-doers, when the Countess di Malatesta wished to intrude into my innermost being, to show me a new Madonna? This is a plot, and at the head of it stands the Cardinal Ismeducci..."

"Raphael," protested Leo, "I will give commands, that every corner of Rome shall be searched.... If you wish it, every girl shall be produced; perhaps much against her will. And now I cannot remain longer absent from the company! Compose yourself—and accompany me!"

"Yes, yes, holy Father," said Raphael, looking vacantly round, "but I must go to the Villa Frangipani d'Astura...."

"Go then, Raphael.... shall I ask the Cardinal Pamfili to accompany you, to give you comfort?"

"A Cardinal? Oh! in order that one robber of men may excuse another!" said Raphael in desperation.

"May God strengthen you, Raphael! rely upon me, your friend and father!" said the Pope with feeling, and returned to the company, while Raphael, conducted by Romano and Polidoro, staggered down the staircase.

The Fornarina had disappeared, and many days passed, in which Raphael, and some sixty of his pupils could find no trace of the maiden's hiding-place. Raphael was no longer seen at the Vatican, formerly his daily resort.

It was early morning, when he appeared in Leo's anti-chamber, and asked to speak to the Pope. Leo came to meet his son at the great entrance-door, and extended his hands to him.

"You here, Raphael? you are very cruel, my son!" said Leo with deep emotion.

Raphael was pale, his hair hung dishevelled round his head, and his dress was in disorder.

"She has gone thither, where the glories of the Saints shine," Raphael answered, with unnatural composure. "There, where she will be enthroned for ever—my *Madonna*! My gaze is turned inward, how can I have been so blind? it was she whom I sought, but did not find, although she was at my side. Holy Father, look at her, and then you may measure what I have lost, and yet bless your unhappy son, who only in death obtained a glance of the heavenly! It is the day of "Santa Sixti"; may the Saint and Sancta Barbara conduct my Fornarina, when she enters the heights of heaven."

Romano and some young artists carried a veiled picture, which they held up removing the linen covering in reverential silence. The Sistine Madonna, bearing the glorified features of the Fornarina, with the heavenly boy upon her arms, was represented treading with earnest, solemn steps through the vaults of heaven, adored by Pope Sixtus and the Holy Barbara.

Pope Leo drew back as if blinded. Then, after a long gaze, he bent his knee, and raising his fingers to his forehead, he sank in deep devotion.

That evening, the 'Capo del Popolo' came to the Vatican. Ismeducci vainly endeavoured to dissuade the Franciscan from his resolve, to speak with the Pope.

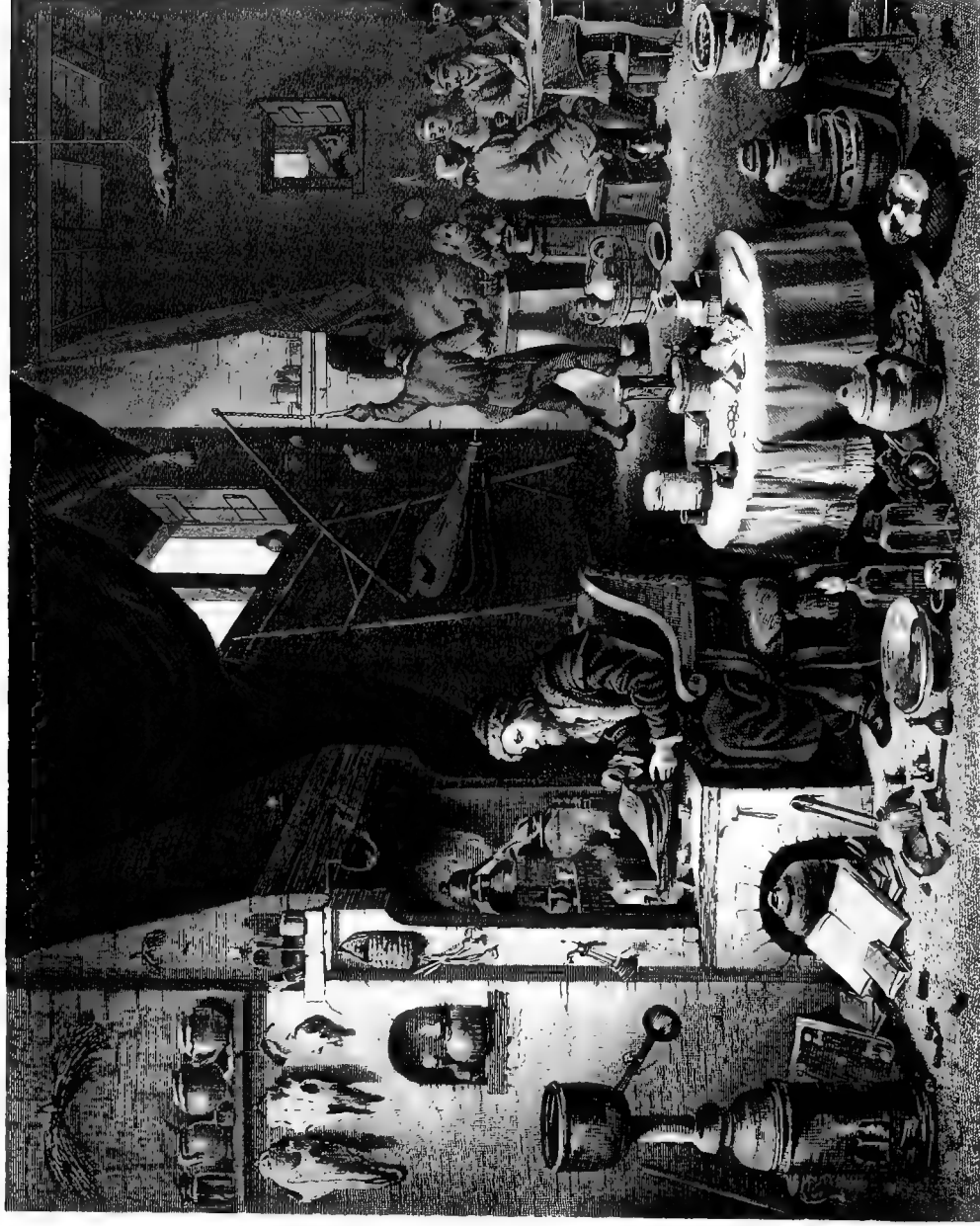
Petrajo passed in, and was cordially received by Leo X.

"I want absolution, my Father!" cried the warlike monk. "And if you will not give it, my fate shall become that of Judas Iscariot in your presence. I have committed a crime, holy Father, in that I have betrayed innocent blood. This evening the Roman painter shall know, where the beloved of his soul is hidden..."

"The Fornarina?" said the Pope. "Hasten, hasten, my good Petrajo, and save Raphael from death or madness..." And so at midnight, the Fornarina returned with old Beppa to the Villa Frangipani, while Raphael and Petrajo stood under the pine-trees, awaiting them.

That was the first separation of Raphael from his beloved. When the lovers were a second time separated, the artist lay cold in death, with his last picture of the Transfiguration placed as a mark of honour at the head of the body.

DRESDENER GALERIE



DER CHEMNER.

THE CHEMIST.

THE CHEMIST.

Painted by DAVID TENIERS.

In the "Warmoen Straat," which is situated in one of the most ancient quarters of the city of Amsterdam, stood, at the time of our story, a building that was not less remarkable for the peculiar style of its architecture, than for being the residence of a man, to whom popular report ascribed the possession of the most extraordinary learning and abilities.

The building stood at some distance in the rear of other houses in the street, and the space thus left was planted with linden trees, and in a great measure concealed from observation by a screen of trellis work, the materials of which were so arranged, that they formed a great variety of complicated and curious geometrical figures.

The house itself was not large, but the profusion of ornament with which it was decorated, and the costly materials of which it was built, showed that no expense had been spared in its construction. The principal front was composed of black and white marble, the painted windows were filled with exquisite tracery, and decorated with carvings of grotesque heads, while between them were niches, containing statues by the best sculptors of the time. The panels under the windows were filled with alto-relieves representing scenes from Scriptural history, while others contained sculptures of a strange and mystic character, and apparently of Indo-Persian, or possibly of antique Egyptian workmanship. These portrayed the life of Zoroaster, or the still more ancient Mythra, the deeds of fabulous demi-gods, and mysterious ceremonies of the Magi.

This building was invariably known among the common people as "the Wise man's house," the better classes, however, generally spoke of it as "the house of the Alchemist."

Here resided Erasmus de Pottern or Potterus, one of the most famous chemists of his time; he, however, scorned to practise the wretched charlatanism so common at that period, when under various impudent pretences, so many impostors succeeded in obtaining wealth, rank, and temporary fame, at the courts of the different sovereigns of Europe. Potterus was a man of real learning, he pursued his chemical researches from a true love of science, and never, like his contemporaries, strayed for a moment into the dark paths of mysticism or alchemy; yet he was really in possession of many secrets which, if proclaimed to the world, would have thrown the knowledge of the famous Johannes Pelagus the Dane, and the whole host of court Astrologers and Alchemists, into the shade.

The belief that Potterus possessed the art of transmuting the baser metals into gold, was so firmly fixed in the minds of the good citizens of Amsterdam, that on one occasion when the

Girobank of that city was in temporary difficulties, in consequence of having advanced large sums to the States-General, a deputation was secretly sent to the chemist, to induce him to transform a quantity of iron or copper bars into gold. Potterus laughed heartily at the absurdity of the request, which he plainly told them it was impossible for any human being to comply with; his refusal was, however, ascribed to other motives, and from this time forth, the popular belief in his extraordinary powers became stronger than ever. His ascetic and laborious mode of life added not a little to the strange rumours that were current concerning him: but one thing was certain, that if he denied himself all worldly pleasures, his motives for so doing arose neither from poverty nor avarice, for when the Magistrates of Amsterdam determined that the "Kalver Straat" and the "Kayser's Gracht" should be pulled down, in order to widen and improve the thoroughfares of the city, Potterus presented them with a sum of no less than fifty thousand Guilders for that purpose. Added to which, he was generous to the poor, went regularly to church, and supplied the necessitous sick who resorted to him from a considerable distance, freely, both with medicines and advice.

Potterus resided entirely alone; he had neither wife, children, nor relatives, and the servants who assisted him in his laboratory, left him in the evenings, and returned to their homes.

At the time of our story, a Venetian ship which had arrived in the harbour of Amsterdam with a cargo of goods from the Levant, brought as a passenger, a certain Doctor Gaetano Trombona. This Italian empiric took up his quarters in an hotel that was situated immediately opposite to the dwelling of Erasmus Potterus; and shortly afterwards large placards were exhibited, vaunting the extraordinary skill, knowledge, and learning, of the new comer, who, according to his own account, had possessed himself of all the secret wisdom of the East. Crowds of patients attended the levees of the stranger, who for some time continued to extract a considerable amount in fees from the pockets of the worthy Dutch. At length, a report got abroad, that this pretended Italian was a Walloon by birth, and had formerly been a soldier in the Condottieri of Spinola, and that the only knowledge he possessed, was the art of drawing money from the pockets of simple minded persons.

This report soon reached the ears of Trombona, who resolved to make an effort to recover the reputation, of which this fatal rumour was rapidly depriving him. It appeared to him that the best mode of effecting this, would be to form, if possible, an acquaintance with Potterus, whose reputation for learning would in that case he conceived, be, in some degree, reflected on himself.

In consequence of this determination, Trombona took an early opportunity of visiting the chemist, who received him with all the kindness and suavity of manner for which he was remarkable. Potterus was a man of about sixty-four years of age, and rather inclined to be thin than otherwise; his beard was long and flowing, on his head he wore the Barret or peculiar cap of a doctor of medicine, while the rest of his person was enveloped in a species of Caftan or loose robe, trimmed with the fur of the martin, and his feet were encased in slippers which were ornamented with gold. The laboratory in which the interview took place was a strange looking apartment, and Potterus noticed with a smile of satisfaction, that the stranger seemed not a little surprised on his first entrance. The chemist was seated in an arm-chair near a furnace, around him lay crucibles, retorts, and other apparatus connected with his labours. Behind him stood a table covered by a piece of rich tapestry, on which lay philosophical instruments, bottles containing elixirs, and various volumes of books, most of which were on subjects connected with

the mysteries of the Cabala. A second furnace, a huge Alembic, and a collection of the skulls and bones of animals constituted the remaining furniture of the apartment.

Gaetano Trombona was a powerfully built, but somewhat undersized man; he wore on this occasion the costume of a Bolognese Doctor, and was followed by two swarthy Corsican attendants, who carried between them the stuffed skin of a large and most peculiar shaped fish. He saluted the chemist respectfully, and stated that the fame of Potterus had induced him to solicit his acceptance of this unique specimen of the animal kingdom. The joy of the Netherlander may be conceived when, on examining the present, he discovered that it was really an hitherto unknown creature, and one that from the singularity of its organic structure, was scarcely less remarkable than the famous winged serpent so long exhibited at Antwerp. With this important difference, however, that this was the remains of a real animal, while the Antwerp specimen was eventually proved to be a work of art.

From this time forth Trombona became the sworn friend and daily guest of the chemist. Erasmus soon discovered that the Italian had no very intimate acquaintance with the science of medicine; but on the other hand he had travelled through Egypt, Arabia, and Persia, was acquainted with most of the Oriental languages, and understood the Cabalistic books so perfectly, that Potterus, who was ever eager after knowledge, soon found the presence of his new friend indispensable to his existence.

Erasmus repaid the information he received from Trombona by instructions in the deeper mysteries of chemistry; the Italian proved an apt pupil; and step by step he acquired a large amount of that secret knowledge, which it had cost the Netherlander years of labour to attain.

There were, however, some secrets that Potterus hesitated to impart to any one; it seemed as if he felt a presentiment that the discovery of these mysteries would be attended by some dreadful consequence to himself; and so strongly was he possessed by this feeling, that it was in a voice trembling with emotion, that he at length gave Trombona to understand that he was about to communicate to him a secret, which he had hitherto concealed in the inmost recesses of his heart.

Taking the Italian by the hand, he led him to a secret chamber, where he pointed out to him an enormous quantity of gold:—"Look here! my friend," said the chemist, "all this wealth have I obtained by the secret power of my art."—Trombona listened with breathless anxiety; "but," continued Potterus, "you must not suppose that the possession of this wealth indemnifies me for the misery of carrying in my breast a secret which I have never yet dared to communicate to a human being. You, however, my friend, will see and comprehend the immense power that this secret gives me, and after a short probation, if I find you as true and worthy as I have reason to believe you to be, you shall share my knowledge and my power, and I shall no longer be compelled to explore the cold regions of science, unfriended and alone."

Many weeks, however, elapsed, and still Potterus showed no inclination to satisfy the curiosity of the Italian, whose impatience to learn the important secret increased daily; at length one evening after the workmen had retired, and the two friends were alone, Erasmus took the lamp, and beckoned his companion to follow. They descended to an apartment on the ground floor, here on pressing one of the panels in the wainscoat in a particular manner, it flew aside and discovered a narrow stair-case, which from the rush of cold air that ascended from it, evidently led to the vaults beneath. Shading the lamp with his hand, Erasmus descended, followed by the Italian, who trembled in every limb with anxiety and expectation. The staircase led to a large

vaulted apartment, in the centre of which stood a tank filled with water; raising the lamp, the Hollander showed his companion that a large number of living muscles were lying at the bottom. Erasmus then stooped, selected one of the largest, opened it with an instrument, and the astonished Italian saw that the shell contained a beautiful pearl, of the most perfect colour, and unusual size.

"Behold!" exclaimed the chemist, "each of these muscles will produce me such a jewel as this; and my art is, to compel these my unconscious labourers, to produce their treasures according to my will."

From this time, Trombona scarcely ever entered the laboratory, he spent several hours each day in the subterraneous vault; he examined the muscles, the water, and the tank itself with the greatest care, but could find no traces of the means employed by the chemist to produce his end.

"It is false, Erasmus!" exclaimed he, at length tired of the long continued silence of the Hollander, "you are deceiving me! these muscles already contained the pearls, when they were brought from the sea,"—"but no!"—continued he, "here are holes that you have made in the shells to allow room for the growth of the pearls. I beseech you, Erasmus, tell me at least, is the story true or false?"

"True!" exclaimed the chemist, "in this iron chest is a paper containing the most minute instructions for performing the experiment, with the result of which you are already acquainted. "But," added he, "this is a treasure, which I do not at present think myself justified in confiding to you, you are at present too young, or at least too inconsiderate, and above all too much wanting in self-command, to be yet entrusted with a secret of such importance."

Baffled and disappointed, the Italian returned gloomily to his hotel: he threw himself on a couch, and resolved in his mind a thousand schemes for obtaining the much desired secret. Night came on, but Trombona scarcely noticed the circumstance; a tremendous storm of wind and rain burst over the city, the hurricane howled through the streets, and the rain beat against the casements with a force that threatened every moment to force them from their hinges, but Trombona heard it not. The demon of avarice had taken possession of his soul, and he was deaf to every thing but its promptings. Suddenly in one of the pauses of the storm, a church clock was heard striking the hour of ten; the sound recalled him to himself, he recollected that Potterus had at that hour an appointment to visit a patient, who resided near the "Alten Deich," and the crisis of whose distemper he was desirous of watching, and he knew well that the storm would not deter him from his purpose. Trombona's resolution was taken, and no sooner taken than acted upon. He rang his hand bell, and one of his trusty Corsicans stood before him.

"Bastelika! you know Mynheer De Potterus?"

The Corsican nodded assent.

"Take this dagger, wait for him between the 'Alten Deich' and the 'Warmoen Straat,' and if you meet him stab him to the heart. There are a hundred Guilders!"

Bastelika shook his head, glanced at the weather, as if his principal objection to the business arose from the circumstance of its being a stormy night, took the weapon and the money, and withdrew in silence.

Who can describe the feelings of Trombona as he sat alone in his apartment, listening to the wailing of the wind, and awaiting the return of the assassin? He felt himself unable to breath the close air of the room, but regardless of the storm, threw open the casement, and with pale face and bristling hair, looked out into the street. Presently a figure was seen approaching

with rapid, but unsteady steps, the right hand stretched out as if to aid its failing sight: Trombona withdrew from the window, but the next minute the door opened, and the unfortunate Potterus sank, mortally wounded, at the feet of his treacherous friend, and, after a few vain attempts to articulate, expired.

However horrified Trombona might have been at this unexpected appearance, it would seem that he lost no time in taking advantage of the circumstance. Hastily snatching a number of keys from beneath the cloak of the murdered man, he flew to the laboratory, opened the iron chest, and with hands trembling with excitement, drew forth a packet bearing on its outside the superscription "Pearls." To tear open the envelope and glance at its contents, was the work of an instant; but who can paint the feelings of horror and disappointment which that glance inflicted on the mind of the Italian. The papers, to obtain possession of which he had murdered a generous and confiding friend, were written in Cipher, and consequently utterly unintelligible to him: while the tongue that alone could have explained the mystery, was silenced for ever.

In a phrensy of despair Trombona fled from the house, making no attempt to possess himself of the gold or other valuables of his victim. Both he and his attendants disappeared in the course of the night, and nothing was heard of him for more than two years. At the end of that time, a letter which he had confined on his death bed, to a priest in Smyrna, and which contained a full confession of his crime, was received by the magistrates of Amsterdam. This letter completely removed the veil of mystery that up to that time had surrounded the circumstances of the death of the chemist.

A LADY SINGING.

Painted by C. NETSCHER.

In the spring of the year 1655, the Pope's legate, Cardinal Cesare Detti Barberini, gave a magnificent banquet to the principal personages at the Hague. The entertainment took place in the splendid apartments, which the States-general of Holland had placed at the disposal of the Papal representative.

The vast saloon was thronged with dancers, comprising the youth of all the noblest families of the Netherlands. While in a neighbouring apartment the Prince of Orange, surrounded by groups of steady Dutchmen, flattering Frenchmen, and cunning looking Italians, discussed affairs of state with the same intense interest, with which the gayer guests in the ball-room, spoke of love and pleasure.

Beside the chair of the Stattholder was seen the imposing figure of Barberini, a man still in the prime of life, and attired in that peculiar costume of his rank which is known as the "lesser toilette." Although the mission which had brought him to Holland was known to have failed, no signs of the mortification and chagrin which he really felt were visible on his noble and intellectual features. The Prelate appeared on this occasion merely as an Italian gentleman, and man of the world.

His cousin, however, Giacomo del Monte, a tall dark man, in the dress of a Colonel of the Pope's life-guard, showed by the gloomy expression of his countenance, how much he was annoyed by the miscarriage of the embassy.

As if, however, the genius of Italy was never to be defeated at all points, Viola del Monte, the Colonel's daughter, carried off, on this occasion, the palm of beauty from all her Flemish rivals. Viola was a blonde, and her rich mass of flaxen ringlets was arranged with a taste that added to their natural beauty in no small degree. Strings of Oriental pearls formed the bands that restrained their luxuriance, and from the crown of the head drooped a silvery plume of heron's feathers. It is impossible to conceive anything more charming than the delicate complexion of this fair daughter of the South; the faultless regularity and noble expression of her features joined to the matchless symmetry of her negligently veiled bosom, formed a model fitted to inspire the pencil of the most fastidious artist. Her arms were bare, and the exquisite beauty of their outline was in perfect keeping with her small and delicately formed hands.

DESSAINEUR GALLERY



CASP. NETSCHER f.

A. H. PAINE sc.

DIE SÄNGERIN.

A LADY SINGING.

Viola appeared on this occasion as the queen of the festival; few, however, among her numerous admirers, enjoyed the pleasure of leading her to the dance, as she retired from the Saloon at an early hour, in order to perform her duties as hostess, in the apartments devoted to conversation.

Not a few, both of the Flemish and foreign Cavaliers, left the Saloon at the same time, and betook themselves to the other apartments, in order to have an opportunity of seeing, and perhaps conversing, with the fair Italian.

Among the more ardent of the admirers of Viola, two had especially distinguished themselves, by the unceasing attentions they bestowed upon her. The first was Gerart Van Sluits, a lieutenant in the Dutch marine; the second, Quentin De Chavigny, a lieutenant in the *mousquetaires* of the French guards.

Geraart Van Sluits was about two and twenty years of age, tall and elegant in person, with a profusion of light brown hair. His features were handsome and expressive, and his short and well formed upper lip was shaded by a slight silky moustache.

The Frenchman, on the contrary, was below the middle height, but broad shouldered, and deep chested, with a figure at once robust and elegant, splendid black eyes, and a superb sable beard. In addition to these personal advantages, Chavigny enjoyed the reputation of being one of the best dancers, and most formidable fencers of his time.

These gentlemen from the moment they had been introduced to Viola, looked on each other with the deadly hatred of rivals, and it appeared certain that one or the other was eventually destined to be the happy man; the balance of the lady's favour, however, seeming for a long time to waver between the two, at length decided in favour of the mild, but nevertheless heroic minded Geraart Van Sluits. To him the fair Italian accorded her sweetest smiles; smiles of that peculiar character, that have been termed the "laughter of the heart." Chavigny was furious, but still hoping that all was not yet lost, he, however, determined that this night should decide his fate.

Geraart Sluits, and Quentin Chavigny were naturally both influenced by the same wish,—that of being as near as possible to the goddess of their idolatry; they therefore both took their places at the table, nearest to that occupied by the principal guests. Here they were joined by some other gentlemen, cards were proposed, and the whole party commenced playing the old fashioned game of "Landsknecht." It so chanced that Van Sluits held the bank, and Chavigny actuated by a feeling of pique towards his rival, played such large stakes, that he attracted the attention of the other guests, who from a feeling of curiosity began to assemble round the table.

Neither of the blind Dieties, however, were on this occasion propitious to Chavigny; equally unsuccessful in play, as in love, in a short time he had lost all his ready money to his rival. He now demanded to be allowed to play on credit, a favour that was readily granted by Van Sluits. Chavigny's run of ill fortune, however, continued, and in less than an hour he had lost several thousand Guilders.

A pause now took place in the dancing, and the guests streamed from the Saloon into the adjoining apartments, in order to partake of refreshments. The card tables were deserted, and no sooner had the company refreshed themselves, than it was proposed to play at the then fashionable game of "Collin Maillard." Here Chavigny was quite in his element, he watched intently the events of the game, and at length succeeded in possessing himself of the hand of

Viola. To his great indignation she hastily snatched it from him, and at the same time put an end to the sport, by declaring that the company were about to amuse themselves with Music and Singing.

Several ladies sung and accompanied themselves on the harpsichord with great skill, and received in return the compliments of the assembly. The murmurs of applause, however, instantly gave way to the silence of expectation, as Barberini with all the grace of an accomplished cavalier, led Viola forward, and presented her with a note-book, and a splendid Neapolitan lute.

Viola looked round the circle; her eyes sought Geraart, whom she well knew to be a perfect master of the instrument,—and taking up the lute, she asked, “will any one oblige me by playing the accompaniment?”

Sluits stepped forward, bowed, and took the instrument. Now began a performance that perfectly enraptured the auditors. Viola gave one of the noble melodies of Battagarini, with all the delicacy of tone and feeling that the theme required:—while the eyes of Geraart were fixed on those of his mistress, with an expression, that spoke the feelings of his heart, plainer than words.

When the piece had concluded, Chavigny stepped forward to pay Viola his compliments on her skill, and as he was a perfect master of the *Viol di Gamba*, he requested her to accompany him on his harpsichord, in a duet.

Annoyed at the pertinacity of the Frenchman, Viola replied with some emphasis on the words, “I am too fatigued, but I have no doubt that Herr Van Sluits will be happy to play with you.”

Irritated at what he supposed to be an allusion to his losses at the gaming table, Chavigny replied, “I shall be happy to play with Herr Van Sluits, but it must be at another game.”

So saying, he immediately left the room, and in passing, beckoned Geraart to follow him. Van Sluits well understood the look that accompanied this gesture, but remained a moment to take leave of Viola, who now understood, for the first time, the effect that her words had produced.

Geraart took with him his trusty comrade Captain Bloom, and Chavigny was attended by his friends, the Marquis de Croustillac, and Monsieur De Dernouville.

The two Flemings followed the Frenchman at a short distance, and a few minutes’ walk sufficed to bring them to the “Busch van Haa” a beautiful wood near the city, which was at that time a mere village.

The Frenchman halted under a noble linden tree, and made a sign to Geraart and his companion to approach.

“Well, gentlemen!” said Monsieur De Dernouville, glancing upwards at the full Moon, that shone on this occasion with almost Italian brightness, “I never recollect a finer night for cutting throats, in the whole course of my experience in such matters.”

Geraart remained silent; Bloom examined the swords, and made the necessary arrangements for the Duel. These completed, the combatants threw aside their cloaks, received their swords from their seconds, and saluted each other by lowering the points of their weapons.

“Mynheer Van Sluits,” said Croustillac, as he placed his principal before his antagonist, “I have the honour to present to you the best pupil of the immortal Marmée, the first fencing master in Paris; and one who, I have no doubt, will do honour to his training.”

Geraart bowed, and the next moment his sword was crossed with that of his opponent. The combat lasted some minutes, and was supported with great skill and coolness on both sides; but at length Chavigny, in spite of his boasted skill, received a thrust in the breast, that stretched him bleeding at the feet of his rival.

Bloom now stepped quietly forward. "Gentlemen of Paris," said he, "I think you will admit that this thrust, although not learned in the school of Marmée, is at any rate sufficient for the purpose."

Chavigny died the next day, in spite of the best medical assistance that could be procured. Geraart was compelled to fly from the Hague, he however found means to procure a parting interview with Viola del Monte, and received from the Cardinal Legate a recommendation to the Grand Master of the knights of Malta.

Geraart departed in the full hope of meeting his mistress ere long in Italy. Viola, however, felt that their separation was eternal; her anticipations were fulfilled, and she survived the parting but a few months.

On hearing this intelligence, Geraart Van Sluits took the vow of celibacy, and entered the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.

GLUCK.

PAINTED BY J. DUPLESSIS.

The winter sun streamed in dazzling whiteness through the two narrow windows of a small boudoir. A tall pier-glass was so placed, that any one, who wished to see himself in it, was forced to turn his back to the window. In this glass was reflected a large part of the magnificent view commanded by the windows, including a bend of the *Chaussée d'Antin*, then the head-quarters of refined society; and extending to the cold snow-covered heights of Montmartre, with their ancient girdle of forest and meadow—a district which the building-ocean of Paris has long since submerged under freestone, flint, and asphalt.

There was no want of new books and music, or of elegantly-folded letters, on the Chinese hexagon table before the ottoman. On the walls, beside a few ostentatious oil paintings of ladies and cavaliers, there hung a crowd of fashionable silhouettes and splendid medallions, the latter nearly all in costly frames.

Every spare place in the room was filled with blossoming roses, violets, and myrtles. A light-footed maid, as beautiful as Iris, seemed to have been selected for the purpose of tripping over these sweet children of Flora.

But this appeared to be a difficult task to an elegantly dressed man, who entered the room, balancing his three-cornered hat upon the head of his Spanish cane; and received, like a recruit from his corporal, short instructions from the Iris, how he must turn and stoop, in order not to overturn or trample under foot the gigantic rose, "Maria Theresa," or some other Countess transformed into a flower.

The guest had a compact figure, and a plain face, strongly marked with small-pox. Yet he had fine bright eyes, much animation, and a cheerful laugh. He appeared indifferent to fashion. He wore an unfashionable wig, with one curl twisted round his neck, like a hussar or a sacristan; a dark-green frock-coat without any embroidery, black velvet trousers, and English top-boots.

"Will Mademoiselle soon be visible?" the man asked expectantly.

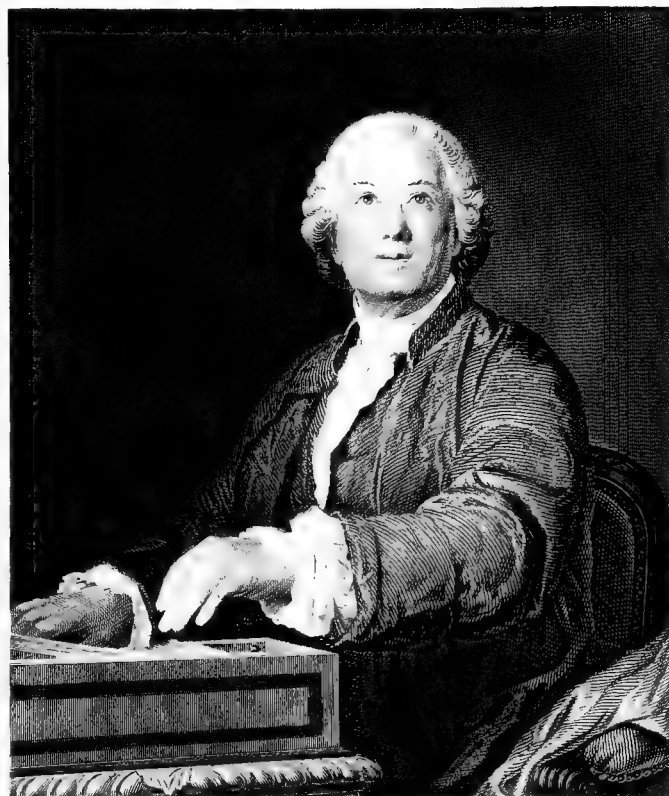
"I do not know; it is possible; but not likely. If you are uncomfortable here, you must come again."

"Oh no! I will willingly wait."

"So much the better for you," said the Iris, who was busying herself about the room, "but I must tell you, that my lady is addressed as 'Madame,' not as 'Mademoiselle'...!"

"Oh! indeed. I did not know that Madame had married, since I have been absent from Paris...."

DEWEDERE



GAUTHI sc.

GLUCK.

The last part of the conversation was overheard by a lady, who had silently opened a curtained door, and had entered behind the stranger.

"Do not dispute my right!" she said gaily, in a voice of the sweetest, softest tone. "'Mademoiselle,' or 'Madame'—a title is a title. It lies in the realm of philosophy. We can as little discover the origin of a title as of a system of philosophy."

The stranger turned round, startled.

Before him stood an elegant lady, in a simple dress of violet silk, with short sleeves, displaying her beautifully rounded arms. Her raven hair was dressed high, *à la trianon*, with long curls behind both ears; but without any powder. She might perhaps have been thirty, and, in one respect, bore a resemblance to the man in the green coat—she was not beautiful, and could scarcely have been beautiful at any time. But the movement of her lips, the form of her mouth, her smile, above all, her voice, had an indescribable charm. Her whole face was illumined by her large sparkling eyes, which told of mind and good humour, and her constant change of expression showed a rapid imagination with sensitive feeling.

"Madame Arnould," said the stranger, catching her eye. She held a small card in her hand, and read: "Duplessis; Monsieur Joseph Siffrède Duplessis! Take a seat, what do you want?"

"I should be fortunate, if you remembered me . . .," answered Duplessis.

Madame Arnould raised her eyes thoughtfully. "No," she then said, "We will not waste time in reproaches. I do not remember you, but do not be offended at this . . . I have forgotten more than a hundred operas, in which I have played a part; why should I not also forget a person, who has played a part in my life?"

Her tone, as she spoke, was playful, but her eyes had assumed a sad expression.

"Madame, my part was very subordinate—I once painted you . . . Pardon me, there hangs the médaillon . . . in the portrait you wear a myrtle wreath . . ."

"Parbleu! Welcome Duplessis! Do you know that I have always regarded that picture as a kind of oracle? I then wished to marry, and coveted the bridal wreath. I thought that I should easily find the betrothed. Well, he was never found, and you may take to yourself the credit of painting the bride of the man in the moon . . . But at any rate, you have not returned for the purpose of again seeing your picture, in other respects so pretty . . ."

"Madame, I returned to Paris two months ago, and must confess that I can make no career for myself. I am forgotten, or out of fashion; in short, I cannot succeed. In former years, I painted a number of distinguished persons—must I now take the portraits of grocers? I am resolved to make a bold onset; I must once more take the portraits of important personages . . ."

"Dear Monsieur Duplessis, I understand you; you wish to paint me, but that is quite impossible. I should be afraid of my own likeness. I can run away from the looking-glass, if I look too antiquated, but with my portrait on the wall I should be obliged to vacate this room . . ."

"Madame, at any rate, you deserve to be painted, after so many triumphs on the stage . . ."

"Oh! I am constantly portrayed by both friends and foes. And as, unfortunately, I see a great deal of society, and am consequently obliged to talk a great deal, I cannot avoid appearing daily in new colours, in these disfiguring portraits. I must be content to be considered a female Rabelais . . ."

"Madame, you are not listening to me!" the painter interrupted eagerly.

"Yes, you see that is one of my best qualities, that I do not listen to people, let them say what they will!" exclaimed Madame Arnould laughing.

"Alas!" said Duplessis in an undertone, "if she would only be sensible for ten minutes together... I could arrange all!"

Madame sprang up, and danced round the table, clasping her hands, and then bursting into laughter.

"I speak in earnest, Madame!"

"And I laugh in earnest, Monsieur Duplessis!" replied the Arnould. "Do you reckon it a trifle to catch these 'sensible' ten minutes, which I have chased for years?"

Duplessis sighed, took up his hat, and prepared to depart. He gazed sadly round.

"Sit down again, Monsieur! You look very troubled. Whatever may be said of me, no one shall have cause to complain, that I have laughed at the misfortunes of an artist. Come to the point quickly; for I can only spare you a few minutes. I must receive the guests for the 'Matinée Musicale,' which will begin directly in my drawing-room."

Duplessis composed himself, and said:

"I am not in favour at Court..."

"Then we are in the same case!" remarked Madame Arnould.

"I could not persuade the Lord Chamberlain to introduce me to the king... that I might supplicate the honour of painting his Majesty's portrait. But on this being refused me it was asserted that I made a sarcastic remark, which on my word of honour I cannot now recall..."

"In any case, Monsieur Duplessis, the king's portrait would have afforded you no opportunity, for the introduction of a new canon on the worth and dignity of princes," said Madame Arnould. "therefore be comforted."

"The results of this remark were painful enough for myself," continued Duplessis, shaking his head. "My studio became deserted, other people took my place; and I was obliged to recommence work in Vienna, with the help of a few old friends from Rome. The French party amongst the aristocracy held aloof from me there, and I have arrived here almost without introductions... I had fixed my hopes on the Chevalier Gluck."

"Ah! Monsieur Duplessis, he is the man who can help you."

"He *could*, Madame."

"He *can* certainly, Monsieur. He, the former master of the Queen Marie Antoinette, and the idolised musical divinity of France even more than of Germany, can accomplish anything at court, especially since his Iphigenia has been performed here, at the Queen's command. I have taken part in the opera a hundred and fifty times, within two years... Gluck is your man, and he is not a man to refuse a favour..."

"But he has refused me decidedly..."

"What favour did you ask of him?" enquired the lady.

"That he would permit me to paint him..."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, I had added a plan, which I did not reveal to Gluck. My portrait of Gluck, I intended for the Queen—the sequel would have followed."

"But what reason led Gluck to refuse you?"

"None, although our acquaintance did not date from yesterday. In his letter he said, in the

style of an oracle, that he was already monopolised; and that he did not consider his face suited for a portrait..."

"You must tell him, that he shall be made twenty years younger in the portrait, for the old man wishes to ignore his sixty years."

"Madame, if you will make use of this argument or of any other, to press my suit, all my wishes will be fulfilled... I confess this is the object which brought me here..."

"Monsieur Duplessis, it is my experience that all leading musicians are very self-willed, and even obstinate, and a choir-master considers himself at least as infallible as the Pope. Gluck has indeed agreeable manners, and prides himself on being a "*bon-homme*;" but he also can be as firm as a rock... I have observed it... And yet, Monsieur Duplessis, I have overcome greater difficulties in my life, than that of bending a choir-master. I will lay a wager, that Gluck shall sit to you as often and as long as you want him..."

The presage of victory beamed from Madame Arnould's eyes, and the painter took leave in improved spirits.

"I must not venture to ask, Madame, when I may enquire after the success of your mission," he said, in taking leave.

"When? I think in an hour and a half..."

"Do I hear correctly?"

"Certainly. Gluck will be here to the moment, to lead at the piano, and will perhaps be in a humour which will incline him to consent."

"I shall return punctually, Madame."

Just as Duplessis was conducted by the lady to the door of the boudoir, a young elegantly-dressed cavalier hurried up the staircase, unceremoniously pushed the artist aside, and addressed the lady.

"I am here, Madame, at your appointed time. I have seldom had such a ride, as hither from Versailles... But you scarcely vouchsafe me a glance, to say nothing of a greeting. Is 'the dwarf' here? Or has your concert, to which I am indifferent, already begun?"

"Allow me to take leave of this worthy gentleman, Monsieur le Marquis!" replied Madame Arnould. "Or shall he remain here? he will perhaps be willing to take your portrait. That will be an amusement for you—if you despise our concert..."

"Do you wish for my likeness, Madame," said the young man; "if so, I am ready to bear that torture and many more, without complaint..."

"Ah! your portrait adorned with diamonds would find its way into the hand of Mademoiselle de Murville, and with the assistance of a lover of art, from her hand to her pocket."

The Marquis lifted up his hands in self-justification.

"I bring you some news from Versailles, Madame, which will show you how much I value her."

"Do you mean what she is worth...?"

"Stop, Madame! your painter is still waiting.... Monsieur, will you call on me, the Chamberlain Marquis de Marsil. You can enquire for me at the guard-room of the Swiss guards... — if I have time, I will be painted... I mean of course, the guard-room at Versailles... and now, Monsieur, farewell!"

The Marquis entered the boudoir, and angrily threw down his plumed hat on the table.

"Now, why are you injuring your hat?" asked Madame. "You seem to forget, that I presented you with this incomparable plume. Apparently you require neither hat nor feather, for you act as if you had lost your head..."

"Well, that would be no miracle, Sophie," said the Marquis. "My terrible aunt is in Versailles... and for the last three days the talk in all the lady's apartments, even in that of the Queen, has been only of me, and of my love to you..."

"The subject must have a strange interest in itself, or these tongues would be wearied in three days. For they, with the heads to which they belong, do not take an interest in every subject..."

"Ah! dearest Sophie, with them your mind, wit, sarcasm, nobility, and talent avail you nothing," sighed the marquis. "It is as if the ladies of the court had served an apprenticeship in the kitchen, and were unwearingly pounding you and me together into a '*Hachi blanc*'..."

"But in this case they would not have separated us," said Sophie Arnould, who could not restrain her wit, although tears stood in her eyes.

"My aunt, the Princess Marsillac, has had a special audience of the Queen, respecting our affairs, and has received an assurance from her Majesty, that we shall be watched. They are afraid that I shall carry you away abroad, in order that we may be secretly betrothed..."

"But why do you trouble about your aunt? In any case your property is secured to you..."

The Marquis sank down suddenly before Madame Arnould. She was accustomed to stage effects; and yet she drew back astonished.

"What does this mean?" she said, turning pale.

"My adored Sophie!" the Marquis de Marsil said, with deepest emotion. "The hour I have long feared has arrived.... If I loved you less, I should be silent, and should leave you to suffer alone; but true love knows no deceit... I am one of the poorest, most solitary knights in Versailles..."

"Oh!" exclaimed Sophie, with flaming eyes, "now you wish to act before me a part which your aunt must have taught you..."

"I speak the truth... Only listen, you will not desert me? I am the illegitimate son of the Prince Anton de Marsillac, who only acknowledged me upon his death-bed, and obtained for me from the king the title and name of Marquis de Marsil; but left my property entirely dependent on his only unmarried sister, that Princess Edmonde de Marsillac... I cannot venture to offer you my hand, if my aunt withdraws hers from me, for in that case I am a beggar!"

"Stand up, Robert," said Madame softly, and laying her hand upon his shoulder. "We will discuss your family circumstances another time. I am not accustomed to yield to the caprices or to the injustice of others, and can promise that I will find means to dispute the victory with your Aunt and all the ladies of Versailles, if it be presupposed, that my own mind is made up... do you understand? But I hear the guests arrive, I beg you to stand up, and to leave me."

Marsil arose, quite bewildered by tears and excitement.

"All is not yet lost for me,—may I say for us," he sighed. "My aunt has imposed one condition upon me, and if this can be fulfilled, she promises to withdraw all opposition to our marriage, and to settle upon me a yearly income of 200,000 francs."

Sophie looked doubtfully at her admirer. "It is true," pursued Marsil, "that with innate cruelty my aunt has imposed a condition, which will cause me additional humiliation; for she is only too certain, that you and I shall never succeed in fulfilling it."

"Although I felt as if a dagger pierced my heart, when you named the word *Aunt*, yet my curiosity is excited... what does she require from you, or from us both?"

"The Princess de Marsillac said to me this morning: 'Observe, Sir Robert, that your betrothed, as you choose to call her, a lady, who has been on the stage from her tenth year until very recently, cannot through you obtain the entrée into any of those circles in which you now move, and in which, as my heir, you will be obliged to move in the future. The Queen of the Opera is far below Her Majesty's Mistress of the Robes...;' but you turn pale, Sophie—I thought it my duty, to speak openly..."

"Bon!" said Sophia trembling. "Your Aunt is right, and I hope you will remember, that I told you the same on the first day of our acquaintance... Go on with your Aunt tyranny!"—

"There are, however, methods by which middle-class people—even former actors on the stage, can obtain the rights of the nobility at court, my Aunt remarked," continued Marsil obediently. "There have been many similar precedents under the great Louis XV..."

"Under Louis XIV., Molière, amongst others, obtained with difficulty the entrée on court," said Sophie. "I understand," she continued after a pause, "what the Princess Marsillac requires: I must contrive to be received at the Queen's levée, and my name must appear on the special list of her Majesty's lady chamberlain—then I may be visited by you and by Madame your Aunt. Arrange your dress, take your hat, and lead me into the concert room, Robert... You will find that I have as yet no need to envy this Austrian, the Queen, for her Artistic power, and that the ci-devant opera queen is rich enough to give a breakfast at the cost of five thousand francs, although she has never received a penny of the pension to which she is entitled from the royal operatic administration..."

The two went silently arm in arm through a suite of most elegant rooms, and came into the large concert room, with vaulted ceiling, which, when the house belonged to the Prince Chenin, was adorned by Jean Jouvret with paintings from classical mythology. It was empty, but servants soon came in and laid some music upon the musicians' desks.—

A few guests, all men,—were already assembled in the reception room. Sophie Arnould seated herself on a raised chair, and received the company, who gradually thronged in. Amongst the visitors were a number of gentlemen and ladies who, in respect either of art and knowledge, or of fashionable elegance, were fitted to give the tone not alone to the distinguished society of Paris, but also to the court of Versailles and Trianon.

Many names were announced from amongst the high aristocracy, as for example, the Count Lauraguinis, the Prince de Chenin, the Marquis de Villette, the Prince Henry de Ligne, the old Count Mirabeau, the Baron Grimm, the Marquis de Bouillée, and Claude de Rulhière the historian. There was also a strong contingent of artists; the young Charles Vernet, the sculptor Houdon, Salieri the composer, Gretry, Marmontel the poet, Vestris the ballet-master, Noverre.... There were fewer ladies of high rank, though these were not wanting, one may be mentioned, the intellectual Marquise Emmeta Lebrochet; the stage had sent its first stars, amongst whom the wife of Gluck's celebrated rival, Vicenza Sibilla Piccini, still beautiful in spite of her forty-five years, excited the chief interest.

The room was filled. The musicians stood in their places. An expectant silence seemed to oppress the brilliant assemblage.

Suddenly a burst of enthusiasm re-echoed through the room. Sophie Arnould appeared,

leaning on the arm of an elderly man. She guided him to the piano, and was herself led by the diminutive Prince de Chenin to her seat by the side of the Prince Ligne.

"Gluck! Gluck! long live Gluck!" The ladies applauded rapturously, and Signora Piccini was especially energetic in this mark of approbation.

There stood the giant, who by his creations of dramatic music had tracked out new paths, and had by one effort supplanted the musical style of a Rameau, with its stiff uniformity, as well as Italian song, directed only to the drum of the ear; thus reinstating the true drama, which had so long remained in subjection to these false styles. Gluck was already an old man, but his bearing retained its early vigour, his eyes sparkled like those of a youth, and his benevolent animated face looked fresh, yes even blooming. Only his sunken mouth called to mind the advanced age of the master. His eyes, and the contour of his forehead, expressed an earnest, iron force of will—and certainly few artists have given more convincing proof of a firm will than Gluck, who, after unwearying toil, and after he had passed a quarter of a century in the composition of works in the old style, drew a line through the whole of his previous activity, and in 1764 commenced his giant's flight with the opera "Orpheus and Euridice."

Gluck thus ventured to declare war against those Neapolitan models, by which he had been so long ruled. Even his "Orpheus," although this opera retains the influence of the Italian school, sufficiently portrayed the entire want of force and reason in the then existing operatic style. The principal object of this Italian style was to display to the greatest advantage the voice and compass of the singer—every other object was subordinate. The former grand style of air singing had given place to a striving after bravoura; the words of the poet were no longer in mental and spiritual accordance with the tones of the music, and operatic composition by treating the human voice simply as a musical instrument, had fallen to its lowest ebb. Extravagant and confused scenes interfered with a masterly treatment of the subject; the airs were marked by endless repetitions and flourishes of every description; the accompaniment was meagre and without character, and—like the whole opera—only served by its poverty to bring out in the strongest relief, the personalities, not the parts of the singers.

Already in the opera of "Orpheus," Gluck attempted to follow the meaning of the words, and to clothe his characters musically in the spirit of their actions. He introduced a chorus, and thus gained a broad basis for the completion of the dramatic form, to which he relentlessly sacrificed all that could have served in the construction of strong technical effects. In his "Alceste" Gluck liberated himself entirely from his earlier tendencies, and freely developed his new style of heroic opera. His characters were independent and musical developments of the poetry, which gave the unalterable level for the form and expression of the music. In the air, he despised all ritornellos, melismas, and cadences, and turned his attention to the delineation of feeling, and to the true picturing of the situations. Gluck only permitted the tuneful cantabile to assert its ascendancy in those exceptional passages in which feeling burst the barriers, and took the lead.

The French Stylicists, including Rameau, who had recently introduced declamation of the words (which thus were not broken in their uniformity even by the variety of song), were entirely defeated, when Gluck's operas, on their performance in Paris, explained the theory of true and musical declamation.

But the Italians did not yield without a further struggle. They accused Gluck of rigidity, of a want of feeling for beauty and passion, of learned affectation and pedantry, and their leader

Piccini, who had lately come from Italy, attempted in his opera of "Roland," after the words of Quinault, to prove that the Italian Opera was capable of a reform, and possessed capacities which could dispute the palm with Gluck.

The battle between the partisans of Gluck and Piccini excited Paris, and the whole musical world. Both sides fought with a bitterness which has seldom been seen in the history of art. Only the heads of the two artistic camps, Gluck and Piccini, were possessed of sufficient nobility of character and mutual respect to greet one another as friends.

In his "Iphigenia," modelled after Racine's tragedy, Gluck had obtained a complete victory. He stood at the summit of his fame. With just pride he could now raise the bâton and give the signal for the commencement of the overture of "Iphigenia..." This intellectual master had also freed the "overture" from its position of no importance. It was he, who, in his opera of "Orpheus," first announced and developed the principle, that the overture of an opera must have one aim, namely to prepare the mind for the leading idea, whatever that idea may be.

When the overture was ended, a reverential stillness reigned throughout the company. Sophie Arnould then rose, and bowed, and all present stood up, excited and inspired. They embraced one-another, and a confused joyful sound filled the room, until a Roman (Vincenza Piccini's) voice, by the cry "Long live Gluck!" called forth a storm of applause. The old chevalier, who was easily affected in spite of his iron head, shed tears; but at last regained his self-control, and gave a few pieces of an unfinished opera.

Madame Arnould then came forward, and sang the celebrated air of "Eurydice" from the "Orpheus." During the instrumental introduction she had laid the notes upon the piano, perhaps because she was accustomed to have her hands free whilst singing. The greatness of the situation became clear from her first notes, and she gradually led her hearers up to the moment, when Orpheus appears in the world of shadows. What a voice! How rich in tone, commanding and yet smooth as satin, how ductile and energetic, how lovely and affecting! Whoever had reproached Gluck with rigidity, needed only to hear Sophie's execution, in which every tone gave utterance to the deepest feeling, and every note haunted the recollection. Sophie Arnould indeed deserved to be called the Queen, not only of the opera but of the art of song.

The Prince de Chenin tripped up to her, made an incomprehensible speech upon art, and upon the artistic marriage of winter—namely the master Gluck—with the spring—Sophie Arnould—and placed a garland of golden laurel-leaves upon her hair.

Sophie, during the general applause, looked her thanks round the circle, and handed the garland to the Signora Piccini, who in vain attempted to decline it. Vincenza then came forward, and sang a bravoura air, from the "Cecchina" of Piccini, a jewel adorned with all the show of the Neapolitan school, and its splendour served to show what Vincenza Sibilla must have been twenty years previously, when she attracted the lovers of music to Florence from all parts of Italy.

Gluck offered his homage to the lady. "I can at this moment give you no other token of my admiration," Gluck said, in a sufficiently loud voice to be heard throughout the room; "than in saying that you deserve the garland, which Madame Arnould handed to you. But will you say to your husband, that I send him my brotherly greeting, and that this air from the 'Cecchina' merits my bâton. This bâton may be rough and not finely polished, but yet on the whole it is a good bâton that I present to Piccini with all tokens of honour."

Breakfast was served. The greater number of the guests withdrew, and only the intimate

friends of the hostess, took their seats at the table in the adjoining room. Gluck, in accordance with her own request, escorted Madame Arnould into her boudoir. The Master seemed lost in thought.

"You have become quite misanthropic, dear chevalier," said Sophia, her eyes yet sparkling with emotion... "You are so accustomed to triumphs, that you weary of them, like the dancing Vestris in the air!"

"Ah! Madame, do not mention that wicked Vestris to me, or I shall become furious even in your presence. Can you believe that he is now moving earth and heaven, to introduce a dance 'a chaconne' like a murderous wedge into my 'Iphigenia.' When I said to him: 'the Greeks never danced a Chaconne,' he replied with a pitying smile: 'So much the worse for the Greeks, and it is the mission of art, to supply this want...; if you see Vestris, can you dissuade him from his proud madness?—I know no one else who is capable of doing this.'"

"I will tell him, that if any '*Corps du Ballet*' is introduced into Iphigenia, it must be a real Grecian circular dance with joined hands."

"Alas! what good will it do me, if I can rid myself of Vestris," murmured Gluck, "I shall never see such an Iphigenia as you upon the scenes!"

Sophia looked at him with a mysterious artful gaze.

"Who knows?" she said; "but we will not speak of this just now."

"But for me there is no more important subject, Madame."

"Do you wish to see me yourself as Iphigenia, or that the public shall see me?" asked the singer. In this there is a difference."

"I wish indeed to see my Iphigenia," Gluck exclaimed with animation. "Until now I have only heard her sing one air. And when I had myself seen her, I could breathe no more fervent wish, than that Paris should also see my conception of Iphigenia."

"I have shown many favours to the Parisians, Chevalier, but I will never again act before them in a great opera, even did I only consult my own caprice, which is not the case."

"But we cannot perform 'Iphigenia' with only myself as audience?" asked Gluck puzzled.

"There are theatres in other places, as well as in Paris, in Versailles for instance..."

"You wish to act before the Court? Madame, I shall keep you to your word. You are making me happier than I have been for a long time..."

"Oh! I have not finished, Chevalier, I have conditions to demand..."

"They shall be fulfilled, however high may be the fee."

"The fee! that is not the difficulty."

"Then where is it?"

"I have been told that I have caprices,—well, this is one! The Queen must desire my appearance at Versailles..."

"O! Your appearance is, of course, impossible, without the consent of her Majesty..."

"You do not understand me, Chevalier. I wish that the Queen should ask me to play before the Court. I mean, should ask me by word of mouth..."

"But how can I contrive this?"

"Very simply; I am summoned to an audience at Versailles, and receive the Queen's wish from her own mouth..."

Gluck became thoughtful.

"It can be managed," he said at length decidedly. "Until now, the Queen has refused me nothing, I believe I am sure of my cause."

The Iris came in, and whispered a few words in her mistress' ear.

"Yes, I had almost forgotten. There is a second condition, about which we can at once come to a definite understanding; for on this point you alone can decide. Marie, let the gentleman come in."

The door opened, and Monsieur Duplessis entered. Both the painter and Gluck were surprised to find no-one else present. Gluck assumed an injured mien and occupied himself with a rose-bush which stood near.

"The gentlemen are old acquaintances!" said Madame Arnould in a flattering voice. "Monsieur Duplessis has told me that he wishes to paint you, Chevalier!..."

"Yes, yes, Madame, and I have said, why that idea must be relinquished," answered Gluck.

"Do you doubt Monsieur Duplessis' art? I consider him a painter of the first rank, and of universal capacity."

"Oh! I do not doubt it, Madame! But I do not like these portraits with their decorations and embellishments—they appear to me like an Italian air, smothered with ornamentation."

"Can you see the medaillon hanging above? That is no great portrait, that was painted by Monsieur Duplessis, many years ago, before he went to Rome."

"I am shortsighted, Madame—and I have been introduced to no painter here, because I have promised some one, who wishes to possess my bust, that I will not be painted before my bust is finished..."

"May I ask who this is?" said Sophie, in a slightly ill-tempered tone, for she did not bear contradiction patiently.

"It is the King himself!"

"His Majesty," exclaimed Sophie, "has with his accustomed discrimination discovered an excellent method for elevating art. He should have rewarded the artist with a premium for every one of your portraits in order that so many should be painted, that every family in Paris might possess one."

"Madame, you praise me too highly!"

"No, I rate you by the opinion of posterity!" said Madame Arnould... But one word is as good as a thousand: if you will in addition to my first condition fulfil my second, and permit yourself to be painted by Monsieur Duplessis, I will promise you, on my word of honour, to appear as Iphigenia... But if not, then certainly not!"

"Alas! I cannot, I am far too old!"

"Monsieur Duplessis will arrange that. Only release yourself from your promise to the King..."

"It was not a formal promise," Gluck replied with some hesitation.

"Not?" exclaimed Madame Arnould joyfully. "Then, Monsieur Duplessis, we will both lay forcible hands on the work.... The chevalier looks this morning so charmingly fresh and energetic, that you can scarcely hope for a more favourable opportunity for your work. Look at yourself, Chevalier."

She led the composer to the looking-glass.

"Am I not right?"

"Oh! I am flushed, that is all," said Gluck. "Who could have suspected such a plot?"

"Will you resign yourself, or not? I command, I—Iphigenia, the daughter of the king of kings..."

"My patience will not hold out through the operation. How long will it last? And Monsieur Duplessis has no colours here..."

"Chevalier, I require only a crayon and paper, and an hour will suffice."

"Well, I consent. But I must attack the piano, or my strength will not last. And I must also drink a bottle of Champagne..."

"Sillery, as clear as water from the rock, Chevalier!"

This was the nectar without which Gluck's genius never flowed. He was accustomed to compose with one bottle of Champagne on his right hand, and one on his left, and by preference at night—with artificial illumination as bright as daylight.

"Allow me to play for a few moments, before you begin your work, Monsieur Duplessis," said Gluck.

"You may dispose of me as you please."

Gluck retired to Madame Arnould's studio, which contained a magnificent instrument. Madame Arnould and Duplessis waited at the door.

It was some time, before Gluck struck the first chord. He then essayed the tones; they moaned like distant breakers, but gradually assumed their fixed form and expression.

"Let us go in," said Sophie. "He will certainly soon commence a real performance, which we shall be unwilling to interrupt."

They entered the long, lofty but narrow room, which possessed no decorations excepting dark, plain bookcases, and took their seats on the side facing Gluck.

The Master did not notice their entrance. To the singer the passages and melodious fragments, in which Gluck was expressing himself, were strange—A South-German, or an Austrian would have recognised in them the tones of his home—Gluck had become subdued, he looked inspired, and his eye beamed. He gradually ended a melodious passage from the "Armida," picturing the stillness of a wood, and he played some triumphant chords. Then followed the sound of bells, jodling of the shepherds—and then a dance full of youthful merriment. Gluck seemed to surrender himself to its movements, while his uplifted moistened eyes sparkled—Oh time of youth, oh sound of home!

Duplessis turned a quick look towards Sophie Arnould... that was the moment, at which he wished to retain the Master's likeness. He worked with wonderful rapidity.

Long before Gluck had ended his fantasia, Duplessis laid down his crayon, crossed his arms, and followed with quick, but strained attention every expression, every look, and every movement of the composer.

At last Gluck stood up, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Refresh yourself, master!" said Sophie, offering him the untouched glass of wine; "you are exhausted!"

"Yes, Madame, and with reason. I have just returned from Weidenwang and Castle Lobkowitz. I know not why,—but I have revisited all the loved spots of my youth, I have retraced my steps from the sixty-fourth year of my life, to the eighteenth—and now return from my tour."

"I felt that, Chevalier!" Duplessis answered with beaming looks

"Indeed?" said Gluck, affectionately pressing his hand.

"Then I improvised well, and you will paint well. And we, Madame, will abide by our diplomatic treaty. Adieu, Madame; adieu, Monsieur Duplessis. I assure you that I have enjoyed being painted far more than I expected. Adieu."

"*Le monde tourne encore pour nous!*" Madame Arnould exclaimed triumphantly, while Duplessis took his leave.

"When the portrait is ready, my dear master," said the singer, lifting up her finger, "do not forget that it will belong to me, *to me*, and that I shall pay for it... Yes, indeed, my respected friend, and why do you look astonished? You may paint as many copies of the Chevalier as you please, but the first portrait will belong to Sophie Arnould."

The Marquis Marsil came noisily into the studio. His breakfast appeared to have had an exciting effect upon him.

"If my Aunt..." he repeated, as Sophie gave him a sign to depart.

"If my Aunt is still alive a week hence," Sophie Arnould parodied him, "she will hear some important news!"

"May I hear it, dearest? Give me only a shadow of consolation, before I return to Versailles... Do you know that my desperation has brought me to the point of composing verses... I have composed a hideous elegy.... will you listen to it? but you are very hard to me to-day."

He assumed a theatrical attitude, rolled his large dark eyes, and began:

"Mourning o'er night's ruined shadows..."

"Really, Marsil, I shall not entrust my secrets even to you, when I find that your 'Esprit' consists only in the 'ruins of shadows'..."

"You do not understand my elegy," sighed Marsil, uplifting his hands.

"Adieu, mon cher," said Sophie and abruptly quitted the room.

Marsil wandered like a ghost over the whole house, but 'Madame' was not to be found.

He at last departed, crushed in spirit, having pushed a servant down stairs, 'because they could not tell him where Madame Arnould was.

Five days later Duplessis arrived with Gluck's portrait. The Chevalier was represented as he had appeared on that morning, when he had improvised on his home and his youth. Madame Arnould was overcome with admiration. She asserted that she had never seen any portrait in which, with such a striking likeness, there could be discerned such a depth of soul and mind, as in this masterly likeness of Gluck.

The same evening, the Chevalier visited Madame Arnould, and on entering the room, handed her a small note.

"Now, Iphigenia," Gluck said in a joyful voice, "If you wish for the proof, that it lies in your power to be everywhere victorious, here it is..."

He handed her the open letter.

"But who can read this, Chevalier?" Sophie asked astonished. "These are simply hieroglyphics..."

"It is German writing, Madame, which would merit respect, even were it not signed by the Queen."

"The Queen! show it me again! Where? Yes, truly, Marie Antoinette... But why do you show *me* the letter, Maestro?" exclaimed Sophie, becoming excited.

"Why? your name is in it..."

"Where? You are keeping me on the rack with anxiety."

"Here it stands in full size: Sophie Arnould..."

"Ah! that is how I look in German. By knowing it beforehand, I can spell out myself from the hieroglyphics... 'You cruel person, your secret will I solve'—she sang—or to these gates will death thee beckon...' Translate it, Chevalier, immediately."

"Iphigenia, remember that you are a priestess!" said Gluck gravely. "Listen... the Queen writes: 'My dear Master Gluck! You have charmed thousands of hearts, and mine also, by your immortal works; and it is but just, that you should wish to enjoy the 'Iphigenia,' your noblest work, in your own way. I am only too happy, if I can give you any pleasure, and so, at the King's command, our stage will be, I hope, properly prepared for the performance of your 'Iphigenia.' I have consulted His Majesty's wishes respecting Mademoiselle Sophie Arnould, and beg you to tell this lady, that I will express my wish to her by word of mouth, that she should appear on our court-stage as Iphigenia, if she will request an audience, through my mistress of the robes. I pray God to bless her. With much affection, Chevalier, your pupil, Marie Antoinette.'"

Sophie had become pale as death, but her eyes sparkled.

"Maestro, what do you ask for this letter?"

"I do not understand you, Madame," answered Gluck.

"I must have the letter, Chevalier, you do not know what influence it may exert on my fate..."

"I preserve the Queen's letters as holy relics!" Gluck replied.

"Come with me, I will show you something!" and Sophie drew the master into the concert-room.

Here, with her taper, she lighted the candles of a candelabra, and pointed to a picture, leaning against the wall.

"It is I myself," he exclaimed in German, "as I am and live——It is wonderful," he continued, "wonderfully true and beautiful."

Tears of emotion came into his eyes. "Could I have believed that I, old Gluck, should weep tears of joy over my own likeness? Madame, whoever painted that, understands his art, as well as I understand mine. I will say so to Duplessis. But what is the price of the portrait?"

"You must first understand, Maestro, that I, not you, ordered the portrait. As, in addition to this, I have paid for it, you see here my property."

"But why did I sit to the artist?" Gluck said ill-humouredly.

"For my pleasure, Maestro, and you, no doubt, did it with pleasure," said Sophie. "Well, I will give you hopes of a copy of this picture, if you will give me the Queen's letter..."

"You shall have the letter; but in that case, I take the portrait now..."

"No, that is impossible, Chevalier. Comfort yourself with the thought that you will be able to see the portrait every day, even if it leaves my possession... And now as to our opera... When shall you be ready for the general rehearsal?"

"I am at your service, Madame."

"You must first go through the opera in detail with me..."

"Oh! I shall avoid this, Madame," said Gluck with excitement. "If you had studied the Cantabile which you sang last week, with me, you would not have accomplished one half of what you did accomplish..."

"Then, in a week's time—"

"That is a gigantic labour for you..."

"Well and good!"

"And I shall have the portrait," Gluck said, and took his leave.

The next day Sophie had her audience with the queen. Marie Antoinette was then at the height of her charms. Only a few of the office bearers and ladies of the court were present. The queen said a few courteous words to the singer respecting her talents, regretted her departure from the stage, and expressed her wish that Sophie should appear as Iphigenia before the Court.

"I accept this wish as a present of honour from my Queen," said Sophie, with an enchanting smile. "If I may lay a gift at your Majesty's feet, I shall feel myself justified in accepting this regal present."

Marie Antoinette's face became overcast, and a 'dame d'honneur' whispered a reproof to the singer, for this breach of etiquette.

"Oh! it simply concerns the Queen of France, and the Queen of the Parisian opera!" Sophie said aloud, with an indescribably roguish glance.

The Queen smiled,—she laughed indeed, and asked what the present was. Sophie sent for the portrait of Gluck. The Queen was beside herself with admiration and joyful surprise.

Madame Arnould was deeply affected.

"Will your Majesty permit the painter Joseph Sifrède Duplessis to be presented to you?" she said with tears in her eyes.

— — — — —
Sophie played Iphigenia before the Court and earned high laurels. She was gratified by an invitation to Court—the Princess Marsillac was so indignant at this, that she grew ill and died in a miserable state of mind, without having made the Marquis de Marsil her heir. As soon as the Marquis heard of this at the castle guard, where he then was, he gave himself out as ill, went to his room, and shot himself.

Sophie Arnould sank into deep depression in consequence of her loss.

Only Gluck had the privilege of visiting and comforting her.

Duplessis painted nearly all the members of the royal family. His picture of the Queen which was in the possession of the Prince de Ligne, who died in 1813, is considered unsurpassed. The portrait of Gluck was presented by the Queen to the Emperor Joseph, and thus reached the Belvedere.

THE WRITING MASTER.

BY GERARD DOW.

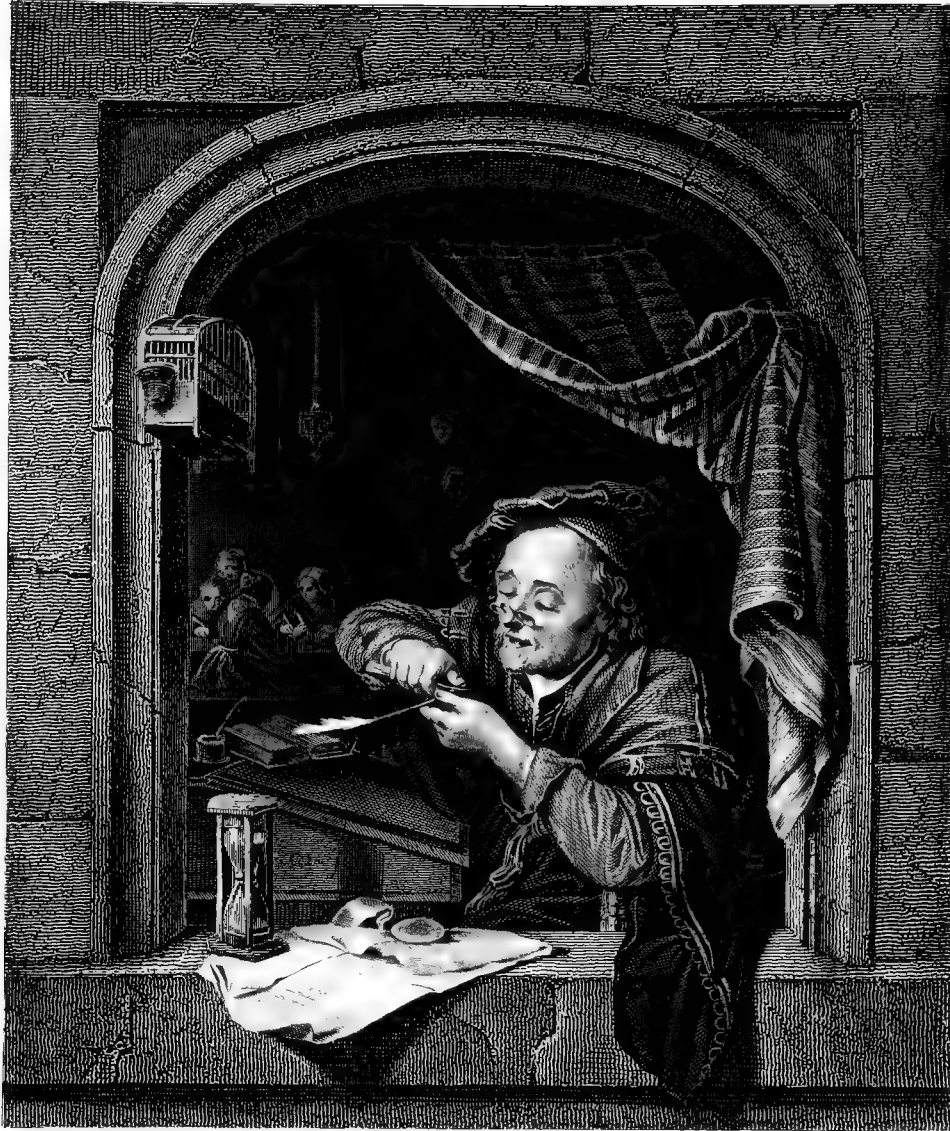
Amongst the master-pieces of Dutch art, there are few which convey such soft and charming impressions, as the works of Gerard Dow. While, in the pictures of his contemporaries, scenes from low, and even from vulgar life, are intruded with an intentional contempt of refinement, the artistic conceptions of Dow are pervaded by the softest harmony, and breathe a poetic inspiration in accordance with his own character.

Dow confined himself strictly to truth, more strictly perhaps than any other painter, and elaborated the minutest details with wonderful care; he was the Dutch painter who spent three days in representing a common broom-stick. But by means of this scrupulous accuracy, and perfect rendering of the most unimportant details, Dow attained a marvellous eminence in his special branch of art. He represented the infinite pleasures of secluded existence, the rich joy and delightful rest of home life.

The Writing Master is a finished pearl of Dow's art. Every stroke, every line in the picture is replete with life; and quiet repose united with the serenest self-satisfaction, are here, if ever, portrayed with poetic mastery. It is pre-eminently a picture which cannot be critically described, but which requires to be felt; and its meaning can only be fully appreciated by an endeavour while gazing at it, to recall some poetical episode of still life. Thus alone it becomes possible to grasp the characteristic spirit of Dow's works.

Gerard Dow could not find the originals for his creative fancy, where Teniers, Ostade, Brouwers, and Begas found theirs, in any village, or sailor's tavern. He needed special characters and situations which should be at once individual and unassuming, and these prototypes he found in the interiors of household life. Such an original was discovered by Gerard Dow's daughter Duyveke, a girl of sixteen, in an old Franciscan cloister, converted into a school for poor children. There was here a narrow street, called the "Jews' Street," although it was well known that, for a long time, Amsterdam had allowed no children of the promised land, within its jurisdiction. The arched windows of the cloister looked out on this dismal street, and before that window most favoured by rays of sunlight, sat, from early morning to late at night, Raphael Huelst, the writing-master of the school. This silver-headed septuagenarian occupied a yet more important position; he copied records and other documents for the Chancery of the States General, with the skill of older days, a skill then almost extinct. Duyveke flew to her father, and described in such betwitching terms old Raphael Huelst, with his fur cap, his tight spectacles,

DEWEDENER GALERIE



DER SCHREIBMEISTER. DIE LETZTE WART.

and his strongly marked features, betokening the most perfect self-satisfaction; also his Spanish doublet of the time of Charles V., that Gerard Dow slowly rose from his easel, laid a silk handkerchief as protection from dust, over the picture at which he was working, took his portfolio under his arm, and left his studio, so remarkable for its extraordinary neatness.

Dow could not find the entrance to the old school, but carelessly raising his heavy, plumed hat, he approached the grey wall, in which was Raphael Huelst's window. Dow was enraptured as he gazed at the head of the scribe, and examined every detail of the picture, the armchair, the hour glass, the old desk with illuminated torn parchments, a bird-cage containing a chaffinch, suspended from the stone carvings of the wall, and a peculiar, antique lantern hanging from the story above.

Huelst greeted the pale Master with much friendliness, but continued his work without disturbing himself. The painter was no lover of compliments, but on that day he made a few pretty speeches to the old man, rightly judging that some vexation at this interruption had disturbed the usual serenity of his countenance. Huelst accorded a faint smile in response to the praise which Dow bestowed on an elaborate "F," the initial letter of a document, beginning "Frederick of Nassau." Indeed, he gradually became cheerful, and invited the painter into his room, although his scholars were assembled.

"I will shew you a parchment," Raphael said with pride, "in the capitals of which you may admire paintings, before which the pictures of our miniature painters sink into insignificance. I reserve my own judgment, but you, who appear to understand the matter, will be forced to confess, that our great painters, Dow, Mieris, and Metsu, must regard their performances as daubs, in comparison with the delicacy of my work!"

"Dow will certainly do so, dear Master Huelst!" said the painter, smiling quietly. "I am myself Dow, and can therefore give this promise. Permit me to learn of you, for which pleasure I have much inclination. But especially, permit me to paint you; I should like to have the portrait daily and hourly before me of so distinguished a man."

The scribe gazed speechlessly at the Master; he then stood up, in a state of mingled astonishment and annoyance, and unhooked the gay curtain fastened above him, in order that it might conceal his diminished pride and his shameless boasting. Although usually a god-fearing man, he swore audibly, while the caged chaffinch, enraged at the darkness, screamed piteously, and fell, killed by its own passion, on the floor of the cage. At the sight of this misfortune, the old bachelor uttered heart-rending lamentations.

"Oh! my darling!" he cried, weeping large tears, and pressing his dead pet to his lips. "Do not die, do not leave me! You ate from my hand, and slept in my bosom! You, my friend, my comfort, whose little throat was filled with sweet songs... I hold you, or rather your poor corpse, in my hand, and weep vain tears, in the hope of awakening you, who are sacrificed to the caprice of a mean, heartless painter!"

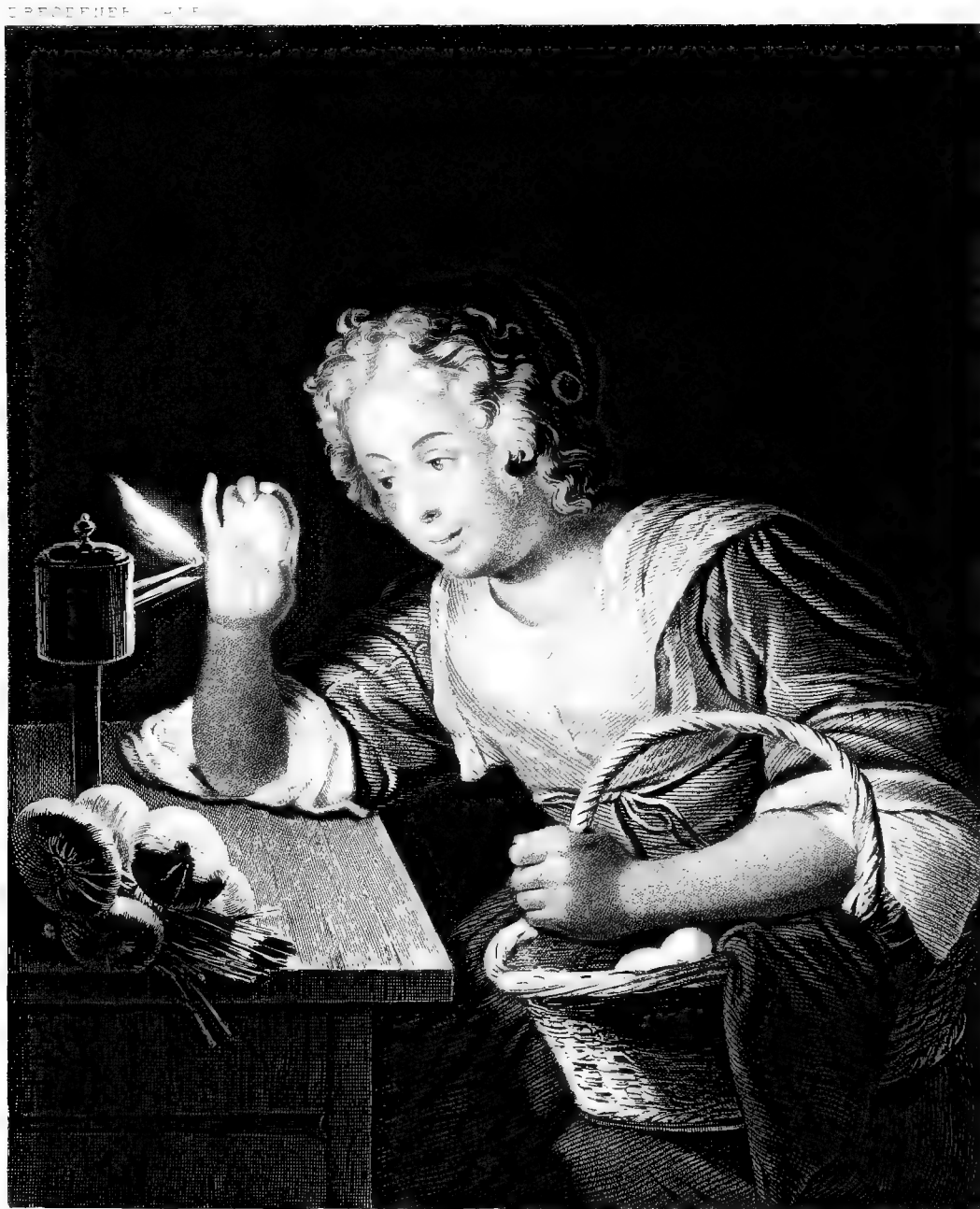
Dow perceived that no comfort could avail here. He crept away, deeply pained, but this very scene with the poor old calligrapher and his favourite proved to him that he could have no better subject for his poetical representative art, than Raphael Huelst. He made many attempts at a reconciliation, in order to induce the scribe to sit to him, but Huelst remained inexorable. And Gerard Dow could not gain his object by other means, as he would require at least a week, for the painting of his picture.

The pretty Duyveke again solved the enigma. She did not rest until, having observed that the scribe's bird-cage remained empty, she, with difficulty found a chaffinch, able to pipe the national air "William of Nassau" etc. with singular skill, from beginning to end. The lovely child carried the new treasure in a beautiful cage, to the Jews' Street, she entered the scribe's room, and the finch saluted the old man with the rich melody, accompanied by numerous bows. —The tears filled Raphael Huelst's eyes, whilst he reverentially folded his hands. "My pet," he whispered, "and I, a poor man, have no money, to buy this lovely bird..."

Duyveke, herself more deeply affected than she appeared, began to intrigue for her father. The scribe not longer opposed her.

"Pardon me, Master Huelst," said the renowned painter, as he entered smiling. "I will not inconvenience you, I will not trouble you for your state dress; I wish for Mynheer Huelst, as I first saw him.... then you wore the immortal Spanish doublet.

Thus Dow commenced one of his most beautiful pictures.



DIE FEERPROBE.

PROVING EGGS.

THE EGG TEST.

(BY GOTTFRIED SCHALKEN).

Very charming is the circle of Dutch painters of which Gerard Dow was the centre. While Mieris was the representative of extravagant life and humour, and Metsu of a geniality full of intellect and wit, Schalken von Dordrecht was admirably suited, by his melancholy earnestness, to contribute to the trio the quality that was wanting to make it a whole. Mieris was a good reasoner, Metsu had a talent for conversation, while Schalken was given to research and contemplation.

Moreover he possessed a quality which, though seldom allied with a serious disposition, showed itself not unfrequently in Schalken, albeit much less often than Mieris would have desired. He had a wonderful talent for contriving the most comical situations. He seldom laughed himself, but, with the gravity of an undertaker, would make the most ludicrous and witty remarks, until his friends, amidst irrepressible peals of laughter, had to entreat him to spare their diaphragms and to betake himself again to his misanthropical reflections.

Mieris was the soul of the party, but when the flow of wit which he contributed to the entertainment of the company had exhausted itself, then Schalken could be depended upon to come out in all his glory; then he would perform tricks with cards, the secret of which none of his friends had been able to discover; he also possessed a number of pictures which, by some simple contrivance, he illuminated in such a manner that the most surprisingly real scenes, the size of life, some horrible and others comic, were represented as if moving in the room. Metsu was especially fond of these entertainments, which took place in a partially darkened room, and it was he who most frequently teased Gottfried Schalken for a little more witchcraft. The pictures had themselves never been seen by any of the friends, and Mieris determined at last to cut the Gordian knot with a sword, or rather with a crowbar. One day when Schalken was absent, he broke open his friend's bedroom, where the magic pictures were kept, while half a dozen inquisitive artists stood waiting outside the door. But when the pictures were brought out, there was nothing to be seen but confused lines, blots of colour, out of which not even the artists could construct anything but a chaos, proof sufficient that their knowledge of the effect of light was far behind that of their melancholy friend.

When Schalken discovered this "sacrilege," he would scarcely be prevented from crossing long swords with Mieris, happily, however, he allowed himself to be appeased by an egg-punch, in which the chief ingredient was pure Schiedam; for Schalken was almost as fond a lover of the bowl as Mynheer van Mieris himself.

It always fell to the lot of Mieris to make the punch. It was on one of these occasions

that Schalken performed one of his conjuring tricks. The company were assembled one evening in Mieris' studio, and when the friends had taken their seats round the table and produced their pieces of money, Franz called out "Jantje!" The waiting-maid of the hostess, a favorite with the artists, made her appearance, but instead of wearing her usual happy smile, the young girl of eighteen looked, if possible, more melancholy than even Schalken himself, who for the last quarter of an hour had been gazing silent and motionless, at a statue of the Laocoon which stood on a side table. Jantje's rosy cheeks were pale, and her curly hair hung over her forehead in disorder, though still preserving its beauty.

"Why are you making such a long face this evening, my girl?" said Mieris. "Has your lover proved faithless?" Instead of answering, the girl looked as if she were going to cry; at this all the artists stood up and surrounded her, assailing her with questions till she at last confessed that her lover was a fisherman, and that he was compelled to marry a boat.

"A boat?" cried the young men.

"Yes, a girl who possesses a boat, otherwise Peter's father will not give his consent—and so my prince must marry some one with money—and I am so poor..."

"Bah! Girl, do not howl," said Schalken roughly. "Go and bring the eggs for our punch, and by and by we will consider this matter."—Jantje, in surprise, took the money and went out. When she came back, she had still the same startled look and seemed to have difficulty in restraining her tears; she had hardly courage to place the wicker basket, nearly full of snow-white eggs, before the young men from whom she had hoped for consolation in her distress. Again Schalken's voice was heard. "The eggs look very suspicious," he said with an angry expression. "Look!" if they are not bad, my name is not Gottfried', and taking an egg, he threw it on the floor.

Jantje looked on in silence; suddenly, however, she uttered a cry, moved quickly forward, and stretched out her hand, but without daring to seize what she beheld; for there, in the middle of the broken yolk lay a shining gold piece. "Oh!" said Schalken gravely; "this is sufficiently curious to warrant another trial; if this should be repeated, gold pieces will become very cheap in this country." And he threw down another egg—again the gold piece was seen in it—yet another with the same result.

Jantje looked at the friends with eyes opened wide, then suddenly collecting her senses, she made a rush at the basket, and seizing it, held it fast. "I bought the eggs," she cried, "they belong to me. Gentlemen, I will give you the florin which I paid for them and you can buy others.—Good heavens! What luck!—What a miracle that thus I should get the money by means of which Peter may be mine!" and the girl ran out of the room.

The artists looked at each other, and then as if by signal burst into prolonged laughter, even Schalken became cheerful. "Let us see what she is doing," he muttered as he hastened after her.

There was a light in the kitchen and the artists with much curiosity peered through the window. There, at a table illuminated by a train oil lamp and ornamented by a large bundle of onions, sat the pretty Jantje, the basket still treasured in her lap, smiling happily as she held to the light an egg in which she already thought she saw the gold piece.

"Look," whispered Schalken in his bass voice. "Is not that a superb picture?—Come, my dear," he said, stepping into the kitchen. "Don't trouble yourself any more; the gold pieces have flown away, but, upon my soul, you shall not long be without them."

Jantje, however, would not relinquish all hope in the eggs; with trembling fingers and

expectant looks, she broke them into the punch bowl, and when she found no gold piece even in the last egg, she burst into tears.

"Don't cry," said Schalken; "by and by you must seat yourself in the position you were in just now, and I will paint you, and in a week's time you shall have the money you want. Have you forgotten, curly-head, that we, as Mieris says, are people who are worth three ducats an hour?"

Shalken painted Jantje and gave her the price of the picture for her dowry, while Mieris, himself encumbered with debt, paid for her wedding clothes, and the thrifty Metsu presented her with a boat on the day of her marriage.

MURILLO.

The vesper bells were sounding from every tower and turret of Seville, as a foreign Cavalier, well-dressed and well mounted, and followed by a servant on a tall mule, passed along the place of the Alcazar, the ancient palacé of the Moors, and turned down the street del Caridad, which, although at that time one of the principal thoroughfares of the province of Andalusia, was scarcely broad enough to allow the passage of one of the heavily-laden mules, accustomed to carry costly packages from Cadiz, Algeziras and Malaga.

The servant was a youth, whose complexion and features bore evident traces of an African origin. He sat aslant on his stubborn animal, and occupied himself in consuming one sweet-meat after another, and in casting inquisitive glances of admiration at the dull walls and small grated windows of the castellated houses which hemmed in one side of the street. The street del Caridad was thronged with foot passengers of every age, who, as the cortège approached, slunk back into the deeply recessed portals of the houses, in order to make way for the horse and mule.

"Halloo! Sir!" cried the bareheaded and barefooted urchin. "Does this street become much narrower than it is here? If so, will your Grace permit me to lead the mule backwards?"

"Follow me, José," answered the Cavalier, while he turned quickly round, and glanced at the pack, which extended on each side so far beyond the pack-saddle of the mule, as almost to touch the walls of the houses.

"Now, Sir!" the youth replied with indifference. "I do not care if these pictures are destroyed here, although up to this time I have cherished them with greater care, than a priest bestows upon the host. Should we chance to meet a horseman, or a procession of laden asses, or only a laden porter, or should the fancy seize your Lordship, to display your horsemanship by turning your horse in this alley, and riding backwards; by St. Jacob, I do not know what I could do, with my poor Tia. It is impossible that she can take even a couple of hundred steps backwards..."

At this moment was heard the sharp tone of a little bell, and soon after followed a rider, who came towards the two strangers at a short trot, while, with his right hand, he vigorously swung an ornamented bell.

"We are caught already!" exclaimed the boy on the mule. "But he who will not give way shall be called my father's only son, and I do not think that the mule will disgrace her dead parents."

The horseman with the bell was a tall man, of about the age of six and twenty, with a

FINAKOTHEK



KNABEN MELONEN ESSEND.

BOYS EATING MELONS.

proud cast of features, and long, closely hanging hair. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, adorned with a red feather, which hung far down his back. A red mantle was thrown over a doublet, which was adorned with rich embroidery, worked on broad stripes of scarlet, green, and white. The cavalier wore at his side an unusually long dagger, with a gay wicker-hilt, while, according to the custom of the time, a wonderful pair of spectacles adorned his nose.

He pushed up his spectacles in order to see whom he was meeting, more clearly than the glasses would permit. He saw before him a man of about the age of thirty-two, with sparkling, penetrating eyes, and a noble, distinguished expression of countenance. The elegant but powerful figure of the stranger was clothed entirely in black, and his small cocked hat was adorned with a white plume. His rapier was in no respect inferior to that of the other rider.

"Why, Sir, did you venture," said the man with the spectacles, "to ride down this street, though you could hear my bell from the other end? You may thank yourself, that you have now the difficult task of turning round."

"I only heard your bell when too late," answered the stranger. "I was already half way down the street."

"Why did you not ring, when you entered the street?"

"For a very simple reason—I possess no bell. In the country from which I come, such requisites are not necessary, for there the streets are so broad, that a dozen horsemen may ride abreast."

"That is no affair of mine," said the man with the spectacles, whilst he urged on his horse.

"Make way, I pray you, or I will make a way for myself." He glanced towards his dagger.

"I would willingly turn back myself," the other answered politely, "but this would be useless; for, as you see, I am followed by my servant, and it is impossible for him to turn the mule."

"Then accept the fate, which your want of foresight has prepared for you!" exclaimed the cavalier, while he quietly placed his spectacles in his pocket, and drew his dagger.

"What do you intend to do? Are you mad?" asked the stranger, as he involuntarily reached across his bridle-hand, and bared his blade.

"I will ride you down," was the answer, as the bold rider urged to the attack his old, stiffened horse.

"Take care, or you and your 'Rosinante' will soon be rolling in the dust, under the hoofs of my good steed."

"I will wait until that time comes, Sir," said the bully, "I shall see, whether you venture an assault on such a man as I am."

"Who are you then, if I may be allowed the question?"

"I am the first painter in all Andalusia."

"What?" cried the other, astonished and amused. "Andalusia can scarcely have been so unfortunate, as to have lost, in addition to its Juan-de-Castille, who died two years ago, its Alonzo Cano and Francesco Zurbaran, and thus be forced to seek in you its 'king of painters.'"

"Ay! indeed, Sir," the other replied scornfully, "cannot you add other names to this catalogue of knights of the crayon?"

"Murillo and Pedro de Moya may also be classed with this company of dotards."

"Pedro da Moya accounts this an honour, Sir," the stranger answered with emphasis. "I have a right to assert this, for I am 'de Moya.' Only a fool could dare to cast a slur on the

honoured masters of the school of Seville, and to clench against them his unholy fist... Make way, or I will prepare for you an overthrow, such as you have never yet experienced."

The 'first painter of Andalusia' seemed astonished, and opened his eyes wide at his opponent. But he soon gave free vent to his anger.

"I will cut the throats of such fools with the edge of my rapier," he cried, as he swung his dagger in the air, and rode down upon his enemy. "Antonio Castillo de Saavedra will show you, that he understands how to punish a runaway pupil of his uncle, Juan de Castillo."

"And I understand how to defend myself," answered de Moya, "I did not run away to battle for nothing."

In a moment the lances were crossed, and by every effort of power and skill, the riders sought to reach each other with their daggers.

Up to this time, the passers-by had assembled at each end of the street, which was blocked by the horsemen. Many inquisitive faces, especially of women, had appeared at the house windows. The combat had scarcely begun, when the cry was raised:

"The Sons of the Holy Brotherhood!"

These holy Lords, who might be compared to an armed English constabulary, were not accustomed to be trifled with. Right and left great doors opened in the white plastered walls, and willing hands were outstretched to seize the riders' animals by the rein.

"Come in here," cried a white-headed man, as he seized the bridle of Don Pedro's horse, and dragged it through a wide door-way into a large well-cultivated garden, whereupon the servant on the mule followed with the greatest composure. "Where is the other gentleman?" continued the old man, springing again towards the door, after he had lodged the two in safety.

'The King of Painters' did not await an invitation, but spurred his sorry steed forwards with such vehemence, that it entered the garden at a short gallop. The old man immediately closed the doors, and took up a rake, with which to obliterate all tracks of the horses' feet. Soon afterwards loud knocks, as if from the stock of a partisan, were heard at the gate.

"What is the matter, what is wanted?" said the old man laughing.

"I want the mistress of this wicked house," answered a deep voice.

"You will have to content yourself with the servant, gentlemen," answered the old man, as he opened the gate.

Half a dozen armed men entered the garden, and spied around them.

"Who lives here?" asked the leader.

"Donna Beatriz de Cabrera è Sotomayor!"

The leader of the Sons of the Holy Hermandad respectfully raised his heavy felt hat.

"The same lady who, a week ago, presented to the Chapel of our Lady of the Rosary, the splendid picture, painted by poor Bartolemè Estevan Murillo?"

"Certainly, that is the mistress of this *blessed* house, and, to convince you that I speak the truth, I add that the picture represents the apparition of the Blessed Virgin to Saint Bernard."

The Alguazil again lifted his hat, and then stroked his long whiskers, while, with cunning mien, he made a sign to the weatherbeaten sons of the holy Hermandad.

"We lay our respectful homage at the feet of the lady Beatriz de Cabrera è Sotomayor," said the Alguazil, "but regret that we cannot spare so *pious* a lady the trouble, of giving us a personal answer, and an assurance, that none of the bullies, who have just been practising their daggers in the streets, are hidden in the garden."

"Sir, the mistress of this property has taken a vow, not to appear in public during her mourning for her father,—whose soul may God bless."

The Alguazil smiled craftily.

"Donna Beatrix has broken her vow in the sight of all Seville," he said. "Since Murillo's picture has been placed in the Chapel of our Lady of the Rosary, there are few people in this city, who have not seen Donna Beatrix de Cabrera."

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"I mean that the Holy Virgin, as was remarked by the Holy Father, guardian of the pious, in my presence, strangely resembles the donor of the picture, the Lady Beatrix. I can readily believe that since this time, the gracious lady has been besieged by the visits of numerous cavaliers, and has therefore resolved to darken Madrid, by withdrawing from it the light of her countenance. But the lady cannot resist my attack," continued the Alguazil decidedly. "Tell her that Pedro Parda lays his homage at her feet and desires the assurance from her own lovely mouth, that none of these disturbers of the peace have found refuge here, otherwise I will make use of my right to search the house. It follows as a matter of course, that in this case, Donna Beatrix must show herself to me."

The old man looked somewhat angry, but he understood that the mistress of the house was the only person who could induce this man of the law to retreat. Yet the gardener could not leave his post, without the fear, that the Sons of the Holy Hermandad would push their way further into the garden, and thus reaching the principal gate of the castellated building, at the opposite side from the street entrance, would discover the fugitives, who had taken refuge under the broad vault.

"Here child!" cried the old man to a slim young waiting-maid, who stood listening, half inquisitive, and half-frightened, at a side door. "Go and tell your mistress, that old Lorenzo says, it is absolutely necessary that her Grace should come immediately for a few moments into the garden."

After the lapse of several minutes, the narrow side-door was opened, and a lady appeared, at sight of whom an exclamation of admiration escaped from the old Alguazil.

"By the Holy Trinity!" he murmured, "it is she, but had not my eyes seen it, I should never have believed, that the beauty of the most Holy Virgin, as painted by Murillo, could be found upon our sinful earth."

Donna Beatrix was at the most eighteen years old, she possessed a fine, slender figure, large dark-blue eyes, which, with her clear white forehead, the lovely bloom of her cheeks, and the rich adornment of her waving, light-brown hair, told of the unmixed Christian blood which flowed in her veins. She wore a mantle of light-blue silk, trimmed with red and gold fringe, thrown over her shoulder, with one end drawn under the left arm, in such a manner as to display her graceful figure.

Donna Beatrix looked calm, almost frigid, and only the sparkling eye betrayed her passionate excitement.

"That is a strange mourning 'dress," murmured Petro Parda between his teeth. "Lorenzo has lied to me, in order to conceal the rioters, or to cheat me of the sight of this wonderful Celestina, this Queen of heaven."

"Lorenzo," the lady said in her clear tones to the gardener, "what do these people want?"

"They want an assurance from your Grace, that none of the knaves pursued by the Holy Hermandad are hidden here . . .," answered Lorenzo.

"We ask pardon of your Grace," said Pedro Parda, touching the ground with the red feather of his hat; "we do not seek knaves alone, but cavaliers, and that makes a difference."

"My house shelters neither the one nor the other, Sir," answered the young lady, while she proudly made a sign with her hand to the Alguazil, that he might leave the garden.

"I should not have dared to trouble your Grace," said Pedro Parda; but I had resolved to see the Queen of heaven in all that glory in which she once trod the earth: I now cast myself at the feet of your Grace, and rob my eyes of their gaze on your unequalled beauty, whilst I carry the conviction with me, that the splendid Alkazar, and the tower of Giralda will be no longer the pride of Seville, if Donna Beatrix dwell within its walls."

The old Alguazil made a deep bow, the other mirmidons were not behind him in politeness, and the heroes of the partisan marched out of the garden in a procession, which was almost imposing.

Whilst Beatrix bestowed a parting smile on the Alguazil, who, as in duty bound, turned round at the garden gate to offer a ceremonious farewell, Lorenzo approached his mistress.

"My Lady," said the old man, "the strangers must remain here, until the late evening . . . I am certain that this artful Pedro Parda will linger on the watch, until he is convinced, that there is nothing to catch."

"Have you harboured fugitive knaves here?" asked Beatrix, while she turned pale, and looked at the old man with a frightened gaze.

"In no respect knaves, your Grace," replied Lorenzo decidedly. "Although, to speak the truth, I could not answer for one of the unbidden guests . . ." But he is a servant, and it shall not be said, that servants are knaves."

"That they can be very imprudent, is proved by your conduct," answered Donna Beatrix. "Who are your guests, and where have you hidden them?"

Lorenzo was sensitive on the point of his personal importance, and was easily offended when this was attacked.

"Will Donna Beatrix give herself the trouble of following me?" said Lorenzo, in an injured tone. "And your Grace will certainly be of the opinion, that I acted rightly, in rescuing these gentlemen from a three months' imprisonment, for that would have been the certain punishment for the crime they committed, of crossing daggers in the street."

Beatrix hesitated a moment, but then considered that she, as mistress of the house, was accountable for the concealment of the strangers, and that it would be well at any rate to see them, before she formed her opinion. She therefore approached the portal of the building, and entered the vestibule.

The two painters had dismounted, while the ragged urchin was still enthroned upon his mule. Both Pedro de Moya and Antonio de Castillo were so bewildered by the sight of Donna Beatrix, that neither could find words in which to excuse his presence. The two men held their hats in their hands, and looked fixedly at the beauty, as if, charmed by a new fairy Melusine, and robbed of speech, they were compelled to gaze for ever on the enchantress. The muleteer ceased eating, and placed himself on his knees, that he might secure a better view of the lady, and indulge his wonder at her eyes, which seemed to him like the evening sky in their depth of blue.

Antonio de Castillo first regained his composure. He replaced his spectacles on his nose, and introduced himself, in decided tones, as the first painter in Andalusia, adding that he had never hoped for the happiness which he enjoyed at that moment, of seeing his artistic ideal embodied before his eyes.

Pedro de Moya bowed low, and stammered a few disjointed syllables, to the effect that this hour was the happiest and most memorable of his life.

"I did not catch your name," Donna Beatrix said, turning with perfect composure, towards de Moya.

"Pedro de Moya, your most humble servant, my Lady!" The eyes of the beautiful Beatrix became animated, and her interest seemed excited at the mention of this name.

"You are a pupil of Juan de Castillo," said the lady, "and you come from London, from the wonderful master, Antonio Van Dyck."

"Yes, my Lady," answered de Moya, while a shade spread over his features. "I felt it impossible to remain in London, after the great Master had breathed his last in my arms. I returned to my home, in the hope of mastering my grief.... I have just arrived in Seville from Cadix, and by a happy accident I am favoured with a vision which casts into oblivion all the beauty which has enchained the eye, or the affection which has enthralled the heart."

"Permit me to have a higher opinion of such an artist as yourself!" answered Donna Beatrix with earnestness. "Then Van Dyck is dead? What a loss for art, and still more for those young artists, who had hoped to follow the banner of this glorious leader of Flemish art. You wrote a letter a few months ago to your former fellow-student.... Don Bartolome Murillo.... who was so excited by your enthusiastic description of Van Dyck's art, that he was now on the point of starting for London. Your intelligence will be like a thunder-clap to him."

"Perhaps he will rather bless it," said Pedro de Moya, in a half whisper.

Donna Beatrix blushed slightly and took her leave, after placing the reception-room, which was entered from the vestibule, at the disposal of her guests. A servant brought in bread, fruit and wine, but neither de Moya nor Antonio Castillo de Saavedra thought of tasting anything.

The first painter of Andalusia, to judge from his discontented mien, appeared to be suffering from the unpleasant feeling, that he had played a very poor part, and Pedro de Moya lost himself in meditation on the enviable happiness of the young Bartoleme Estevan Murillo, who had doubtless inspired a deep passion in the breast of the lovely Lady Beatrix. The unimpressible and unimpassioned De Moya seemed to have come to Seville, for the purpose of losing that heart, which he had carried almost unscathed through the domains of a long list of reigning sovereigns. He was so lost in thought, that he mechanically followed on foot, when old Lorenzo came in and announced that the gentlemen might now pursue their way in safety.

"One word, Sir Pedro," exclaimed the 'monarch of art,' "I must remind you politely, that our dispute is not settled, and, as I believe, will yet burst into flames. You are a painter like myself, and the pupil of my uncle, Juan de Castillo, and of Van Dyck, while I am a pupil of Francesco Zurbaran, but especially my own pupil and master. A combat between us cannot be avoided..."

"I think that it would be superfluous," answered Pedro de Moya, "for you are already installed here as the first painter of Andalusia."

"I shall know how to maintain that position," replied Castillo, as he swung himself upon his Rosinante. "As a token that I do not fear you, I now throw down my glove."

"Lorenzo," said De Moya coldly, "give the gentleman back his glove—it would be a pity, if this magnificent hand-sheath should lie neglected here."

"And remember," continued Castillo, "that I have declared the Lady Beatrix to be the lady of my heart, and that I shall punish with death any infraction of my rights."

"Insupportable fool!" muttered de Moya, as Castillo left the garden in a short gallop. "I do not fear *you*; but when I picture to myself the handsome figure of the curly-headed Murillo, his intelligent expressive eye, with all the genial charm which lies in his conversation, as well as in his drawings and in his colouring, and when to all this I add the reflexion, that he has been permitted to paint this queen of beauty, I have every reason to tremble. Yet it were cowardice, to decline the contest with Murillo for the prize of the hand of Donna Beatrix. I will become his guest, in order to see how the ground lies—artifice is not forbidden in love."

Pedro de Moya rode with his servant to the Guadalupe bridge, crossed it, and reached the old Triana, which at that time consisted of a collection of splendid gardens, adorned with summerhouses, arcades, and fountains. Close to these charming properties lay a long line of very picturesque but miserable and tumbledown huts, facing the stream. Ill-kept gardens, or courts filled with all the miscellaneous refuse of poverty, lay at the back of the houses, while on the unenclosed meadow behind there played troops of half-naked children, whose faces, arms, and feet were so scorched by the sun, that this merry screaming brood could have passed as true Africans. Pedro de Moya rode across the field, soon recognized the little house, in which he had formerly lived, stopped his horse, and called out, as he stood up in his stirrups:

"Don Bartolome! Open the garden-door! A friend from London begs for your hospitality."

In the first story of the house the windows were carefully curtained. But soon an old, dark curtain was pushed on one side, and the head of a negro appeared.

"Halloo, Kadur! what are you about?" exclaimed Pedro de Moya. "Can you hurry yourself, you idle dog, to open the door and help us to unlade the mule?"

The negro uttered an exclamation of joy, and clapped his hands.

"Sidi de Moya!" he exclaimed, and vanished behind the curtain, to reappear quickly at the front door, and welcome the stranger with a classical Ethiopian grin.

A few moments after, a young man in disordered dress hurried out of the house, and threw himself into Pedro De Moya's arms.

"Welcome to Spain!" cried the youth, whilst he pressed the hand of his friend, and surveyed him from head to foot with a joyful inquisitive gaze.

"A few days later, and I should not have been here to greet you."

"I know it, you are going to England, Friend Bartolome, or rather, I think you *were* going," answered de Moya. "But the news of Van Dyck's death will lead you to reconsider your plans."

Bartolome raised his hands, only to let them fall again at his side. His expressive face showed deep astonishment, but instead of the grief and sorrow which might be expected at the loss of this master, so revered in the realm of art, a perceptible cheerfulness gradually spread over Murillo's previously earnest and sad features.

"I believe that you are rejoicing over the death of the divine Antonio," said De Moya, casting a searching glance at his friend. "I must confess that the loss of the Master has made

me melancholy, and I should have been stifled in the English atmosphere, had I not hurried away from it...."

Murillo seized De Moya's hand and drew him aside.

"This cannot be explained in a moment," said Don Bartolome. "Meanwhile, look towards the bridge.... That splendid cavalcade of knights and ladies will be here in a few moments, and I do not wish to be surprised in my present undress."

Murillo with his figure of middle height, more athletic than handsome, looked indeed strange. His fine featured and externally quiet face was encompassed by a wonderful mass of deep-black, curly locks. He wore a fine gold-embroidered shirt, and over it a sleeveless leather camisole, which possessed not alone the colour, but also the aromatic scent of ambergris. Such leather collars, on account of their high price, were worn only in the upper classes of society. His green velvet breeches, much spotted with paint, were tied round the waist with a thick camels' hair belt. The knee-buckles, as well as the ribbon knots, were unfastened, and the breeches hung loosely round his strong legs. These were covered by defective black silk stockings, and his feet were hidden in large green shoes, such as at that time were sent out from Valencia not only through Spain, but also over the whole Continent, to which Spain then set the fashions.

"I think, friend Bartolome," said Pedro de Moya, "that your present garb is especially calculated to excite a most lively interest in the ladies' minds. You need not hide yourself, for I can see, that the Lady Beatrix de Cabrera is not amongst this brilliant party."

"What does Donna Beatrix concern you?" asked Don Bartolome, startled.

"More of that hereafter! But permit me to give a hand to various immortal master-pieces, painted by your friend Don Pedro in London.

Moya helped his ministering spirit and Murillo's negro in the unlading and carrying in of his pictures, and as soon as he knew that his treasures were in safety, he entered Murillo's dwelling. Kadur cleared the only table in the untidy atelier of colour-bottles and similar requisites and laid upon it new bread, a handful of pearl biscuits, a large piece of smoked tunny-fish, a water melon and a leather bottle which, from its swollen size, seemed amply filled. He then removed the easel, which in its rare costliness (it was made of ebony, and richly inlaid with silver and mother of pearl) formed a strange contrast to several shabby trunks, a few rush chairs, and a roughly constructed couch, on which, however, lay some well-stuffed cushions of red velvet, embroidered with gold thread.

Murillo brought out a magnificently worked silver cup, which he filled with costly Frontera wine, from the leather bottle. The friends drank each other's health, and in accordance with old custom, shared their bread and salt.

The young negro, Kadur, had spread a small table in the corner of the room, and had received a pewter mug, filled with wine, from Murillo, and now invited the muleteer, to be his guest. But the boy stood motionless at the door, and gazed at a row of pictures, principally portraits of saints which hung on the walls.

"Halloo, Juan," exclaimed de Moya. "Why do you stand there, as if you were stunned. I believe that even this youth has some artistic ideas.... By the way, has not this muleteer a remarkably intellectual head?"

"I had already observed it. My Kadur looks like a baboon by him. And yet I assure you, that this half-caste has a comprehension of art, which often astonishes me. I am thinking

of having the boy baptised, and giving him instruction. Up to this time he has been a complete heathen. Were he a mussulmán, I should not dare to put pencil and palette into the hands of a convert from the despised race.... But look, your follower is still gazing at my pictures.... Kadur, shake your new comrade to bring him to himself...."

The negro seized the muleteer unceremoniously by the arm, and dragged him towards one of the rush chairs.

"Are you pleased with these pictures?" de Moya asked of the boy.

"Much pleased, your grace."

"Should you like to paint some like them?"

"I myself? that would be as impossible as to fetch the moon from heaven," answered Juan.

"You are about fifteen years of age, and even if you cannot learn to catch the moon, there are yet means, which may make you a painter," said de Moya. "If you will remain here, and become my servant, I will teach you how to draw and paint. But you are crying. You want to return to Cadiz, to your mother, or your good companions, to bask in the sun by the harbour of Santa-Maria, or the Guadalete."

"I have no mother in Cadiz, or in Granada, where I was born," said Juan, deeply moved. "Your generosity was the cause of my tears."

"Good, then, you shall stay with me!" said de Moya. "But what is your name, in addition to Juan?"

"Escalante, Juan Escalante, Sir."

"Now, Escalante, let Kadur fill your cup, and drink to the welfare of all painters, in the name of their patron saint, the holy Luke. Then Kadur may take you into his sanctum, and reveal to you all the secrets of the art of grinding colours."

The two young boys drank their libation, and then repaired to an adjoining room.

Meanwhile Pedro de Moya stood up, in order to examine the paintings on the walls. They consisted of small pictures of saints, street scenes, with beggars occupied in eating grapes and melons, card-playing, &c. &c., with flower-sellers and idle cavaliers, according to their custom in groups, under the strong sunlight, at the gate "del Sol," on the steps of the Churches and Cloisters, and under the portals of the Palace of Toledo.

"What gave you the unhappy idea," said de Moya to his friend, "of painting these worthless pictures? Do you wish to crush your noble talent? What power is wasted here! Should not this grand individuality, this depth of expression, this facility in every stroke which give a miraculous air to these pictures, should not these qualities be displayed in composition worthy of your genius?"

Murillo shrugged his shoulders sadly.

"What aim have you in these works?" de Moya continued with much earnestness.

"To gain money, friend Pedro! money that I cannot earn so easily or so quickly, in any other way."

"You can always earn enough, to save you from hunger, though you paint only great compositions."

"If you premise, that my education is completed," answered Murillo, "you may be right. But that is by no means the case. I have shown by my great picture, the apparition of the Virgin Mary, which has obtained the very undeserved honour of a place in the chapel of our

Lady of the Rosary that I am scarcely more than a beginner in my art. At least," continued Murillo, whilst he blushed and looked confused, "at least—this is the verdict of connoisseurs."

De Moya fixed his eyes on his friend, and said:

"These connoisseurs must have strange opinions and ideas, dearest Bartolome, and must be influenced by prejudice. I am in a position to express an opinion which should claim attention. And I say that in these inartistic pictures, in spite of their triviality, I recognize the hand of a master. But even supposing that your extreme modesty, or your eccentric critics should have expressed a correct opinion, I do not see, how as a beginner, you can make yourself into a great master, through such paintings as these."

"These pictures are saleable articles."

"What?" said de Moya astonished. "Saleable articles? By the holy saints! The man speaks in the language of the Jews and the Moors.... Their cant phrases pass through his lips, without a shudder. It is a blessing, that I have arrived to save one of the best painters of Spain from sinking into the unfathomable mire of usury."

Murillo looked annoyed.

"I know your true heart and your honesty," said he, "or else I should be forced to the conclusion, that you intend to injure me. But I think that you have not heard my reason for painting these slight sketches; for you have continually interrupted me.... I was compelled to paint some saleable pictures rapidly, in order to support myself through two or three years of undisturbed study. Well, these pictures are going to the West Indies, friend Pedro, and are sold very dear, in proportion to the price of larger compositions. I receive for every picture five Pesos, (of good money) and I can paint two such pictures in one day. In three weeks' time I shall have realised the money, which I needed for my journey to England.... Now," he added in a lower voice, "Vandyck is dead; and I, fortunately for myself, may remain in Spain..."

"Can you be candid, Bartolome?" asked de Moya. "You are under the yoke of a pitiless tyrant...."

"In one respect you may be right...."

"Why does not this tyrannical Maecenas present you with the money, necessary for the free development of your talents, instead of tyrannising over you, and yet leaving you to depend on your own exertions; and thus limiting you to the fabrication of pictures, which could never rise above the level of mediocrity, were not your genius so incomparable and so inexhaustible. Or is your Maecenas poor?"

"You pain me, Pedro," said Murillo. "And this is the more inexcusable as, from the remarks made when we met on the meadow, I conclude that you have divined who commands my homage."

"Donna Beatriz de Cabrera," de Moya said, quietly and thoughtfully.

"It is she; and now you know that I must refuse the help of my tyrant, in order that I may love on equal terms."

"She requires, after having seen the great painting, for which she sat to you, that you should still spend years in a course of study?"

"How do you know this?" asked Murillo surprised.

"More of that hereafter, Bartolome; she did not consider this picture a masterpiece?"

"She did, but afterwards she sang to me the romance of Sultan Abu Hassan's Beloved, and then I knew what Donna Beatriz required."

"How does the romance run?"

"It is instructive enough," answered Bartolome, and repeated the following:—

"Thou the glory art of knighthood,
In Seville and old Granada,
Yet my soul is filled with sorrow,
Gazing on thy deeds of prowess.
Not unmindful in her dreaming,
That beyond the steep Morena,
Spreads the plain of old Castille,
Of Alava and Biscaya,
Peopled by those valiant horsemen
Who condemn the crescent's splendour.
Can I love, while tears of sorrow,
Ever from my eyes are bursting,
Streaming through my moistened fingers,
While the lances of our foemen,
Dare to glitter in the sunshine,
And thy spear's head still is lifted
In the heat of deadly combat?
Bring me here the pointed lances,
Born by knights of proud Castille,
Lay them at my feet as trophies,
Tell me then of love, my Hassan."

"The application is as clearly required, as it is difficult to fulfil," said de Moya pensively. He comprehended at that moment, what high artistic honour he would need to gain, who dared only to approach Donna Beatrix with his homage. "A high demand," continued de Moya, "although you need only to conquer one rival, to prove that no painter in Spain can compare with you. But this one, Don Diego Velasquez de Silva, is a giant, and unless he should reveal to you the secret of his powerful art, you will have difficulty in surpassing him."

Murillo's eyes sparkled, and his noble features assumed an inspired, elevated expression.

"I may say it to you," said Murillo, "for you know that I only say what I believe to be true, and that I am the last, who would over-rate himself! What I have seen of Velasquez's pictures affords me the certainty that I can and will obtain the victory over the first painter of Spain."

A pause ensued. De Moya looked injured and almost angry.

"It is natural, that I should be forgotten," he remarked, "and yet I have brought two pictures with me, which will show, that I am not to be despised as a rival..."

"But you are my friend and not my rival," exclaimed Murillo, affectionately embracing him.

"It is difficult to explain my meaning," muttered de Moya, while he added in a milder tone, "Donna Beatrix will not certainly erase the name of Don Diego Velasquez from the list of your antagonists, if you tell her that he is your friend; but she will insist, that you must excel him. But are we not foolish, to quarrel here?" De Moya continued cheerfully. "Let us speak of the comic side of your great calling. What prospect have you, for instance, in comparison with Don Antonia de Castille, the first painter of Andalusia?"

"He is born to be the first painter," answered Murillo. "He is grand as a portrait painter of men..."

"So, a Spanish Van Dyck!" de Moya added ironically.

"If not that, yet Antonio de Castille holds a high rank amongst the artists of the present

time. It is his misfortune to imagine that he has attained the highest point, and that all that is wanting to his fame, is an increased facility in painting. His rapidity in painting will be his ruin. But how have you discovered, that Antonio de Castillo, since his arrival from Cordova, has assumed the name in Seville of the king of painters?"

"I have had an opportunity of making his acquaintance," answered de Moya, "and this chance acquaintanceship procured for me in a remarkable manner the pleasure of seeing and addressing your beautiful tyrant, the Lady Beatrix. She was under the delusion, that the news of Van Dyck's death, and the consequent frustration of your plan of studying under the deceased master would strike you like a thunder-clap. She cannot therefore set a high value on your devotion."

Murillo persuaded de Moya to recount his adventure, down to the minutest detail, and did not cease his questions even when De Moya swore, that, without invention, he could tell nothing further respecting the Lady Beatrix.

"You say that she is marvellously beautiful?" Murillo asked, after a long silence.

"She is indeed, but in what a tone you speak! May it not be suspected that you are more jealous than becomes a good Christian?"

"I have cause at least for anxiety, as Seville does not contain a more handsome man than you..."

"You are not including yourself, Bartolome!"

"You are a master in art," continued Murillo, shaking his head. "Your name has already won renown, and I dare not think of the advantage you have secured by your active life, your campaigns, your travels—"

"Stop, my friend, you begin to be foolish," said de Moya, while he filled the cup with wine, and emptied it to the health of the Lady Beatrix.

During the day de Moya made every attempt to persuade Murillo to leave his poor quarters, and to unite with him in taking well-furnished apartments in the town. But Murillo remained inexorable, for he felt that his friend only pressed his wish with such urgency in the hope of thus obtaining easy access to Donna Beatrix, and, while living with him under one roof, of observing his relations to her. The next day de Moya departed with Juan Escalante, and took up his abode in the city, in one of the palaces belonging to Count Lopez de Villamanrique where he commenced an expenditure which evinced his desire to gain admission to that distinguished society in which Donna Beatrix moved.

Murillo sank into deep despondency on hearing this intelligence. He grumbled, and cursed and bewailed his poverty, which banished him to the Triana. On thinking over the matter, he felt assured that all the noble families of the ancient kingdom of Seville, so far as they were of pure Christian descent, were connected with one another; so that with his claim of relationship, Count Villamanrique could, if he pleased, invite Donna Beatrix to his daughters' réunions. Thus, in the most simple manner, de Moya could make acquaintance with Murillo's beloved.

De Moya was not frightened away by Murillo's reserved demeanour, but often went to the Triana, and at last succeeded in persuading the gloomy Bartolome to accompany him to the Palace Villamanrique. Pedro de Moya had set up here two large pictures, painted by himself, and waited with great anxiety to see what impression they would produce on Murillo.

The two pictures were of about the same size, five feet in breadth and four feet in height. The first represented the martyrdom of the Holy Hermenegild, a Spanish prince, who, in the year

585 A.D., was taken captive by the heathen Sueves and the Arian Goths then fighting against Leowigild, and was executed, because he would not abjure the Catholic religion. The second painting represented the powerful, though aged Cardinal Ximenes, who, although degraded by the thoughtless young Charles V. from the helm of state, yet felt bound in conscience to repair to Toledo, where a terrible revolt had arisen, under the leadership of the bold and popular Don Juan of Padilla, the object of this journey being to warn this young nobleman, though, alas! unsuccessfully, of the danger and folly of his conduct, and to entreat him to lay down his arms.

Murillo stood long before the two pictures, and gazed at them with an expression of passion in his eyes.

"Now, Bartolome," asked de Moya, as Murillo still seemed rivetted to the pictures, "do you find more faults than you can count, or are you still endeavouring to find the first?"

"Neither the one nor the other," answered Murillo, thoughtfully, "considered as compositions, each picture consists of one great fault. It is left unexplained why these heathens or Arians, who seem to have studied the most disorderly arrangement of their costumes, gaze at the saint like a group of grinning apes, or why the Prince Hermengild stands at his stake like an actor, and looks as enamoured as Don Macias, although his right hand is nailed to the stake."

"Really," said Pedro de Moya, with a forced smile, "I could never have conceived of such generous candour in an art critic. If I did not know your sombre character, I should suppose that the devil had inspired you with a sudden merriment. What does your wit suggest respecting my Cardinal Ximenes?"

"You feel yourself injured by my judgment, Pedro," Murillo said with a troubled mien; "but I think that, as your friend, I should merit reproach, if I uttered a word which did not accord with my real opinions. Your pictures have enough to recommend them, even should these reproaches be just."

"Then what is your verdict on the Archbishop of Toledo?"

"He is superfluous here," answered Murillo. "Francisco Ximenes has a right to demand, that he be represented in one of those moments, when, by his deeds, he was sowing the seed of immortal fruit. Juan de Padilla and his heroic wife are here the heroes, usurping the place of the great statesman and warrior, who plays the part of an archer of high renown, and shoots beyond the mark at which he aims."

"Your commission pictures have at least afforded you a deep insight into the soul of the artist!" said de Moya, with undisguised bitterness.

"There is a certain climax in their expression," said Murillo, goodhumouredly ignoring his friend's annoyance, "by means of which the later of my little pictures may be distinguished from the earlier. This climax might advantageously be brought to bear upon a single painting.... otherwise I should see no meaning in my little five-Pesos-pictures. They are pictures of single figures. But because I have been obliged to paint such a number of single figures, I admire your skill in throwing so much character into your figures, which stand entirely alone, and have no connecting idea. This Ximenes is in himself a heroic ballad, and Juan de Padilla is the true portrait of that man, of whom it has been said 'A man of Belial, whose name was Sheba, the son of Bichri, a Benjamite: and he blew a trumpet and said: We have no part in David, neither have we inheritance in the sons of Jesse; every man to his tents, O Israel!' And this wife of the rebel! Only such a heroine as this could defend Toledo after the execution of her husband, as Carthage and Jerusalem were once defended."

Pedro de Moya remained silent and thoughtful, for Murillo, with unexpected rapidity and power, had been the first to discover the worthless elements in his pictures.—These Murillo had thrown aside and trampled under foot, in order to rejoice the more unreservedly in the remaining points of excellence, which sparkled like jewels.

"And what a style of painting!" continued Murillo with enthusiasm. "My figures and heads look, in comparison with yours, as if they were lighted from one side only, by an ill-trimmed lamp. You have a full, broad light on all your heads; there is little shadow to be seen, and yet all is natural and well-rounded. Here is the clearness of pearl, while my lights and shades are always abrupt. I will learn to paint so; I will discover all that lies beneath this style of painting, you have led the way, but have not developed it before the eyes of the beholder; and then...."

Murillo sighed, and gazed before him, lost in thought.

At this moment an old gentleman with closely clipped hair, and thick moustache and beard, entered the large apartment. He was dressed in black from head to foot, and wore the order of Calatrava round his neck. This was the Count Alfonso of Villamanrique. In accordance with etiquette, he, as master of the house, informed de Moya, that a young lady, a friend of his daughters, had requested permission to see his pictures.

"If Don Bartolome is to be believed," answered de Moya, with a deep bow, "your visitor will only have cause to wonder, that there is nothing here to be admired."

Murillo was on the point of defending himself against this accusation, when the doors of the room were again opened, and Donna Beatrix de Cabrera e Sotomayor appeared, led by two daughters of Don Alfonso.

Donna Clara and Donna Blandina de Villamanrique were about thirty-eight and forty years of age. Donna Clara was thin, and her pale face recalled the pictures of the holy Consolada, who suffered martyrdom from starvation in Seville, in 1089. Her dress resembled that of a nun; she wore a cloak of white silk, over a tightly-fitting brown silk dress, her whole adornment consisting in one magnificent diamond brooch, which fastened her white veil under her chin. Donna Blandina, on the other hand, was stout and handsome, she had good-humoured large blue eyes, thick black curls, and was dressed in full costume, in the style of a lady prepared to take the part of prima donna in some Spanish comedy or burlesque. Donna Beatrix wore a dark green silk dress, long silver grey gloves, a mantle of black Flemish lace, and held in her hand a large gaily painted ivory fan, with green trimmings. She looked grave and agitated, and her beautiful eyes, as if drawn by a magnetic attraction, rested on Murillo, who stood rivetted with astonishment.

Pedro de Moya approached the ladies with graceful politeness, and led them to that part of the room, from which the pictures were seen in the best light. He brought chairs, and Beatrix and Donna Clara sat down and commenced a grave examination of de Moya's creations, while Donna Blandina, with an unconventionality, at that period most unusual in good society, tripped from one picture to the other, and made her comments with subtle wit, accompanying them by numerous gestures.

Murillo shrank as far as possible into the background, and stood behind the ladies in a window-niche, vainly endeavouring to divert his gaze from the lovely neck and hair of the Lady Beatrix. Blandina sailed up to him, and laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Don Bartolome," she exclaimed, "what reason have you for concealing yourself behind the curtains like a condemned heretic? I thought that by your painting of the apparition of Donna

Beatrix, or rather of the blessed Virgin, you had proved your right to express an opinion here. I am by no means indisposed to take your arm, and to listen to your explanations respecting the faults in these pictures, which I have been endeavouring to admire."

Murillo bowed, and gave the lady his arm. He saw nothing but de Moya's eyes, which seemed to dart forth fire, as they rested on Donna Beatrix; he heard nothing but the strange tone of de Moya's voice which only too truly betrayed the emotion caused by the presence of the queen of Murillo's heart. Donna Beatrix was answering him with much dignity and composure, and, strangely enough, she pointed out the same excellences which Murillo had admired in de Moya's pictures; the light and shade, and treatment of colour.

"You have not condescended to express your opinion on the drawing, Madam," said Pedro de Moya, "yet I should value that opinion so highly, that I venture to beg for it."

"Your drawing, Don Pedro, is not so entirely emancipated from the Spanish manner, as is your colouring," answered Donna Beatrix, with unassuming ingenuousness. "Your figures are Spaniards, but they dwell under no Spanish sky. You, Don Pedro, must know better than I that we possess in our beautiful fatherland more brilliant lights, more transparent, and yet stronger shadows, than are seen in your pictures, in which the brilliancy of the sun seems obscured by a cold veil of clouds. Your dusky Sueves and Goths look as black as negroes, in this air replete with morning mist, while, beneath a Spanish sun, they would look but little darker than Prince Hermenegild."

"You point out a fault, Madam, which even Antonio Van Dyck did not discover," said de Moya, evidently disheartened. "I must confess that you are right, although you break a lance with the colouring of Van Dyck."

"Don Pedro cannot wish to impute to me an opinion, which I have not expressed," said Donna Beatrix with vivacity, while her crimson cheeks became yet more deeply dyed by a passing blush. "If the scene of your pictures were in England or in the Netherlands, I believe that your colouring would be excellent, although I must confess to a feeling of cold and rain, whenever, even in thought, I place myself in regions where the light falls as it does in your pictures. I only desire a Spanish sun for Spanish pictures, and for such I prefer a Spaniard to a foreigner or his imitators, notwithstanding the preeminent excellencies of other national characteristics."

Pedro de Moya made a deep obeisance, but not without a tinge of annoyance in his cheeks. He reflected however, that a woman will express an opinion far more quickly than she will retract it, and took good care to restrain the well-guarded answer, which had almost reached his lips, but which he had received no permission to utter. Donna Beatrix, whilst speaking, had cast a quick, but penetrating glance on Bartolome Murillo, and had observed the almost electric effect of her words. The young man stood, with fixed gaze, and had become as pale as was possible to his dark complexion. He did not consider the slight, or rather the undisguised praise contained for him in the words of Donna Beatrix; but only grasped the certain conclusion that his adored lady would on no account excuse the journey and long absence from Madrid, on which she had already insisted as a necessary completion to the education of her favoured one. Murillo had secretly rejoiced, on observing the high colouring, and the arrangement of light and shade in his friend's pictures, firstly, because his artistic taste was charmed; but especially, because he hoped to persuade Donna Beatrix, that he could study Van Dyck's style under his friend, without the sad necessity of leaving Seville.

But now, influenced by love to her country, Donna Beatrix had emphatically condemned this style of painting, and thus Murillo had lost the ground, on which he had based his hopes of a longer residence in the Triana.

Pedro de Moya also understood, on observing Murillo's sudden depression, how entirely unfavourable Donna Beatrix's sharp criticism was to the success of his own suit. He looked attentively at the lady, in the hope of discovering whether her object in pronouncing such severe judgment had been less to criticise the pictures, than to deprive Murillo of every excuse respecting his journey. He observed the glances which she cast, when she thought herself unobserved, on his friend, and though well acquainted with the language of the eyes, he could only discern in Donna Beatrix the severe mistress, resolved to make her slave into a renowned artist, but willing to aid him only by her commands. And yet this obedient slave was beautiful and attractive, and was possessed of such intelligence, with such feeling and genius for art, that Donna Beatrix's interest in him could not be only an unmeaning caprice.

The conversation of the ladies with de Moya and the Count of Villamanrique—(Murillo stood sunk in thought, and did not utter a syllable)—turned upon England and English affairs, and Pedro had an excellent opportunity of displaying his conversational powers in the most favourable light. He told of his master, Van Dyck; related piquant or affecting anecdotes respecting the campaign in the Netherlands, and had the satisfaction of observing that Donna Beatrix,—though not so enthusiastic as Donna Blandina—listened to him with undisguised pleasure. She seemed to become pensive, and sighed involuntarily several times, as she glanced at Murillo, and doubtless compared him, who had seen nothing beyond Seville and the Triana, with the travelled and experienced de Moya—a parallel which, to all appearances, must have tended greatly to the advantage of the latter. By the side of this perfect cavalier, poor Don Bartolome, who stood like an untrained school-boy, could only excite pity.

The ladies Clara and Blandina rose from their seats, as Donna Beatrix observed that she was much indebted to Pedro de Moya for the sight of his pictures, as well as for his hospitality.

"Adieu, Don Bartolome!" Beatrix said, as she lightly turned her head, and made a sign to the young man.

Murillo appeared to have gained new life from this glance, for he blushed, and his features gave expression to his inward happiness. He hastily seized his hat and took his leave, while Pedro de Moya, and the Count of Villamanrique with his two daughters, accompanied their guest to the foot of the stairs, in accordance with the strictest rules of etiquette. De Moya watched his friend depart, and was not a little surprised, when Murillo, instead of following as might have been anticipated, the lady's litter, whistled a merry song, and turned in another direction.

Pedro did not know that Beatrix, in turning round, had cast a glance on Murillo, which he had rightly interpreted. When he reached the door of the Palace Villamanrique, he saw on the ground a small, half trampled rose tied with a green ribband; this he picked up, and placed in his bosom. As soon as he was alone by the stream, he pressed the flower into its original shape, and then took from its centre a narrow scrap of parchment.

"I wish to see you at my house this evening, at eight o'clock," the happy man read, and danced on the grass, so that the passers by came to the conclusion that either the young man had been reading Don Quixote, or was seized with a sudden fit of madness.—

At the appointed time Don Bartolome was to be found in the palace of Donna Beatrix,

in one of those small turret chambers, which exist in all the ancient castellated palaces of Seville. Donna Beatrix had risen from her sofa, behind which was stationed one of her most confidential servants, occupied in fanning her mistress with a splendid peacock's tail. The lady stood close before Murillo, who sat trembling on his seat.

"I will not withdraw my love from you," Donna Beatrix said, "for I could not, if I would; but I will hide myself from you, so that you shall never find me again, if you persist in the unhappy resolution, that you will not leave me for any length of time."

"Have pity, Beatrix!" Murillo sighed with tears in his eyes. "Command me to kill myself at your feet, and I shall be able to obey... But to separate myself from you, to place myself where there would be no possibility of seeing you from one day to another, or even weekly, of this I am not capable. I cannot do it, even could it free my soul from everlasting punishment!"

"Your ideas are very childish, Bartolome," said Beatrix. "yet you once overcame these unmanly sentiments, when you promised to start for England.... You must now resolve first to seek renown and then to think of your love."

"Alas, Queen of my heart!" Murillo said, with uplifted hands, "I confess to you that I lied, when I said that I would go to England. What can I learn when absent from you, that I cannot learn here? There are many good specimens here of the painting of Velasquez, and to-morrow I will commence studying these."

Beatrix re-seated herself in disappointment.

"What can I do with him?" she said in a complaining tone. "Listen again, you do not understand all that is absolutely essential, if I am to love you in the future, as warmly as now. Your character must be strengthened. You must gain a just estimate of your own worth, instead of cringing to every one who wishes to impose upon you.... You must become a man, Don Bartolome, whom I can show to the world with pride as my husband, and not a mere open-hearted child, bending even before a lamb such as the children's pet upon the meadow, and you will never gain self-reliance, with independence of thought and of character, if you are not separated from me for years.... Near to me you will remain a slave, and by heaven, I should soon tire of such. Find a place on the great stage of the world. Compel the admiration of all beholders, and then return, and you will never make me more happy than when you force me to humble myself as your slave..."

"What agony, Beatrix!" gasped Murillo. "Oh, you have never spoken to me so before. You wish to banish me from yourself at any price, and that only since you have seen this Pedro de Moya. My picture of the appearance of the Holy Virgin was not enough to assure you that I am a faultless master; but so much I have proved, that I am no longer a pupil; that I am so far in accordance with my eternal mistress, nature, as to be able to execute all that my talents permit."

"You will, Bartolome!" answered Beatrix, who discovered with some surprise, that she had wounded the young man at a vulnerable point, and that he might thus be urged on to a definite resolution. "What nobility, what harmonious beauty exists in Pedro de Moya's figures, while yours are varied by every disturbing freak of nature. Only by the study of great works of art, which are without such defects, and in which beauty is fixed in its most lovely forms, can the taste be trained to appreciate that which lies in nature, and even surpasses her.—"

"All that surpasses nature is 'folly.' My Madonna in the Chapel of the Rosary is nature throughout, and I swear that it is far more beautiful than all your famous faultless examples.

When you laugh, you raise your mouth a little higher on the one side, than on the other, and the Madonna does the same. Attempt to draw the two sides of the mouth of equal height, or rather let Pedro de Moya make the attempt, and we shall see, what will remain of the indescribable charm of the Madonna's smile. I repeat that I need no further teacher than nature herself—and nature I can study in Seville more perfectly, than anywhere else on earth. But your remarks on the strength and manliness of my future character, for which you appear to consider a share of brutality and self-assertion as a necessity, appear to me thoughtless, unwise, and entirely unjustified. Only give me your hand, and entrust me with the protection of your person, and the care of your interests and your position in the world, and you will see, whether I am a man, or an uncalculating boy... But," continued Bartolome, falling suddenly from his passionate tones to the accents of deepest despair, "You will soon find some other excuse for sending me away, that I may not be a witness to your love for Pedro de Moya..."

Murillo looked so miserable, and tore his hands with such agony, while he heaved such sorrowful sighs, that Beatrix embraced him and swore, that she had not spoken a word inconsistent with the truest and most faithful love to him, and that she would never for a moment consent to listen to de Moya's homage.

"Oh! most beautiful queen of my heart!" Murillo exclaimed as he sank on the ground before her. "You restore me to life by withdrawing your command that I should leave you.... Promise me that you will not require me to leave you. You will never mention the subject again?"

"I promise you," said Beatrix.

After he had taken leave in the highest spirits, Beatrix said to her attendant:

"I shall leave him, for I know, that I shall never forgive myself, if, by my presence, I cause him to waste the most important years of his education."

After a sleepless night, during which Donna Beatrix found ten schemes for flight, only to reject them all as impracticable, she could come to no conclusion, and sent to the cloister of our Lady on Mount Carmel, to summon her father confessor.

Father Jacinto appeared. He was a finely developed athletic man of, at most, forty years of age, with earnest, regular features, and short-clipped beard, and wrapped in a broad white mantle; a thick black circlet of hair round his forehead, he looked far more like a warlike templar, than a peaceful friar. His movements were dignified and energetic; he carried his head erect, instead of dropping it upon his breast, according to the custom of friars. Often a light might be observed in his large brown eye, and an expression of hardihood and courage stole over his melancholy, bronzed features. From this the clear-sighted observer might conclude, that some history must be associated with father Jacinto, that he could scarcely have been trained for the tonsure and the scapulary. But five years ago, Father Jacinto had been one of the best and bravest noblemen under the rule of the king of Spain. The present carmelite was then called Don Romero Carabella, he possessed the dignity of a count, and was the commander of a regiment of cavalry. He fell violently in love with the beautiful duchess Maria of Olivenca, and soon had every reason to believe that his love was returned. A thirst for glory, combined with a wish to gain honour in the eyes of his lady, drove him to the battle-field, on which Spain was maintaining a contest with Portugal, the Netherlands, France, and Germany; Donna Maria, delighted with his prowess, gave her hand to the knight, and, after a year, a daughter was born to them. At that time, the king of France sent an embassy to Madrid, to make a last attempt at conciliation in the disputes respecting Roussillon, which was finally lost to Spain. The

ambassador was the Count Raoul La Trevoux, a perfect cavalier, and accomplished both as a soldier and courtier, who, without much trouble, succeeded in ruining the heart of the Countess of Carabella. Donna Maria artfully induced the kind-hearted and unsuspecting count to leave her for a few days. On his return, his wife and little daughter had escaped to France with the ambassador. The count made every effort to recover, at least, his child, but with no result, and in despair, he left the world, to hide himself in a carmelite cloister. Father Jacinto was a relation of Donna Beatrix, and this, perhaps, was the principal reason for her selection of him as her father confessor.

Beatrix came forward to meet him, and as if her relation were still a knight and no monk, she offered him her blooming cheek for a kiss. Father Jacinto then seated himself with the air of commander, to await her communication.

"I have not sent for you this time for confession, my honoured Father Jacinto," Beatrix said with some confusion, "but because I want good advice, which you are best fitted to bestow. You know, that I love Bartolome Esteban Murillo with all my heart, and, indeed, with such devotion, that I am willing to submit to the sacrifice of a separation from him, until he has become a perfect master in his art. I say, that I intend to impose this sacrifice upon myself, but I do not say that I do not need your assistance to withstand the resistance of my own heart, and to make it a reality.

"And the young Murillo?" Jacinto asked with thoughtful mien.

"He has sworn that he will not separate himself from me, that he would die, if forced to leave me."

Jacinto sighed involuntarily.

"I have failed in every effort, and neither harshness nor endearments will induce him to consent to an absence from me. He has retracted the promise, which he once gave me, of commencing his journey, and has confessed that in this he lied, and spoke contrary to his intentions."

"The young man is perfectly right, my sister!" Jacinto said with vivacity, while he rocked his chair to and fro. "I do not mean to excuse him for his lie," added the prudent monk. "But he would be a fool, it would be the greatest folly,—I say this with all confidence in your virtue, my cousin—if the young man were to separate himself, without absolute necessity, from her, who is so much a part of his own life. I have no special knowledge of painting, but I should believe it possible to paint well with one's beloved near at hand.

Beatrix hastened to explain to him, how much Murillo would be hindered by her presence, from the concentration of his thoughts and powers upon his art.

"Truly," the father remarked, "I see that from your point of view your conclusion may be quite right, and in this case, it is difficult to come to any decision."

"My dearest count, it is on this account, that I begged for your advice."

"Never call me *Count*," Carabella said sternly. "I know that you have no intention of paining me; but avoid this expression. The advice which you ask may possibly cost either you or the young man the happiness of a life, or life itself.

"Do you think that it is possible that I could so forget Murillo, as to be faithless to him?" Beatrice asked with an incredulous smile.

"I certainly think so, although I express my opinion with all respect, my beautiful cousin," said Jacinto. "You were not responsible for the commencement of your love to Murillo, neither will you be able to retain this love when it is ready to depart. It only lies in the power of

every human being to avoid gross evil and infidelity. Every battle against faithless thoughts can only end in the victory of the strongest love. In this respect presence always has a great advantage... If I were Murillo, I would not any more than he be persuaded to remove to a distance from my dearest treasure. Lead him yourself onwards in his career of art, become the muse, who can inspire him, the supreme arbiter and moulder of his taste, in this way you will help him more than by causing him the unspeakable sorrow of separation from you."

"I may confess everything to you," said Beatrix, blushing, "I love Murillo so inexpressibly, that I do not allow him the rest necessary for his studies. How many thousand times have I resolved, not to visit the Trianon, and yet I find myself again and again before the old garden-door, which leads to Murillo's cottage."

"Then you have not kept your promise...," said Jacinto. "However, I am not here as a father confessor, but as your faithful friend. It is therefore unsuitable for me to reproach you for conduct which I should blame as a priest, but must excuse as a man. Let us consider the matter from another point of view. Do you think that Don Bartolome, when surrounded by the ladies of Madrid, will offer all the resistance to their persuasive beauty, of which you imagine him capable?"

Beatrix changed colour.

"Oh! I am certain of him," she said, as she forced herself to smile.

"You do not believe what you say, you wish to send your jewel to the market, and then doubt, whether it will find a purchaser. I advise you not to do so."

"I must admit the truth of your last accusation, and I confess," said Beatrix, as she sank upon her knees, "that my own passion is beyond my control."

"Well,—marry him, and be happy."

"Oh! if I could endure the thought," exclaimed Beatrix, "of being the wife of a man, who is not the first artist in Spain."

"Then try the effect of a separation, and let experience give you further advice," said Jacinto. "Fly, as you had resolved. I can offer you the castle of Carabella in the Sierra Guadarama which I possess, as my child's guardian. But it is not fitted up, and the neighbourhood is bare and wild."

"So much the better, it will suit my state of mind. But who will accompany me, give me your advice."

Jacinto considered, and answered, "I think you cannot be too careful on this point. Your good name might be endangered."

"I must be accompanied by no cavalier, but only by well-armed muleteers," said Beatrix.

"Who at the first pop of the highwayman's gun, (for these mountains are infested by robber Lords) would run off, and leave you to your fate, if you had no better guide. Think of someone whom you can trust, and who would also be an agreeable companion..."

"And let it be added, that he should not be so foolish as to fall in love with me, within the first four-and-twenty hours," continued Beatrix.

"That would not be such great folly," said Jacinto. "I will ask the count of Villamanrique, to recommend a cavalier; for some years he has entertained all the young nobility of Seville at his house."

"My protector need be no Adonis," said Beatrix. "Besides, you may spare yourself the journey to Count Villamanrique, for I know that he will certainly recommend the painter Pedro de Moya, who has just arrived from England, and who lives with the count."

"You name a man, of whom I had already thought," said Jacinto—looking gratified. "I am convinced, that you will find no better escort in all Seville."

"How do you know the stranger?" Beatrix asked surprised.

"I made his acquaintance in the most straight-forward manner," answered Jacinto. "The abbot introduced de Moya to us—with the announcement that he wished to paint one of the friars as St. Peter of Amiens—"

"As the monk! the warlike leader of the first crusade? He could not have found a more splendid model than yourself. And he painted your portrait?"

"He is still occupied on it, and my likeness will do credit to de Moya's picture of 'Peter of Amiens, preaching before Pope Urban II.'

"Strange," thought Beatrix. "After Jacinto has lost and voluntarily renounced all that bound him to this sinful world, his personal vanity remains untouched!"

The thought suddenly occurred to her that de Moya had found a very transparent excuse for bringing himself into contact with her father-confessor, and a momentary suspicion flashed into her mind, that Pedro had taken this first step, in the hope of approaching her, slowly, yet surely.

"I think that as my guide, de Moya, would excite poor Bartolome's keenest jealousy, who indeed suspects already that I feel some interest in him, although I have only once exchanged words with that artist."

"Nonsense! De Moya is a cold-blooded, earnest man, a good knight, who thinks of nothing less than love, and concerning Don Bartolome's jealousy, he would be jealous of his own father, were he to escort you. Besides, you surely will not proclaim the name of your escort."

Donna Beatrix reflected.

"Did Don Pedro mention that he met Don Bartolome and me at the house of the count de Villamanrique?" she asked.

"No, dear Cousin," Carabella answered with his open, unsuspecting glance, and apparently unaware that Beatrix had a distinct object in her question.

"But you do not appear favourable to de Moya... Or do you fear that the cavalier may prove dangerous to you?"

"No," said the lady coldly, as she rose from her seat.

"Have the kindness, most honoured father, to beg him to conduct me to-morrow to your mountain castle. Remember, to-morrow; for," she added in a low tone, "by the day after to-morrow I might have changed my mind."

It is not needful to remark that Beatrix had judged Pedro de Moya rightly. He was not mistaken, when he applied to her father-confessor; for the count, had, although unsolicited done him an important service. De Moya waited on the lady the same day, and behaved with such strict decorum, that no word or expression betrayed his secret feelings.

Early the next morning, de Moya and Beatrix started at the head of a mounted and well-armed escort, and pursued the high road to Cordova. Beatrix's maid, who remained behind, was charged with excuses for Bartolome, and it was a whole week before he discovered that she had left Seville. Then a farewell letter from Beatrix was given to him, and he saw, with alarm and excitement, that she had deceived him, in promising that she would not leave him. A few weeks passed by, and Antonio del Castillo appeared in Murillo's room.

"Don Bartolome," he said, "you know that I hate you. I am your rival on the field of love, although your master in the realm of art. But, although our paths are so diametrically

opposed, we may unite in one aim, as brothers: we will send a third competitor for our lady's love to the nether regions."

"Who is it? Who carried away the Lady of Cabrera?"

"Pedro de Moya is our rival," said Antonio. "But she was not carried away. The rogue was only employed to escort her to the castle of Father Jacinto, that giant, who possesses the muscle and sinew of three men, but not the tenth part of the brain of one."

"Ah, now I understand!" exclaimed Murillo.

"With your permission, you understand nothing. De Moya has abused his knightly honour, and keeps the Lady Beatrix a prisoner in his mountain castle. One of the muleteers, formerly my servant, has been bribed by her to bring us the news. Here is my hand; we will hold together, until de Moya is subdued: then we will turn our swords against each other."

Meanwhile de Moya had discovered, that he could not accomplish his foolish design of winning Beatrix's love by force. It must be admitted in his excuse, that he had been persuaded by Beatrix's maid, whom he had bribed, that her mistress loved him devotedly, although her pride would not allow her to confess it. When he had reduced Beatrix, whom he treated as his prisoner, to such extremity that she resolved to starve herself, he returned to his senses, and sought to secure her forgiveness, but on failing this, he fled from Carabella's castle, taking with him from amongst the servants, only Juan Escalante.

Murillo and his rival met the lady on the road, not far from Toledo. The meeting of the lovers was so touching, that Antonio del Castillo swore that he would voluntarily withdraw his claim, and assist in protecting his love, instead of endangering it by his formidable rivalry.

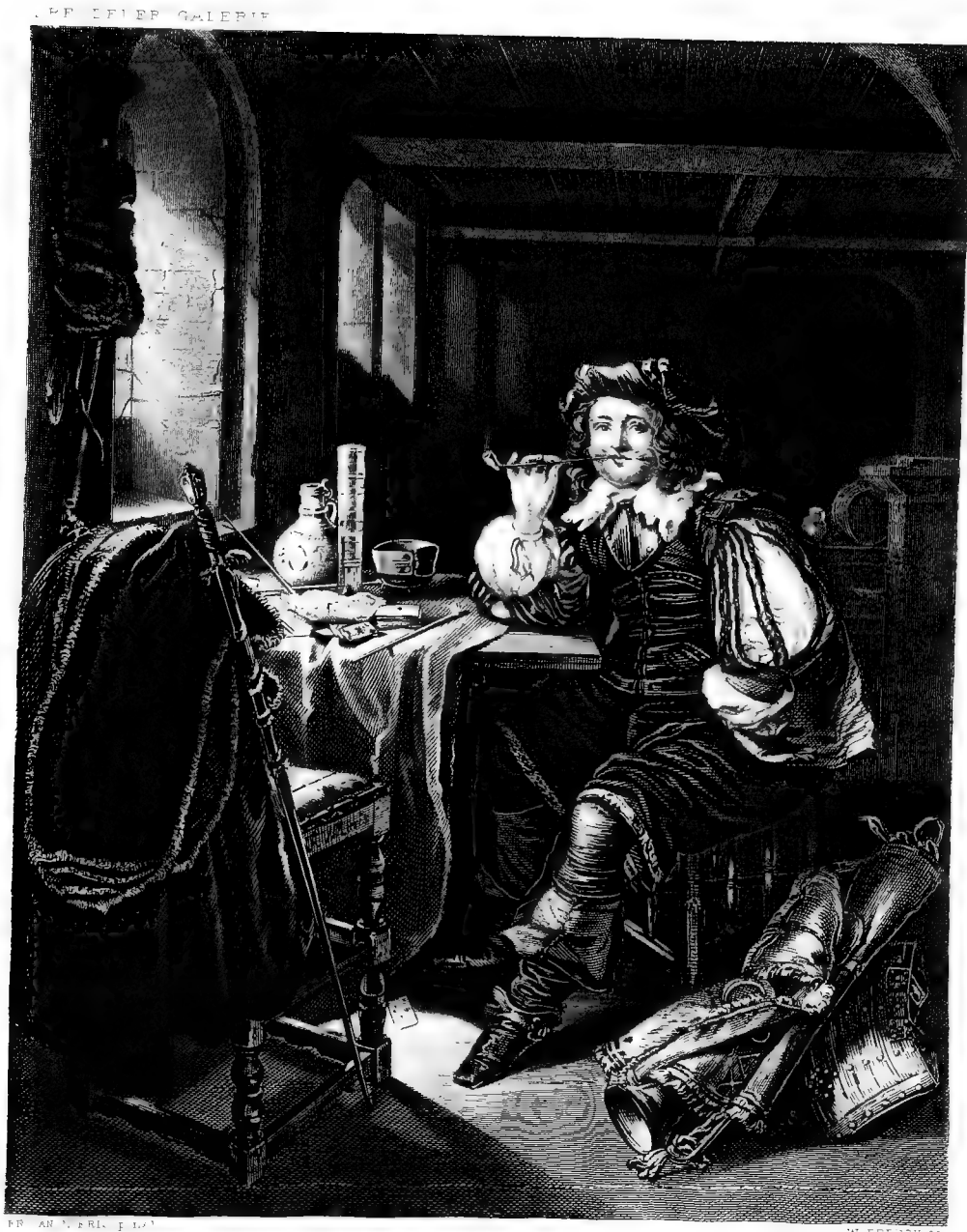
On arriving at Seville, Beatrix resolved that she would follow Murillo to Madrid, where they arrived together, in the autumn of the year 1643.

THE TRUMPETER.

(BY FRANZ VON MIERIS.)

Our story opens in a somewhat mean-looking building, standing upon the property, and not far from the collegiate buildings, of the most "venerable order of Jesus" in Brussels. The members of this order had gradually migrated from Ath, Lille, and Valenciennes, and now sought to establish a firm footing in Brabant. We glide through the scarcely fastened door of the little house, and find ourselves in a richly-furnished, long, narrow room, abundantly provided with side doors. Here are two persons, one old, the other young; both are ecclesiastics. The older man wears an ample cassock, lined with fur, which is wrapped round his wearied limbs as he reclines in the arm-chair. He rests his wasted hands on the arms of the chair to support his bended head—and a strange head it is. The forehead, surmounted by a small cap, bears marks of the highest intelligence, the features of his wax-coloured, bloodless countenance are beautiful, yet excite suspicion. His black eyes are clear and keen, with an extraordinary sharpness of expression.—When the priest moves, so that his cassock of silk and fur falls back, a violet garment may be seen beneath it. The old man is one of the highest office-bearers of the Church.

And yet the circumstance is a matter of small significance when compared with his name. That name was Mazarin. Yes, this was the fox-like lion, the victor over all his foes, the arbiter of France, and one of those who, like Oliver Cromwell on the other side of the channel, made the history of the seventeenth century. The mysterious power of this Italian bordered on the marvellous.—Often banished and solemnly outlawed, he returned as uncontested victor from his exile at Cologne on the Rhine, and rose, if possible, to yet greater reputation, although, as in the case of Coligny under Charles IX., the Parliament of Paris had set a price of 50,000 Thalers (£7,500) on his head. At this time (in the year 1659), the Cardinal was making every effort to secure, even after his death, to the Infant hand of Louis XIV., that great France, with the absolute power of the crown, created by himself and Richelieu. Had this man, during his residence in Belgium and Germany, discovered that by the medium of religion, as well as the habits and character of the people, Flanders was more closely allied to France, than to the Protestant Charter general of Holland? Was he already laying the foundation of that fierce and desperate opposition to which the Romish Ecclesiastics waged against Holland, and of that hatred, which eventually tore the Netherlands in twain? He evidently wished to secure the assistance of the Rhine Provinces and of Flanders, for the support of France against England



DER TROMPETER
in der Wachstube

THE TRUMPETER
in the Guard-room

and the Emperor of Germany. In speaking of Alsatia and Lorraine, and of Belgium and the left bank of the Rhine, Mazarin frequently used the expression; "His Majesty's future domains." a saying which Louis XIV. strove, as far as possible to justify.

Mazarin had at this time arrived with the greatest secrecy from Vincennes and had dismounted at the house of the Jesuit Fathers. The man who stood before him was apparently thirty years old; eleven years before, as Secretary of the French ambassador he had rendered important services in Osnabrück and Münster. He was now Rector of the College.

Father Drucy was standing in an unconstrained attitude before the Cardinal, and while Mazarin's countenance appeared almost painfully agitated, he seemed as imperturbable as a statue.

"Will you proceed, Your Eminence?" he asked with a clear, cold voice, thrusting his hands into his wide sleeves.

"Yes, my son: This England must not get the upper hand. I tell you, it must not," said the Cardinal, in a weak, soft voice." The policy of the great Richelieu, the worldly-wise policy which I, in weakness, have attempted to pursue, will soon be at an end. The interests of governments will be more openly asserted; the art of the diplomatist will grow pale before the exorbitant demands, and the undisguised selfishness of the powerful princes of Europe.—It is a sad business, Drucy, a very sad business.—We are no longer wanted," he laughed ironically. "We shall be called to deliver up our credentials, but France and her royal child shall discover that a weak insignificant man of the old school has yet some foresight, although (may God preserve us from blasphemy) he has not the honour of being a prophet."

The Jesuit bowed slightly, and almost imperceptibly shrugged his shoulders. He also belonged to that very old school, of which the first teacher was the serpent, who deceived Eve in Paradise. He seemed to have long understood.

"England, England," murmured Mazarin. "How wilt thou humble and oppress my beautiful France in years to come, if France does not crush thee in time. Cromwell is gone, England's Richelieu is dead, and the anarchy which has been suppressed for five years, again raises its head in fury.—The Stuarts will be recalled, Charles II., the Pretender, is preparing to set his foot on English soil. Parties will unite in order to destroy the power of the new crown, which will be placed on the head of this witless prince. The people, this calculating, prudent nation, will rule, it will become strong, unprecedently strong, and France will receive its new laws of policy from the other side of the Channel."

"I understand," said the Jesuit, "Charles Stuart and his miniature court are here in Brussels."

The two priests looked at each other for some time in petrified silence.

"Is it so?" whispered Mazarin, as he extended his hand to Drucy.

"Your Eminence," said he very slowly. "I am neither a Frenchman nor an Englishman; I am a Walloon. National interests do not affect me. The Holy Seat at Rome and my order are the only guiding stars of my actions, and I assure Your Eminence, that we and all the adherents of Rome shall be lost for ever, in England as well as in Scotland, if these Covenanters, these Puritans, uncontrolled by any Catholic King, dare to raise the sword. I entreat Your Eminence, if the word of a poor monk can move you, to be first a Catholic and then a Frenchman. You desire that Charles Stuart should not come to England; that that country should be weakened and destroyed by civil war. It is easy for you to bring about his death. But if ever I have prayed for a man, I have prayed for him, he is a true son of the Church, and the Order of Jesus has everything to hope from him."

Mazarin with countenance unchanged listened attentively, he seemed to be carefully weighing the Jesuit's words.

"My son," said he at last, in the mildest tone, "I have long reflected on what you have just said to me, but the matter is so important, that I will hold a further conference with you to-morrow..." The Cardinal made the sign of the cross with his forefingers. Father Drucy bowed low and left the room.

Mazarin smiled bitterly.

"We must be prompt," he said to himself.—"I know you all; and you, Drucy, especially."

The Cardinal knocked softly at a door. A young man of twenty years of age, clothed in black, and with repulsive features, appeared silently.

"Cosmo, have you seen the man?" asked the Cardinal in Italian.

The Secretary bowed.

"And he is ready?"

"He demands money, Monsignore."

Mazarin made an involuntary grimace, for he was very covetous.

"That is well; but has he not other scruples?"

"None."

"And the man is an Irishman, you say?"

"He is, Your Eminence, and thoroughly to be trusted. He is also a true athlete, who could hold his own against three armed men."

The Cardinal became thoughtful.

"But is there no choice?" You have become very narrow lately in your ideas, Cosmo. Why have you not more resources than to compel us to make use of this cut-throat?"

Cosmo shrugged his shoulders.

"The life of Charles," he murmured, "is now so important to those about him, that it is guarded as a treasure of inestimable value. And were it not that Charles II. at times walks the street in disguise, it would be impossible to reach him. That must be our time, Your Eminence. The Irish Trumpeter Daniel O'Ryle is in love with Mademoiselle Sophia Grévy, and with her help the deed can be accomplished."

"I will see him," said Mazarin decidedly.

"The Cuirassiers of his Squadron are on guard to-day," answered Cosmo.

"Then I will go with you to the guard-room."

Mazarin understood, by long practice, the art of disguising. A few minutes later the all-powerful Cardinal stood beside Cosmo in the modest garb of a citizen, looking like an honest tradesman and father of a family.

Both slipped quietly out of the house into the street. They directed their course to the guard room of the Cuirassiers. Meanwhile Father Drucy glided like a ghost from behind the arras, smiling with an expression which might have been amiable, were it not for its diabolical subtlety.

"Buckingham fell at the instigation of France," he said, "and Charles shall not become your victim."

He dressed quickly, combed his fine hair and beard and hastened into the street. It was towards evening. Drucy directed his course to a small elegant house in the western suburbs, rang the bell, and was received with much surprise, by a pretty maid-servant.

"Mademoiselle Sophie Grévy?" said the Jesuit in the gallant tone of a Parisian knight.

In the next moment he found himself within a beautiful boudoir, and in the presence of one of the most beautiful ladies of Brussels. Sophie Grévy was so charming that Father Drucy, although his mind was set only on avaricious plans—gazed at her in amazement. But he soon recollected that he had important business to transact with this lovely creature. He put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a small wallet.

Without saying a word, and with perfect quietude he spread out in succession on the table before her rings, necklaces, and strings of pearls.

Sophie's large brown eyes sparkled, her cheeks grew red, and sighing deeply, as she threw herself back on the sofa, and looked fixedly at the Father, she said: "But what does this mean? do you intend to make love to me? I have never received such a strange declaration! Speak,—what do you mean by the jewels? You surely do not wish to sell them to me!"

"Indeed, Madam, I demand but a trifle in return. You have only to speak a few words."—

He quickly divulged to the astonished lady the fate which was preparing for Charles II by the hand of her lover Daniel O'Rayle.

"He will never do it. I know Daniel;" cried Sophie, springing to her feet, "he is frivolous and loves money, because he needs enormous sums to supply his losses at cards, even more than I can give, although he swallows up all that I possess. But a murderer! a cowardly criminal! Hellish arts must have been brought to bear, to move him to such a deed!"

"No," said the Jesuit, rubbing his hands with delight; "only a very heavy bag of money. But be kind enough to see that your friend, the trumpeter, receives the promised sum of money from these grim ruffians. They need this punishment, and, considering their avarice, it will touch them very severely. Then mention my name to King Charles, and say to him—Lord, remember the poor Jesuit Fathers when thou comest into thy kingdom!"

The Lady promised everything. The Jesuit bent down to kiss her hand—and then took his leave.

Meanwhile Mazarin and Cosmo had reached the guard room. The troopers were sitting outside, the trumpeter only was within. His meditations allowed of no company. Mazarin, himself at one time a fine cavalier, and extremely handsome, looked at the Irishman in astonishment.

"What a man!" he exclaimed.

Daniel was sitting by the rough table. The can of beer and empty glass stood untouched before him. The cards, at other times his delight, were thrown aside or lay on the ground. With his right arm resting on the table, he sat, in earnest thought, smoking his short clay pipe. A large foraging cap covered a part of his thick fair curls. His moustache was turned upwards and his features were as regular as they were bold and expressive. He wore his steel collar, but otherwise was attired in a doublet with long richly slashed sleeves. His cuirass was lying by the side of his great trumpet on the ground. Long Walloon breeches, reaching to the knee, and leather gaiters with high boots, completed his attire. The gigantic trooper's sword, which was to pierce the Stuart's heart, leant against a chair.

Mazarin's courage rose at the sight of this champion. The negotiation began. The Irishman was by no means as amenable as Cosmo had predicted.

"I must consult once more with my betrothed," said the Trumpeter at every new attack. "Meanwhile give me the money."

"Half of it," said the Cardinal.

"By St. Patrick, not a shilling shall be wanting, or the whole affair will come to nothing."

"Well, but when will you carry out the deed?"

"This evening."

"On your word of honour?"

"On my word of honour. My name is O'Rayle."

Cosmo slipped a few rolls of ducats into the ample pocket of the soldier, as a foretaste of what was to follow. Then the priests took their leave. The Trumpeter went that evening to visit his betrothed. She had not been mistaken when she boasted of her influence over him. By her eloquence she brought him to the declaration that he would strike the tempters down, if they ventured to come near him again.

Strange to say, they did not come, Mazarin was too well served, not to see which way the wind lay. That same night he set out for Paris, by way of Gemappes.

Daniel O'Rayle entered the service of the Stuarts. He was one of the Heralds who afterwards preceded the entry of Charles II. into London. He had married Sophie Grévy.



A LANDSCAPE.

THE LANDSCAPE.

LANDSCAPE.

BY BERGHIEF.

After a long interval there was again life and activity in the old castle of Bentheim. The path leading from the little village to the isolated rock, on which the old Lords of Bentheim had erected their castle, had been swept clean, and a luxuriant growth of thistles, dandelions, docks, and henbane, had been cleared away from the weather-beaten scarp.

At the time of our story the well-fortified outer gate of the castle, with its strong bulwark, was still in existence, and on this particular day the gothic archway which was guarded by four pieces of canon and two semi-culverins, besides having loop-holes for cross-bows and arquebuses, was adorned by a white board, bearing in large letters the following inscription:

*"Moriatur quando Dominus voluerit,
Modo quomodo velit vivamus."*

Those who were acquainted with the celebrated device could interpret the large letters "R A D" underneath it. They signified the name of the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, and the parsons and other Latin scholars told the peasant-women, who were not satisfied with merely staring, but evinced a laudable desire for information, that they stood for Rudolphus Augustus Dux, (Rudolph Augustus, Duke).

In the castle yard all was in brilliant order, a state of things by no means pleasing to those whose eyes had become accustomed to the grass-grown pavement and to the forest of nettles which had hidden the flight of steps. On ordinary occasions the only people to be seen about the castle were servants wearing white jackets of every degree of cleanliness, leather buckles, and top boots; or else black linen waistcoats with white backs and shirt sleeves, a yard and a half wide. On high days the steward would appear in a red shooting coat, trimmed with silver lace, a white cashmere waistcoat, and dark blue plush breeches, and always carrying a large cane in his hand.

On this day, however, all the white jackets had been exchanged for scarlet coats, embellished with silver lace, sworn on the five holy books to be genuine, by Sacher Benkosch, the Jew who provided the old count with money in critical times, and surely no one had ever before seen such a quantity of blue blush as was displayed on the legs of the lackeys. It was evident the old count intended to pay special honour to some distinguished guest; perchance to the Wolfenbüttel Duke himself.

A shout and cheer from the crowd of women and children assembled on the ramparts

announced an unusual arrival, and a carriage, drawn by six splendid black horses was seen coming up the steep road at a sharp pace. An outrider with a long whip cleared the way, wherever necessary, by well-directed strokes, for the magnificent coach, and on the box by the coachman sat a lackey, wearing a plumed cap, while three other servants, dressed in sky blue, adorned with silver, stood on the foot board.

This visit was evidently unexpected at castle Bentheim. The coachman drew up in front of the steps, and the lackey alighted, but a considerable time elapsed before any one issued from the castle.

At last, an elegantly dressed young man, with light, waving hair, made his appearance on the door-step, turning over in his hand a large snuff-box. This was the hereditary Count Otto Christopher. He made a sign to the plumed lackey who immediately bounded up the steps and stood bare-headed, the long ostrich feather in his hat sweeping the ground.

No sooner had this lackey whispered a few words to the young Count, whose features wore the aspect of precocious wisdom, than the latter immediately abandoned his haughty bearing, and ran down the steps to the carriage, from which a shrivelled old man looked out.

"Your excellency," said the young Count, bowing low, "I do not know how to excuse myself. We did not expect you to-day, but to-morrow."

"I know, I know, Monseigneur," answered the occupant of the carriage, "to-day you expect Duke Rudolph Augustus, but it is not my custom to let others get the start of me if I can help it. If I cannot altogether win in the game with the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, I may at least gain a certain number of points."

"My father hesitates now," whispered the young man, "for he is afraid Bentheim will be chosen for the head-quarters of the French army in the approaching campaign on the Elbe and Weser."

"Oh no, Holland, the irreconcilable, is close at hand," said the stranger, "and it would never suit our interest to ruin our allies."

The young Count now invited his guest into the castle, and himself led the way to the large reception hall, a room on the first floor which had the appearance of a picture-gallery.

Here they found the Count Otho of Bentheim, a stately looking man about sixty years of age, dressed in a green velvet coat and a white silk waistcoat, both thickly covered with gold embroidery.

"His excellency the Count of Verjus, minister plenipotentiary to his Majesty the King of France," said the young man, presenting the stranger.

The old Count appeared surprised, but he quickly regained his self-possession and said:

"I received a letter from Count Rebenal, your ambassador at Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, informing me that your Excellency might perhaps honour us with a short visit. I hope however that your stay may be a long one."

"Thank you, my Lord," answered Verjus, drawing out a pocket-book and producing his credentials, "but you will see from these that I cannot have the honour of being your guest very long. We have great things in hand, and even if I am so fortunate as to succeed in my mission here, we have still a great work to accomplish with regard to the States-General, now so extraordinarily deluded as to join with the Emperor, just when an opportunity occurs of escaping once and for ever from this troublesome vassallage. The Duke of Hannover is however one of our most faithful allies."

"To be sure, he receives a very handsome pension," remarked Count Bentheim, laughing.

"Oh," said Verjus, "that is a private matter with my most gracious sovereign and master, who would never dream of using compulsion with his friends. Hesse-Cassel, for instance, is against us, and only two months ago his Majesty granted the Landgrave a loan of 50,000 livres."

"Oh, in that case you are sure of the Landgrave."

"By no means, my Lord; Denmark has got the advantage of us in Cassel, as has the Envoy of the Emperor in Brunswick, but I hope the luck will be on our side here, if you, my Lord, will only help me with so much as one of your little fingers."

"In such a case one finger is as good as the whole hand," said the Count motioning respectfully to Verjus to take a seat; he himself however continued to pace the room with his hands behind him, as if forgetful of the presence of the French minister.

Presently he stopped, and looking thoughtfully at Count Verjus, said: "We have entered into business at once—too suddenly it may appear. But be that as it may, you like myself as you will permit me to observe are not a person to be taken by surprise."

Verjus bowed and looked at the Count from the corners of his eyes, while the latter continued,—“On one account the matter is pressing; it can be no secret to you that the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel is expected to arrive at any moment.”

"I will respond frankly to your frank declaration," said Verjus, with a dignified demeanour, rising and looking the Count earnestly in the face. "Your life, like mine, my Lord, has been rich in events and experience; and the so-called arts and wiles of a petty shopkeeper do not succeed better with you than with me. So we will bravely face the truth; its aspect is sufficiently grave and stern. With your permission I will state the case."

Count Bentheim bowed—he had become very grave, and Verjus went on.

"My visit was a very unexpected one, my Lord, but it is far from my intention to demand ought from you save what is due from one nobleman to another, namely, a reception suited to my rank, and food and shelter for the period of twenty-four hours, but the Duke will visit you firstly in his character of nobleman, but besides that,—yes besides,—"

"Do not be under any restraint, I pray you, your Excellency," said Bentheim, a red flush spreading over his marble features. "Well then, in the third place, the Duke comes—as a future ally—in the interests of the Emperor."

"But you have not yet named his second object in coming!" cried Bentheim.

"No, it is not easy to do so," said Verjus, shrugging his shoulders. "On your word of honour, Count, do you give me full permission to speak out my thoughts.—You do! I thank you, my Lord. Well then, the Duke comes also in the character of your creditor."

Bentheim's manner became cold and repelling.

"Oh," he cried, "your Excellency's kind interest in my affairs seems to have taken considerable latitude."

"I am obliged at this juncture to avail myself of certain facts which came to the knowledge when I was French Minister at the court of Brunswick-Lüneburg," said Verjus. "I scarcely venture to quote Chancellor Grote and Herr von Nissendorff as my authorities for stating that the Bentheim property is mortgaged to Duke Rudolph Augustus for the sum of 160,000 Thalers, and that the repayment of the loan is due in less than a year."

Count Bentheim gave orders for a collation and began to converse upon indifferent matters.

Presently the sound of wheels was heard, and a number of carriages rolled into the court. As each one came in, the lively Frenchman sprang to his feet, crying:

"There is the Duke!"

"Well, let him come," said Bentheim.

When wine was set before them, the Count filled his glass, drank to the health of Verjus and said suddenly, in a very determined tone:

"What possible interest can his potent Majesty, the most Christian King of France, take in so small, and when compared with monarchs, so utterly insignificant a person as the Count of Bentheim;—or, since he has made such minute enquiries into my money affairs, perhaps he entertained the noble idea of paying the debts which I have had the misfortune to inherit from my ancestors?"

Count Verjus was taken aback.

"You have hit the nail on the head," he said with a forced laugh. "By heavens, that was a clever manoeuvre; but the question having been asked demands an answer. Well, let us see. The debt is 160,000 Thalers. We will make a calculation, my Lord. For instance, the Duke John Frederick of Hannover receives a pension of 120,000 Thalers, and, in consequence, the said Duke is bound, according to the treaty of September 1672, to furnish six thousand infantry, three thousand heavy cavalry and one thousand dragoons."

"Exactly," said Bentheim, "therefore, if His Majesty Louis XIV. pays fifty Thalers current money for each cuirassier, forty for each dragoon, and fourteen for each private soldier, besides 30,000 Thalers monthly——"

"You are rightly informed, my Lord," interrupted Verjus, with a side glance, "it is clear that the pension received by Duke John Frederick may serve to guide you in forming an estimate of what could be due to you in a certain hypothetical case. "You would certainly be a gainer in the transaction."

Bentheim made no answer.

"I may as well tell you in confidence, my Lord," continued Verjus, "that if you win over Duke Rudolph Augustus to our side, and if you act here in the interests of France and your own House, we intend—or rather my most gracious sovereign intends to make short work with the Princess-Regent of East Friesland. The Elector Frederick William of Brandenburg, whose soldiers have just been repulsed with difficulty by the independent burghers of Greetstyl and Manedhave, can on no account be permitted to obtain a footing in East Friesland. There is no one whom the king, my master, would prefer as Prince of East Friesland, to yourself, my Lord..."

Again Count Bentheim rose and paced the room. "That is the question—aye, that is indeed the question," he muttered to himself.

"Which? if I may be permitted to ask," inquired Verjus.

"How the Duke is to be reached."

Verjus stood up, and taking his eye-glass, silently surveyed the walls which were adorned by master-pieces of Dutch, Flemish, and Italian art.

"Here! here! and here! are the means," he presently cried, pointing to some of the Dutch pictures. "The Duke has a special fancy for the works of the Dutch and New Brabant masters, and for the finished paintings of our French artists. Let me choose out ten of these picture, and I will engage with their aid to lure the noble, learned, and art-loving Prince to—almost anywhere."

Count Bentheim's face clouded over. He was himself an art connoisseur, and a passionate lover of good pictures. Verjus' words entered into his very heart.

"I shall be forced to trade with pictures," he said in an almost angry tone.

"What a splendid set of pictures this is," said Verjus, growing almost enthusiastic himself, "one, two, three....—yes, they are all by the same grand master—eleven pictures."

"Those are by Berghem," remarked the young Count, casting a side glance at his father.

"The artist lives here, at the top of the castle," said Bentheim: "he is very industrious, and always finishes what he begins."

"Berghem! you said Berghem, did you not, my Lord? It is strange that I should never have heard the name before; but what price should you set upon these pictures, taken together; supposing that you intended to sell them?"

"Pardon me, your Excellency, but the pictures do not exactly belong to me; they are still the property of the artist."

"But how is that?" questioned Verjus.

"Well, my son will explain better than I can. Master Berghem was, I believe, in very reduced circumstances."

"Oh, the case was not quite so bad as that, father."

"Well, you said something of the kind, and that he wanted to work in quiet, and not to be troubled with business. Matters, such as the selling of pictures etc.—so—to make a long story short, Count Verjus, he settled himself here, and from his lofty position he can gaze with admiration on the heaths and moors on the territory of Bentheim."

"It is not exactly a case of undisturbed work, however," added the Count with a touch of humour. The Master has brought with him a hard task mistress in the shape of his wife, a dame who feels bound to flourish her distaff where the artist's ideas lay."

"But what will the pictures cost?" persisted Verjus.

"Come, Christopher," said Bentheim, turning to his son, "you might never satisfy the Count, provided he is not frightened by the stairs. Berghem himself can fix the price; only I wish to observe that I naturally wish for the refusal of the pictures."

"Oh," cried Verjus, "in that case it is not of the slightest use my seeing the artist: but I hope, my Lord, you will permit a little discussion on the question of your privilege of first purchase."

The two gentlemen returned to their wine, and for some time they communicated their thoughts to each other more by looks than by words.

At last, Verjus said in a subdued voice, "He is a good soldier, this Duke Rudolph Augustus, he seized those proud Brunswick burghers by the throat, as none of his predecessors had done, and left them no more air to breathe than he thought necessary. He has been implicated in every great war since his succession to the dukedom in 1666. The Duke is childless, he has sacrificed himself to the interests of his House. He is also highly cultivated and a great lover of the arts, and now that he has laid aside his cuirass and unbuckled his sword, he is interested in nothing, excepting rare books, and such pictures as those by Monsieur Berghem, now hanging on your walls."

Having given utterance to these remarks, the minister, whose first onslaught had met with a decided repulse, recovered his composure with the ease of a diplomatist, and proceeded, escorted

by the young Count, to mount to the top of the castle for the purpose of seeing the view, and paying a visit to the artist whose works he had just admired.

At every landing place Verjus looked inquiringly at his companion, who, however, intimated by a low bow that they were not at the end of their fatiguing journey. At last they reached a small room in the tower, the narrow, curtainless windows of which commanded a view over a wide-stretching, flat, and uninteresting country.

In the middle of this room, and occupied diligently with painting, at an easel, sat a little man, about fifty years of age. His straight brown hair was already streaked with silver, and long grey whiskers gave a melancholy expression to his gentle face. This was Master Clas Berghem, who apparently was not gifted with strong nerves, for he trembled all over at the entrance of the two gentlemen, and was so much overcome with alarm and awe that he quite forgot to take off his old green velvet cap before bowing.

Verjus began at once to speak in terms of high praise of the pictures he had seen in the Gallery below, and made several observations upon the work on the easel before him which proved him to be not ignorant in art. The picture was a landscape with figures, the most prominent of which was a man on a white horse, in the foreground.

"Alas, your excellency, no performance can go beyond the working-power of the moment," said Berghem, smiling half sadly. "Even now I sometimes imagine I can paint as I wish, that is to say, that I can use a distinct and characteristic method of painting for every different object, but such dreams are soon dissipated when I take the brush in hand—for after I have painted half a day, I find myself in the old groove again."

"And a very excellent groove it is," said Verjus, "I have seen a variety of subjects treated by you, and it is my opinion that the style of painting was characteristic in each."

"You show great power of imagination in your works," continued Verjus, "and your graceful harmonious and finished execution is in fit keeping with it."

"Master Berghem is too modest," remarked the young count.

"I fancy I might have achieved something great," sighed Berghem, "but every man has his limits which he cannot overstep. Whether such limits are in ourselves, or beyond us, or in the circumstances surrounding us, it matters not; they are there. What a poor thing my imagination is for instance: though I vary my subjects, I only paint the same thing after all."

"That is by no means my opinion," cried Verjus with animation.

"In order to paint new pictures, I ought to make fresh studies from nature of trees, their trunks, branchwork, and foliage"—sighed Berghem, "but I have nothing new here, and there is little to profit from out there," he said, pointing to the barren landscape, "so I must fain fall back upon memory and play variations upon the old tune. But, your Excellency, one thing is new in every picture—and that I can study here at all moments; it is the sky; the forms of the clouds and the ever varying effects of light and shade which they produce. That consoles me."

At this moment a loud knocking was heard proceeding from the floor under the minister's feet.

"Yes, yes, all right," said Berghem in a loud voice, stooping, as if in answer to the person who was knocking.

"How long is that chattering going on?" cried a shrill woman's voice from below.

"I am painting, I am at work," cried Berghem.

This scene, which would have been comic but for the artist's anxious looks, greatly astonished Verjus. "Good Lord, what does this mean?" he asked, turning to the young count.

"The good lady below is not a person to be trifled with," answered the young man, shrugging his shoulders, "and our Master is far too good a husband not to obey at a word, nay, at a sign."

"My wife.... my wife," stammered Berghem, resuming his work in great confusion, "my wife means well. Who knows how long I might be lost in reflection instead of painting, if she did not call me to order."

"Well, I have no desire to disturb this exemplary state of things," said Verjus laughing, "but perhaps before taking leave, I may be allowed to order a picture. Is this on the easel still for sale? if it is, I lay claim to it. You have only to name the price." Berghem had been growing more and more uneasy.

"That, your Excellency, my wife insists on managing herself. I mean the sale of my pictures."

"Then I will communicate with your worthy helpmate," said Verjus.

"Oh," whispered Berghem, with a kind warning look at the minister. "I am afraid you and my wife would never come to terms. Count Bentheim has been negotiating with her, ever since we came here for those pictures in the gallery below, and has not yet come to an understanding."

"Is the poor woman so exorbitant in her demands?" asked Verjus.

"I do not know," sighed Berghem. "At one time she decrees that the pictures are to be valued, and an average price put upon each; and then she will dispose of them in exchange for a life-annuity for herself and me; again she says they are not to be sold at all, but only engraved, and then I have been ordered to execute without loss of time a whole gallery of pictures which she intended to sell to the States-General, or to the Emperor of Germany."

"The Lady has a lively imagination, certainly," said Verjus, laughing.

The admonitory signal for the artist sounded again.

"Well, it cannot be helped, and I must set to work now; the white horse must be finished to-day...."

He rubbed a few fresh colours on his palate, and recommenced painting.

"God be with you, Master Berghem," said Verjus, and laid his hand on the door-handle; but at this instant the door was violently thrown open, and a stately looking woman appeared on the threshold; she was about forty, and still handsome, with bright eyes, curly hair, and white teeth. She took no notice of the young Count, but seemed struck at the sight of the Ambassador.

Master Berghem mentioned the visitor's name to his wife, and was about to introduce her, when she interrupted him by saying with great coldness, "O Clas, keep to your work. For the last hour you have not whistled, and when you are not whistling, your brush is idle." Then turning to the visitors she said: "Can you not let me know your business with my husband, gentlemen? I can speak with you about it; for when I am not spinning I have a little time at my disposal—but *he* must turn every moment to account."

"I was just inquiring the price of that unfinished picture," said Verjus, who was rather annoyed at the woman's dictatorial manner.

"That picture," said the lady, "will not be sold by itself, it is the last of a set of twelve pictures which any one may have who chooses to give a good sum of money for them, but they shall not be sold at a dealer's price—rather than that I would support my husband by spinning and weaving—and live in a turf hovel instead of a nobleman's castle."

"Be kind enough to name your price, my good woman," said Verjus.

"Oh, that requires consideration," said dame Berghem, casting shrewd calculating glances at the minister. "I might ask 6,000 gold florins, or perhaps only 5,500; but it is also very possible that I might demand one or two thousand more if you should happen to make a better business with the pictures than I."

"Well, let us say 8,000 florins then," said Verjus, "but I must beg you, my good woman, to come to a decision at once, as I have to leave immediately, and it is not likely that you will ever see me again."

"Oh, as to that, 'mountains and valleys never meet, but men do;' besides I can easily write."

"As far as I am concerned," said Verjus, "I am quite certain I shall not again be in a mood for buying pictures, so I beg you to name your price. I think you have not asked too low a sum." The woman's eyes sparkled; she saw that there must be no hesitation if she did not want to lose a customer. "Well, let it be 8,000 florins then," she said, with a deep sigh.

"If Count Bentheim cannot pay down that sum, the pictures are yours."

"And when will this picture on the easel be finished?" asked the ambassador.

"Well, Berghem ought to get that done in about two days if he works properly," replied the dame, stooping over the easel and looking at the picture with the eye of a connoisseur.

"Then our business is settled," said Verjus, and he left the room. "*Le pauvre diable!*" he muttered as he descended the staircase.

"I do not think my father will be inclined to let you have the pictures," remarked the young Count.

"Oh, I have no fear of that, if you will only second me boldly."

When Verjus reentered the saloon, the old Count was in the act of dismissing a courier, dressed in the Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel livery, who had brought a letter announcing that the duke would be at Bentheim in the course of an hour. The hereditary count and a few richly equipped servants immediately rode out to meet him.

"So we have one hour left," said Verjus, when he was alone with the Count. "The time is short, but still we can accomplish a good deal in it. I do not think I have found an entirely impregnable position here, my lord, but let us briefly review the situation."

"Well, your Excellency," said Bentheim, "supposing I placed myself at your disposal..."

"I take that as a concession, my lord."

"Do not be too sure of that, your Excellency; but granting the supposition, we should still have to prevail over the Duke's strong will, or rather his obstinacy."

"Oh! we shall gain the day if you will only join with me in maintaining the truth, that the interests of the younger line of the House of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel will be safer in the keeping of France than in that of the Emperor of Germany. I have won over Rudolph's brother, Duke Ulrich Anthony, to our case, and I hope and believe we shall no longer find the Duke of Brunswick immovable in his political opinions. But first of all, let us come to an understanding. I guarantee to you the reversion of East Friesland, the complete humiliation of your troublesome neighbour, the Bishop Duke of Osnabrück, and half the sum which has been raised on mortgages on the Bentheim Estates."

Count Bentheim was silent.

"Will you side with France, Count?" said Verjus.

Bentheim's answer came at last—"Your Excellency, I will venture it," he said, slowly.

"Your hand, that is well. Now we have advanced a step," cried Verjus. "I have only one

trifling clause to add to our agreement, viz., that I shall be allowed to purchase those eleven pictures by Berghem."

"It would give me great pain to lose them, your Excellency."

"Oh, I will send you my Guido Reni as a gift of love, to console you."

"Ah! but you will find as I did to come to an understanding with that tyrannic, capricious woman, the artist's wife."

"That matter is already settled, but I must beg one more favour of you. Will you be so kind as to receive the Duke in another apartment. I want to play a stratagem with these pictures."

Bentheim rose, and, opening some folding doors, displayed a narrow room with stained glass windows, and hung with coats of armour and ancient weapons.

"Superb!" said Verjus, "this hall reminds me of the stag gallery; columns and candeliers are all that is wanting."

At this moment, a melancholy performance on the so-called "Half moon" began outside. The watchman was apparently trying how much noise and discord he could produce without injury to his lungs.

"The Duke has arrived!" cried Count Bentheim, and casting a hasty glance in the mirror, he hurried out, while Verjus, taking out his snuffbox, surveyed the Bentheim "*Galerie aux cerfs*" with great composure, a smile of self-satisfaction hovering on his lips.

Before long a great cheering was heard and a carriage, preceded by two mounted lackeys and a running footman, drove up to the flight of steps, on which Count Bentheim stood waiting. It was a plain, but well-built hunting calèche, drawn by four splendid white horses.

A gentleman of striking appearance and powerful build sprang out. He was attired in a simple hunting suit, but diamond buttons adorned his coat, and he wore a cutlass with a diamond-mounted hilt. He looked round the yard, and when his eyes fell on the inscription over the gate-way, he smiled pleasantly, and then he perceived count Bentheim, who was descending the steps on the tips of his toes, with his hat under his arm, as if he were dancing the saraband at a ball.

The stranger doffed his furred hat and brought to view a profusion of fine brown hair. There was nobility in his finely shaped head and in his face with its aquiline nose, clear bright brown eyes, and double chin.

The Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel, for it was no other, drew Count Bentheim to him with his left hand while with the right he waved his hat to the assembled Bentheimers. "Where is the hereditary Count?" he asked, as he and Count Bentheim ascended the flight of steps arm in arm, while carriage after carriage, containing his numerous retinue, rolled into the court-yard.

"Your Highness must graciously excuse us," answered Bentheim. "There is another guest in castle Bentheim just now, for whom at least one of the family must be in attendance. My family, in which death has made such ravages, consists now, as your Highness perhaps knows, of only myself and my son! consequently, while I am here, he is obliged to remain in the castle."

"Is any one here from the courts of Hannover or Celle?" asked the Duke, stopping on the threshold, and looking attentively at the Count.

"Not exactly, your Highness, but Count Verjus, who was formerly resident minister at the courts of the younger line of Brunswick-Lüneburg, arrived about an hour ago."

"What, the Frenchman?" exclaimed the Duke. "I am sorry for that. How can he and I

remain under the same roof with our friendly reminiscences, our old Italian Memories, and, in short, our present political views?"

"His Highness the Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel will always find me ready at his service," said the Count, "and, moreover, Count Verjus is on the point of leaving."

"God be praised," said the Duke. "Heaven knows I have never been fond of the Count; his manners are so familiar, and so importunate; he lies in wait for his prey, till he fastens on it with the relentless gripe of a martin. I will not see Count Verjus, for I know very well what he wants."

Count Verjus, however, was already coming down stairs; he greeted the Duke with reverence, but the latter turned coldly from him to Count Bentheim, who introduced his son.

"Oh," cried Verjus with excitement.

"Your Highness must not think that I can allow myself to be disposed of in this summary fashion."

Count Bentheim's colour changed when he perceived the unmistakable look of displeasure on the Duke's countenance, but Verjus, in no wise disconcerted, laughingly did the honours of the castle as if it belonged to him.

Rudolph Augustus was not selfish, or subject to haughty caprice. Unlike most Princes he possessed the amiable quality of social tolerance—even of self-renunciation. Verjus was unceremonious in his personal manners (the proud Duke-Bishop Ernest Augustus of Osnabrück had called the French Ambassador a familiar clown).—Besides this, every German Prince or Statesman (and of the latter class there were an immense number of "small specimens" in Germany), knew how high the Count stood in the favour of his monarch. Hence, little by little, the Duke found himself obliged to submit to the Frenchman's presence.

The two Bentheims and their guests now proceeded to the knight's hall. The Duke had never been in the castle before, and it contained much calculated to interest a man with his taste for history and philology. Count Bentheim was well versed in heraldry, and Verjus was a good Latin scholar, therefore it was not surprising that the Duke was soon in a happy frame of mind, which was proved by his beginning to joke with Count Verjus in a good-natured manner.

"Tell me, your Excellency,—I will promise to be discreet—was your meeting with me here really quite accidental?"

Verjus did not answer immediately, but presently, taking a large pinch of snuff, he said;

"As a diplomatist I ought to avoid giving your Highness a direct answer, but since you do me the honour to question me yourself, I will tell you frankly, like a gentleman, that I planned to catch you here."

The Duke pushed aside his glass and indulged in a hearty laugh. Come, that is too candid a confession by far to obtain credence, is it not, my dear Bentheim?"

"I know that your Highness did not leave Osnabrück in a perfectly contented frame of mind," continued Verjus with great earnestness.

"Indeed! Is your information so exact?" said the Duke.

"I know that at this moment it is a question, whether the younger line of your illustrious family, their Highnesses of Hannover and Celle, and the proud Duke of Osnabrück, shall rule over the inheritance of the Guelphs and determine the policy of those states, or whether the older line of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel shall maintain its ancient rights—or at least its political

independence. Your Highness has entered into a league with the enemies of France, Ernest Augustus, and the Duke of Celle; they doubtless will not allow them a will of their own. John Frederick of Hannover has not been deluded, he has remained true to his own interests and those of France.... Hannover will not fail to reap the advantages of this policy...."

"You speak strongly, Verjus," said Rudolph Augustus. "I am no vassal or satrap of France, but a German Prince."

"But you are a vassal of the Emperor, my lord Duke."

"Undoubtedly."

"Well, the head of the house of Hapsburg is no more a German Monarch than is my most gracious Sovereign and master," cried Verjus, "and the home-policy of Austria is more dangerous to your Highness's Sovereignty than an open alliance with Louis XIV. would be."

The duke did not answer, and Verjus, turning to Count Bentheim, said, "There are certain things one must not speak about to Princes; you know, my lord. Events must speak for themselves, but you and I may say a few words in confidence. The Duke will make no use of any remarks we may make on politics. Do you know then, my dear Bentheim, what price is held out to the Bishop-Duke Ernest Augustus as a reward for joining the German army against France?"

"You excite my curiosity, your excellency," said Bentheim.

"Well then, nothing less than the Duchy of Lauenburg, which appertains without question to the older branch of the Guelphs, viz.: to Duke Rudolph Augustus."

The Duke turned pale and rapped impatiently on the table. "I beg you to end this conversation, gentlemen, he said, abruptly.

"Your Highness has only to command us," said Verjus rising, and then added, "Count Bentheim has very kindly placed a treasure at my disposal, a set of eleven pictures to which a twelfth is to be added, which is still under the artist's hand. Perhaps your Highness would like to see these jewels."

"Who is the artist?" asked the Duke.

"He is called Berghem, your Highness, and lives here, at the top of the castle."

"Berghem! I have two pictures by him, and I consider that they rank next in order of merit to two of my Claude Lorrains."

The reception Hall was now thrown open and the Duke immediately recognized the Landscapes by Berghem, and went from picture to picture with growing enthusiasm.

"Did I understand you to say that Bentheim had placed these pictures at your disposal, Count Verjus," he asked, "do you mean that he gave you the option of purchasing them, or that he made you a present of them?"

"Count Verjus was enchanted with these pictures, your Highness," said Bentheim...

"Who would not be!" cried the Duke, "they are worth a whole gallery of stiff, ungrateful, meretricious productions by so-called men of genius. In my opinion the best of a good picture is that it should excite no violent emotion, but should delight our minds and spirits, and give a deep satisfaction to our sense of the beautiful. I have a number of pictures by great masters, but only a few of them have the power of restoring my mind to that state of tranquillity so constantly disturbed by our daily troubles and vexations."

'It seems to me that Berghem has the faculty of producing that kind of picture which one never tires of looking at.'

"Your Highness makes me very happy," said Verjus, the colour coming into his sallow cheeks.

"I had a sort of claim to these pictures," said Bentheim, shrugging his shoulders; "the fact is, I have been supporting the artist, and his burlesque better half, for the last two months, and twice a week, at least, I have been obliged to have unpleasantly animated discussions with Myvrout Berghem concerning the purchase of these pictures. So, in some respects I am glad the Count succeeded so quickly in taming that she-dragon, and purchasing the whole set from her. He has just accomplished this feat."

"I congratulate you, Verjus," said the Duke.

"Oh! your Highness, I am much obliged to you, but I, personally, have no share in the pictures; these eleven, and the twelfth, upstairs, the landscape with the man on the white horse, belong to my master the king."

"They will be placed in the Louvre, I suppose," remarked the Duke with a sigh.

"A little while ago Your Highness laughed at my frankness," said Verjus, "What should you say if I were to continue to speak plainly, like a gentleman, and not like a diplomatist?"

"I do not know what you are aiming at, Verjus," said the Duke.

"Well, I will ask your Highness a question. Supposing these pictures were in the Louvre and (the ancient castle of Bentheim excepted)—they could not be in a place worthier of them), and that my master, on hearing that it would give your Highness even a passing gratification to possess them, were, as a necessary consequence, to present them to you as a mark of his high esteem."

"Come, let us have no more of this, Verjus," said the Duke.

But Verjus continued in a firm voice.

"Your Highness, would you refuse the pictures in such a case? Answer me, frankly, yes or no?"

"I should not refuse them," said the Duke, very gravely.

"Well then, as a representative of his most Christian Majesty, I am authorised to speak and act. These eleven pictures therefore, with the twelfth one, now upstairs, the finest perhaps of the set, are your Highness's property."

"Do you mean without any conditions, Verjus?"

"With one condition only, that in your private character, not as a Prince, your Highness should regard Louis XIV. as a friend."

"I am nicely caught," said Rudolph Augustus under his breath."

The gentlemen now went to dinner, and the conversation became purely political. The Duke remained firm, however, and when he left the following morning, he told Count Verjus

"So will mir's scheinen
Sind die rechten Bilder,
Die man muss meinen."

Lines written by Rudolph Augustus under Berghem's picture "Wandering Shepherds" once at Salzdahlen (first catalogue). The dog is jumping up to the woman on the donkey, for a piece of bread.

that whatever happened, his troops would be at the Emperor's command, in the Imperial wars with France.

But the hint about the Duchy of Lauenburg had done its work with the Duke of Wolfenbüttel, for immediately after the peace of Nymegen, in 1678, unhallowed dissensions began fomented by France between the line of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel and that of Brunswick-Lüneburg.

When the last Duke of Lauenburg, Julius Francis, died childless, and the Duke of Celle-Brunswick-Lüneburg took possession of Lauenburg, the prudent Rudolph Augustus threw himself altogether in the arms of France, by the advice of his passionate brother, and co-regent Ulrich Anthony. But Ernest Augustus, the steadfast, gained the victory, and from that time the line of Wolfenbüttel sank into insignificance, by slow yet sure degrees, before the glory of the younger branch of the Guelph family, destined to be one of the most brilliant thrones in the world,—the throne of England.

When Rudolph Augustus quitted this life, in 1704, Berghem had long been in his grave, having died in 1683. Count Verjus was thrown from his carriage and died of the injuries he received. Not one gold piece, of the stipulated sum, did he ever pay for the twelve pictures of Berghem, which had been sent to Brunswick.

BLINDMANSBUFF.

(BY DANIEL CHODOWIECKY.)

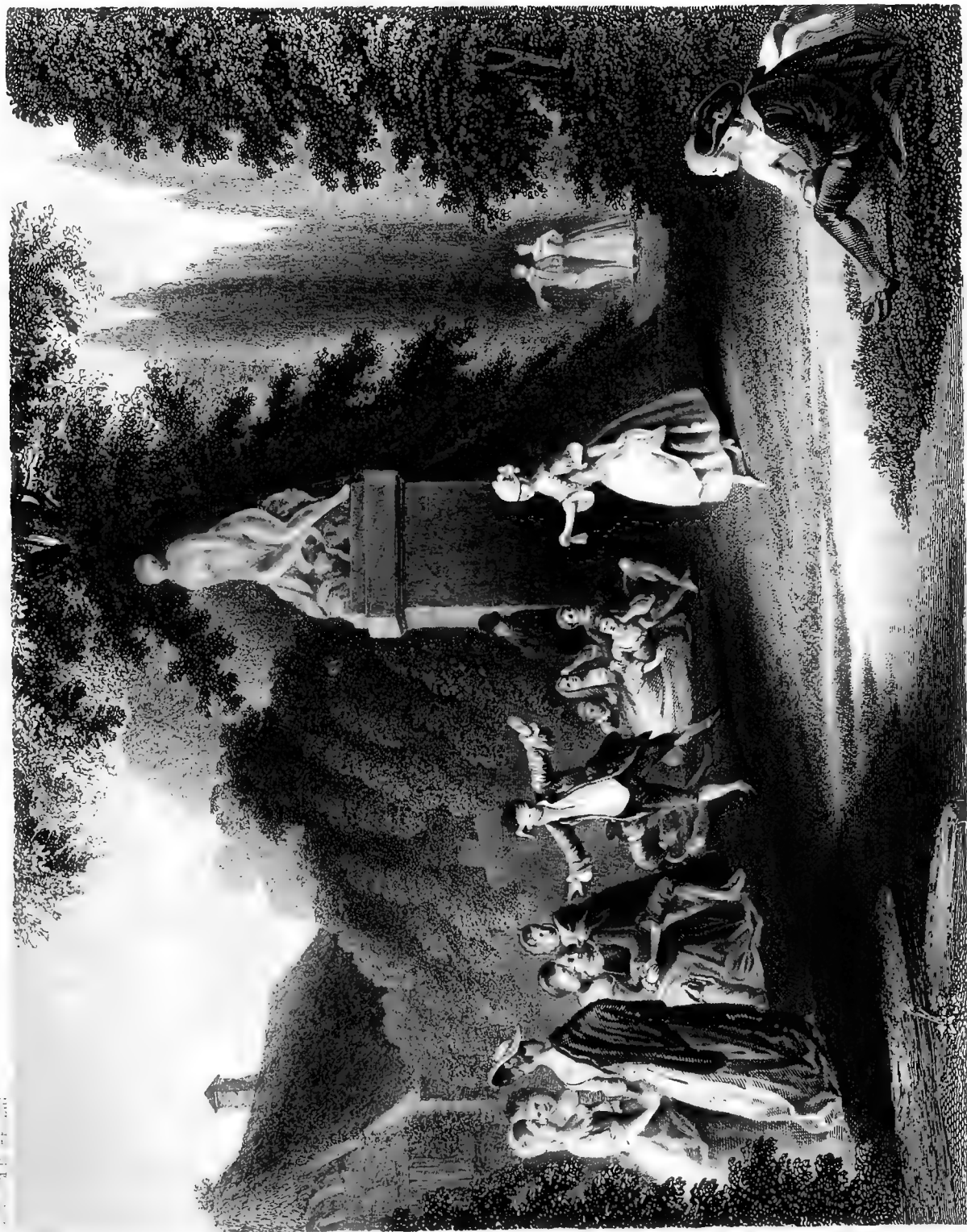
The neighbourhood, in which stood the old inn (the King of Portugal), had long ceased to be reckoned as an aristocratic quarter in the modern and beautified city of Berlin. The old Iberian monarch, much resembling a king on a court card, swayed to and fro with every favourable wind of his rusty hinges, but no officer ever condescended to cross the flagged floor of that house, in which Frederick William I. had loved to partake of his favourite dish, "sauerkraut" and ham, and to hold festive balls unadorned by the presence of ladies, in which he led off quadrilles and waltzes with his general staff officers.

As the evening drew on, the upper floors of the inn became darkened and lights appeared in two small windows in the gable. A man standing in the middle of the street might have been observed gazing up at these windows, apparently anxious to convince himself, amid the brisk snow-drift of a December evening, whether he was really before the King of Portugal, or before some other inn. Near the points of which he stood, a lantern swayed to and fro on a heavy chain. The man unbuttoned his long fur coat, and took out a note book, but soon saw that he could read nothing by the uncertain light.

He went up to the open entry, and knocked at a door on the right hand, behind which a confused chorus of men's voices was audible. Thick clouds of tobacco-smoke issued from the opened door, as if the deceased monarch and his band of smokers had risen from their graves, and were again arguing politics within. The man on entering steered his way with some difficulty between the sturdy figures of the beer and brandy drinking citizens, and at last penetrated to the inner sanctuary of this smoking temple, the bar behind which a still young but extremely corpulent hostess with white trimmed cap and flapped apron, did the honours of the house. She must have kept a very sharp eye upon her guests, for, as the stranger approached her, she did not turn any of the beer taps, but took up a wine bottle which stood near, and poured out a glass of sparkling red wine.

"This is good," said the hostess, "as good as that which the departed king drank from my mother's hands."

The landlady pointed towards one side of the room where hung the "smoky" portrait of Frederick William I., also of Frederick II. as a boy, and an excellent crayon drawing of a very substantial burgher's wife, who resembled the hostess stationed behind the bar, much as one glass of beer resembles another.



BLINDEKUHSPIEL.

BLIND-MAN'S BUFF.

"If the gentleman does not wish to remain here, I have another and better room," continued the landlady.

"Do not trouble yourself, Madam," answered the stranger, sitting down, and wiping his glasses. "I cannot stay long. Your wine is good, I can tell you."

"Then you understand wine."

"Give me another glass, and then tell me whether a young man lives here, named Chodowiecky?"

"Chodowiecky. Yes, certainly, but you would find it a long journey to his room, as it is in the roof—and our old-fashioned house is very lofty. And the gentleman is none of the thinnest. I will send the servant to fetch Mr. Daniel, and he will soon be here."

"Mr. Daniel?"

"Yes, so we call Herr Chodowiecky, because his proper name is so long and unpronounceable. And when first Herr Chodowiecky came here from Dantzig, he called himself only Daniel, I learnt the reason later."

"Well?"

"It is nothing bad or dishonourable. He brought but little money with him, and had difficulty in maintaining himself, for which reason I think he preferred to remain unknown."

"But he is in good circumstances now, Madam?"

"He lives well, and pays regularly; he also dresses like a gentleman, when he wishes to walk out, but he is a very strange person. If I do not sometimes go up-stairs, and chase him out with my long broom, he remains for weeks in utter forgetfulness of the existence of green trees, meadows, and fields, and of God's pure air."

The stranger stood up, took off his three-cornered plumed hat, and wiped his forehead. He uncovered a square head, which was provided with a curly, thick wig. His broad, turned-up nose, and his slightly-opened mouth with its row of projecting teeth could not be considered beautiful, and yet a pleasing impression was produced by the general aspect of the man appearing about forty years of age, with his clear, friendly eyes, and amiable expression. Brabant lace surrounded his heavy double chin, his lilac vest was thickly embroidered with gold-lace. The practised eyes of the landlady perceived that his fur was a Russian sable, which must have cost at least a thousand rubles. In short, she concluded that the strange guest in the "King of Portugal," who drank wine instead of beer, must be some remarkable person, but although her blue eyes sparkled with curiosity, she was too polite even to show the desire which she felt to know who had done this well-merited honour to her Bordeaux-wine.

As the guest was leaving the room, accompanied by a servant carrying a lantern, one of the citizens suddenly turned round with an astonished gaze, and lifting his three cornered hat, said in the hearing of all the bystanders:

"Good evening, Herr Gotzkowsky!"

"Who? Gotzkowsky? How so?" asked all the guests together. They all stood up noisily, uncovered their heads, and bowed, whilst "Herr Gotzkowsky," repeatedly waving his hand, left the room.

There was abundant material for conversation that evening in the guests' room of the "King of Portugal." So that was Herr Gotzkowsky, the son-in-law of the rich court-contractor Blum, he who made silk, laid out large mulberry plantations, founded the velvet factory, and was now erecting a silk factory in the Friedrichstadt;—the special favourite of the king, for whom he

purchased valuable Italian and French pictures, thus adorning the private apartments of the monarch and of a citizen whose noble public spirit could hardly be excelled."

Herr Gotzkowsky patiently followed John's dull polar star, and at last accomplished his journey to the topmost story. The servant pointed out a door, surrounded on the right and left by crockery, empty barrels, broken chairs and such lumber, and then gazed in astonishment at the half gulden, which the stranger pressed into his hand. Gotzkowsky entered a long, low, narrow room, much overheated by a small stove. The stove stood near an old sofa, on which the possessor was reclined, and from which, by the help of his stove-hook of unusual length or in case of need of his maul-stick, he contrived to reach all his most important surroundings, and to drag towards him paper, books, a packet of tobacco or matches, without being obliged to get up—and interrupted himself in his work—which just then consisted in painting. The young man, who was leaning over the table, rose directly he heard Gotzkowsky's greeting, caught the shade off the lamp, and seemed to lose all self-control, in welcoming his guest.

"Do not disturb yourself, Herr Chodowiecky," Gotzkowsky said in a confidential tone. "As you have ceased to visit me, I have no choice left, but to search for you. I see that you are working industriously, and that you have not indolently abandoned drawing and painting, and am come to remind you, that you have never given me an answer to my proposal."

Daniel Chodowiecky was young, with engaging features and bright dark eyes, he wore no wig, and his short-clipped hair was black and curly, in spite of its shortness. He wore a flowered dressing gown, and held a paint-brush in his thin, delicate hand.

"I pray you, Sir, to take my seat," Chodowiecky said, in confusion, "I have no better to offer you."

"Oh! I shall easily make myself comfortable."

But that was not so easy, for on all sides lay sheets of paper, rolls, books, manuscript, or glass and porcelain plates. At last Gotzkowsky was persuaded to take one corner of the sofa.

"Now, Herr Chodowiecky, how does the matter stand between us?" asked the merchant. "Permit me to facilitate your answer."

He bent over the table, and drew towards himself a few pencil drawings.

"Excuse me, those are unsuccessful attempts."

"These drawings? If these are unsuccessful, the successful must indeed be incomparable! Look, here is Lady Macbeth, at the moment when she takes the light in her hand, and mutters 'To bed, to bed.'"

"The bookseller lent me Shakespeare's dramatic works."

"And you have tested your eminent talent by one of the most difficult scenes, which a painter could choose."

"Here is Hamlet, when he sees the ghost—it is even in better order than the first drawing. I need not see more, effectually to silence your modesty, Herr Chodowiecky."

The young man sighed.

"And here, it seems, are some scenes out of a novel. A duel, the composition is superb... A poor, intellectual starveling, an old fisherman, and a hard fanatical preacher."

"How life-like and characteristic this is, and how expressive. Have you not attempted painting on enamel?"

Gotzkowsky became suddenly excited.

"Yes, but all has failed."

"In the same manner as these attempts of your brush are failures?"

"O! Herr Gotzkowsky!—you know the difference between a painting, and a miniature!"

"If I do, I consider that you are an artist able to overcome such difference."

"To speak truly, Herr Gotzkowsky, I despair of ever becoming an artist. My work is so hopelessly incomplete that the main idea, which I desire to express, is always left in an unfinished state."

"That is a discovery, which every great artist has made before you."

"Only cocoons!" exclaimed the silk-merchant. "This evening we will discuss matters further."

"Permit me to give you a decided refusal, although with pain."

"But what more can you wish? I offer you the situation of artistic director of our future porcelain manufacture, and can promise you a salary of two thousand thalers, if you will adapt yourself to that style of art, which the king prefers. I think that you could with ease invent many series of pictures, which should equal the works of Antoine Watteau in characteristic representation of elegant society. Your facility is quite French, and your depth of thought would lead you to truth where the Frenchman would only give a dressed-up lie."

"He would be untrue, if he gave more than this character could claim," remarked Chodowiecky.

"Your observation is just. But what discrimination you show," answered Gotzkowsky. "I will not restrict you; your power lies in invention, and in a talent for characteristic expression. You can still be original, even should you work on the field already occupied by the galant French painters."

Chodowiecky raised his arms in despair.

"But," he exclaimed, "I am a bungler. The sad truth forces itself upon me, that I am and always shall be wanting in thorough artistic culture. I cannot compete with an Anna Lisiewska and far less with the Parisian masters."

"The Lisiewska paints a smooth portrait, and it is always spoiled by a foolish meaningless smile."

"Indeed—but what is the quality of painting in these pictures, Sir?"

"Bad enough, I assure you,—and I understand painting well!" said Gotzkowsky. "Let me see what you have there?"

He drew out a medaillon painted on a small porcelain plate which lay half concealed by a heap of papers, and examined it with the greatest interest. It was a likeness of Friedrich II.

"The uniform is treated heavily," said Gotzkowsky, "but the head of the king has never, to my knowledge, been painted with greater truth and intelligence than here. These eyes are gentle in their expression, and yet they sparkle with inward fire, here the fashionable 'stare' which Lisiewska and Pesne have fastened upon the king, has given way to his natural expression. And the mouth is noble, although Frederick's mouth might drive a painter to distraction. I shall take possession of this picture, and beg to inform you, that you will find twenty-five ducats placed to your credit at my counting-house."

"The picture has no frame, it is not ready."

"I am quite satisfied. The king will see the portrait, and if he considers you competent to become the chief painter in our manufactory, I hope you will have no opposition to offer."

"You must send for a French master."

"Herr Chodowiecky, we wish for a Prussian. And we shall gladly welcome a citizen of Dantzig. Can you tell me, where is the painter in Berlin, or in any other city of the Prussian

kingdom, who is capable of accomplishing what I require? We have none, not one. You cannot escape. Our porcelain manufacture must first be erected, let your artistic development grow with it, that you may thus supply the artificial side of a character, which shall enable us to compete for originality with Meissen. And now not a word more, I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing you at my house."

Gotzkowsky then rose, went out through the crowded old room, escorted by Chodowiecky with a light. A sudden gust of wind from below extinguished the light, and the artist conducted his visitor by the hand down the stairs; then returning to his room, he paced to and fro in the greatest excitement.

"Paradise has opened its gates, but alas! poor Daniel dare not venture it," he said at last, in melancholy tones. "What a terrible hour. But my artistic dream begins to vanish. I am considered a master and treated as such, and yet I am nothing but a dilettante, who can scarcely master the alphabet, much less the grammar of his art. No, it would be the greatest and most overweening conceit, were I to endeavour to compete with the artists of Paris and Meissen, I should cover myself with disgrace and shame, and I will not grant this triumph to my enemies in Dantzig, who are never weary of prophesying that my fate will be that of a spoiled genius. Should I be reduced to sell herrings and train oil, I will never accept the position which Gotzkowsky offers me, a position for which I am as well suited as that of director of an observatory. And now away with all dreams of glory! away! away!"

The storm had swept the deserted terraces of Sans-Souci, had compelled the trees and shrubs to bend beneath its force, and had caught up the last faded leaves from the snow, to drive them against the statues of the ancient gods exiled from sunny Greece.

The king had taken up his winter quarters in the palace at Potsdam. It was about five o'clock in the evening; he ended his political work with the perusal and signature of the despatches left prepared for him at the morning conference of his cabinet council, and then entered his favourite room near the concert hall; here he had arranged his small library of selected volumes, and was accustomed to amuse himself by turning over new books as well as by the reception of distinguished strangers.

A solitary wax taper burnt upon his table, and it was not until after the entrance of the king that the valet de chambre Schöning slipped into the room, and set light to the gaily coloured wax tapers in the silver candelabras.

The monarch appeared to be in a cheerful mood, as was his wont at that hour of the day, for having employed its earlier minutes with iron punctuality in the service of the state, the remaining hours were his own. He wandered slowly and pensively up and down his room, sometimes stopping to examine a thick roll of notes, which lay on his table. He wore his easy but thread-bare blue uniform with red facings, his dagger and scarf, and on his head a plain hat, only decorated with a delicate ostrich feather.

The exertions which Friedrich had undergone, had left their impress on his elastic frame even though it was sustained by his vigorous mind. His hair began to grow grey on his temples; the fine features of his face were marked by harder lines than in earlier days, and his commanding, irresistible and piercing gaze was suggestive of a dagger, polished ready for the thrust. Only the sweet and indestructible charm which played around his mouth, had remained unchanged. His figure was slightly bent; but his step was firm and martial.

"Strutzki! Is no-one here to-day?"

"Your Majesty," replied the lackey, shrugging his shoulders, and casting an enquiring glance on the king.

"Well?"

"According to the Lord Chamberlain's report, too many visitors have arrived, quite a crowd."

"Where is Pöllnitz's audience-list? It should always lie here, *here*." And Friedrich laid his finger with its brilliant solitaire diamond ring upon the corner of the table. "Where is Pöllnitz himself?"

An old man of at least seventy appeared, dressed in chamberlain's uniform, his heavy flushed face highly excited. The king watched with some amusement his grotesque, though correct bows, and turning towards him, said, "Were you on the terrace half an hour ago, when it began to snow so heavily?"

"Yes, your Majesty, at your command."

"Then you have yourself to blame, that a part of your grand brain is frozen."

Pöllnitz raised his hand involuntarily to his forehead.

"It is useless to feel it, I concluded that some misfortune had happened to you; because so many people wishing to see me, you have announced no one."

"Your Majesty, I intended to visit the Turkish Ambassador this evening, and the Prince of Looz-Corswaaren had promised to undertake my duties."

"Ah, Pöllnitz, you should have known that your place cannot be supplied; let Turks visit the Turk, and you bring in my tormentors. The concert begins in half an hour."

Pöllnitz stationed himself at the open folding doors, and announced "Mons. le Marquis d'Argens."

A tall, stately old man entered, wearing, apparently for the sake of warmth, a thick wig; his dress bordered with fur, and a marten muff on his breast. The Marquis bowed to the king, and then glanced around.

"Good heavens, where is she?"

"Who, dear D'Argens?" asked the king.

"Your Majesty's greyhound, I just now caught her in the palace garden."

A cold gust of wind forced its way in, and unceremoniously seized the king's arm-chair. The king examined the beautiful animal with the closest attention. He appeared troubled, wiped it carefully with his handkerchief, and then placed it in a corner of a divan.

"What kind extravagance, d'Argens, led you to walk in the park in this weather, which is not fit even for my greyhound. Without you the greyhound would have been dead by to-morrow, or at any rate, her brain would have been frozen as that of poor Pöllnitz has been to-day. Pöllnitz had received orders not to announce your name at the door—and yet did so to-day."

"Sire, the name has a delightful sound in my ear," muttered Pöllnitz.

Friedrich smiled graciously.

"Really, Pöllnitz, this is a gleam of departed days," said the king. "Your head must be beginning to thaw!"

Lord Mitchell, the English ambassador, appeared, and received a hearty greeting from the king with whom he had often graciously conversed during times of war.

"Who else is waiting outside?" asked the king of the Marquis.

"Sire, Baron Pöllnitz has a troop in waiting, and amongst them I observed Arnim, with some of the opera company, all of whom were unceremoniously dismissed on account of the near approach of the concert."

The king looked annoyed, but smiled, as Lord Mitchell remarked:

"Pöllnitz hurls his thunders upon the just and upon the unjust, he has such a dislike to jesters, the bunglers in their art, that he has not even spared the righteous."

"My lord, is not the little Prince of Brunswick, with the Chevalier d'Anhalt still outside," D'Argens asked in a whisper. "Did you not observe a boy in military uniform in the ante-chamber?"

"Certainly, and the boy had a noble bearing."

"But where is the Prince?" Friedrich asked of the Marquis: "If Pöllnitz has shown him the door, the simpleton may await his punishment."

"Monsieur le chevalier d'Anhalt! Escorting his royal grace, the Prince Maximilian Julius Leopold of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel!" announced Baron Pöllnitz.

The general Major Henry William of Anhalt entered—his bearing was martial and he was arrayed in full uniform; he led by the hand a boy of eleven years of age, of astonishing beauty, wearing the cornets' uniform of the Halberstadt regiment of infantry.

"Look!" cried the king, as the Prince stood before him in military guise, and saluted with quick but elegant movements.

The king also saluted.

"He can do it better than I," Friedrich said, drawing the Prince towards him, and laying his hand on the mass of brown, lightly-powdered hair, which covered his head.

"Your Majesty, most gracious uncle!" the boy answered with beaming eyes, "as I already wear the dagger of a Prussian regiment, I shall endeavour to become a valiant Prussian officer. I only wish that war would break out again."

"My little nephew," Friedrich replied with a tinge of sadness, "who knows how firm or how fragile peace may be. There is no fear that the time will come when you may use your dagger."

"For you, and for Germany," the prince continued with animation.

"Yes, yes," answered Friedrich.

"This dagger was from my good aunt, the Queen, and my Aunt Amelia presented me with the diamond on the knob, the stone was taken from one of her favourite rings."

Prinz Leopold lifted up the sheath, in order to give his great uncle an opportunity of admiring the jewel.

"You seem to be a favourite with the ladies, my Prince," said the king.

"Yes. Sire, and I do not wish to return to Brunswick. The queen wept, when I drove away from Schönhausen, and when I took leave of the Princess Amelia, at her palace in the Wilhelmsstrasse, she said that I must stay here until I had been painted in my uniform, and the picture should be given to her Majesty, the Queen."

The king was silent, he walked towards the window, with his arms crossed behind his back, and appeared lost in thought.

"When does the Prince return to Brunswick?" he enquired of General von Anhalt.

"The duke's ambassador appointed to-morrow for the journey, your Majesty."

"Oh! the ambassador has nothing to do with it," the Prince exclaimed with animation. "I am now under the command of my uncle, the king, and cannot leave without his permission."

"Right, Leopold," said the king, stroking the boy's cheek.

"You are in my service and I cannot give you leave of absence, until you have served in my regiment for a few days as a cornet. You will thus gain time to gratify the wishes of both your aunts. The question remains, who shall paint your portrait?"

The king turned to the two gentlemen standing by, and said, pointing to his table, over which hung a portrait of the beautiful dancer, Signora Barberini, afterwards Countess Campanine.

"Yes, if Antonio Pesne were still living, or if the Lisiewska, Madame Yerbresch, did not work so slowly."

"The picture which hangs in Aunt Amelia's boudoir, is painted by a splendid painter," said Prince Leopold.

"That was painted by Pesne, my dear nephew, you mean the portrait, a tambour?"

"Yes, your Majesty. It is yourself, at three years old, playing the tambour, with upturned glance. Your aunt of Bayreuth, and the Moor, marching in time!"

"I have seldom seen a more expressive composition," said Lord Mitchell, "but it is in English rather than in French taste."

"Sire," Baron Pöllnitz said respectfully, "the merchant Gotzkowsky is outside, with the Gallery Director Oesterreich."

"Let them come in, we shall be glad of their knowledge of art."

The Gallery Director Oesterreich, whom the king had engaged in Dresden, entered first, a fine imposing man. Then followed Gotzkowsky, with powerful figure, and bright energetic eyes. Friedrich greeted the merchant with an unusual warmth.

"You come with a very gloomy face, dear Gotzkowsky, as if a kiln full of your finest porcelain had been burnt."

"Sire, my business is going on as badly as if every brand for years past had failed. The Saxons are invincible."

"I did not know that, Gotzkowsky, you have no good painter, either for the designs, or for the work itself. All that we attempt beyond mere ornament, looks either like the work of pupils or rough and barbaric, you must send for a painter from Paris. You will not succeed in alluring over any of the Saxons, and even they employ Frenchmen for their principal pieces. I will write to my ambassador in Paris, Oberst von der Goltz, who himself understands painting on vases and other chine."

"Many thanks, your Majesty, but where shall we find buyers for our beautiful works?"

"Why have you no miniatures for snuff-boxes?" asked the king impatiently. "See, I can attack you on your own ground."

Gotzkowsky put his hand silently into his breast-pocket, drew out a little packet, unfolded the tissue paper, and displayed a richly-jewelled snuff-box, on the back of which was the wonderful portrait of the king.

"What a brilliant discovery!" Friedrich exclaimed surprised.

"The portrait is painted with taste and spirit. Van der Werff has not a lighter, or more brilliant touch. But the composition is not original; it recalls the picture by George Friedrich Schmidt."

"Sire, your remark is just, but the painter has understood how to portray the years which lie between that portrait of your Majesty and the present time."

"Peste, it is difficult for me to feel grateful for that," Friedrich said, smiling, and laying his hand on his grey locks.

"And," added the merchant, "the artist has only seen your Majesty once—at the last manœuvre."

"That is interesting!" answered Friedrich, his glance constantly returning to the picture. "It combines French delicacy with rigour of expression. Who is the painter? he must be a pupil of the Parisian school?"

"It is not so, your Majesty, the artist is from Dantzic: Daniel Chodowiecky."

"Then he is a Pole? The Germans, however great they may be as stewards and soldiers, are always behindhand in art. I despair of them."

"Chodowiecky has not retained more traces of his Polish descent, than I of mine. We are both Germans, with the accidental misfortune of Polish names."

"Every one knows that Gotzkowsky is a German," exclaimed Friedrich with warmth. "And I am most happy to allow that his friend Chodowiecky—whom he recommends with such warmth, also belongs to our nation. If the Germans could only succeed, by means of their own efforts, in forming such a school of art as should be worthy of our great nationality; a school which should not be surpassed by foreigners! If Chodowiecky is gifted with originality and power, let no money be spared to secure his services for our porcelain manufactory. Who was his master??"

"He has had no teacher, but his own talent."

"Impossible!"

"Chodowiecky was educated for business," Gotzkowsky replied. "He has a more complete command of the pen, than of the brush, he draws and etches better than he paints, and he has a natural inclination towards comedy."

"True comedy is the gem in the art of painting," Friedrich remarked. "I must see this Chodowiecky. Firstly, let him receive the price of this snuff-box from my treasurer, and in addition fifteen ducats for the portrait."

"Your Majesty, I have also a snuff-box, painted by Chodowiecky," remarked the Gallery Director Oesterreich, thrusting his hand into his waist-coat pocket.

"With my portrait?"

"No, Sire, but the painting is excellent."

The king received a silver snuff-box without jewels, but richly covered with engravings and etchings. The lid was adorned with an exquisite engraving of Rubens' well-known picture, 'Mars, with helmet, crowned as victor by Victoria.' The king drew out his eye-glass and examined Mars, which bore his own features.

"Superb," he exclaimed. "Look, my Lord."

Lord Mitchell took the box, examined it carefully, and then slipped it into his pocket, saying, "Mons. Oesterreich, my steward will pay you twenty guineas."

"My lord, it is impossible," Oesterreich replied, in anxiety. "The box was made under my orders."

"Yes, and your directions were good, and artistic."

"My Lord, the box is intended for the Mars, whom it represents."

Lord Mitchell cast an artful side-glance at the king.

"My good director," Friedrich said earnestly, "Lord Mitchell is everything to you.—The box is your property, now, my Lord, if my good Oesterreich is satisfied with the price you named, he can receive it from my pay-master."

"But, Sire, the silver is not worth eight thalers, and Chodowiecky only asked twenty thalers for his work," said the Director.

"There is an instance of your German failing," said the king. "You do not esteem yourselves highly enough; you set too low a value on yourselves, and cannot expect that other nations should find fault with your modesty. You, Oesterreich, send for Chodowiecky,—he shall paint the portrait of my nephew Prince Leopold. I will settle with his employers. For whom has he worked?"

"For booksellers, clock-makers, and jewellers."

"Chodowiecky shall paint snuff-boxes for me at first hand, and then he shall see whether he is able to paint my suite of pictures by Antonio Mietmann on the principal platters of my finest porcelain service. If Chodowiecky can also invent original pictures, in the style of Watteau, we shall altogether surpass Meissen."

"And then, if the manufactory does not answer," asked Gotzkowsky.

"Then I shall stand in the breach for him as he has stood in the breach for the benefit of my poor Berlin, Gotzkowsky. Let him bring to me on a note, as large as my two fingers, the list of the money he requires, and in case of need, I will undertake the factory myself.—Only let him act with spirit and decision."

The sound of the tuning of violins was heard, issuing from the concert room. The king took up his cane. Benda, the concert-master, appeared at the door with a silent bow.

"Come, gentlemen, my-lord, will you remain here, and you d'Argens? Where is the chief-equerri-Schwerin? And you, my little prince, will you accompany me to the concert?"

"Sire, under two conditions, otherwise your Majesty must command me to remain here."

"What conditions have you to make?"

"Firstly, my uncle, I must have a snuff-box."

The king thought a moment, and then took out the box with his portrait.

"Here, my prince!"

"Sire, I thank you, not this box. It is very expensive, and very beautiful, especially the portrait of your Majesty. And yet I should never care to possess it. No painter can paint the picture for me, as I see it before my eyes, as it speaks to me, and as I love it. *The other box.*"—

"My Lord, I beg you to change with me," the king said, with emotion, "the arguments of such a panygerist are not to be withstood."

"Sire, I thank you," said Lord Mitchell, slipping the box into his pocket. "But I shall consider this box as a remembrance of my winter quarters in Freiberg, and consequently."

"I intend it as a present for you, Mitchell."

"It cannot be otherwise, your Majesty, for I intend to give this snuff-box to the Prince. Here, my prince, take this, and never forget to imitate the model of courage and humanity, represented by the artist."

The prince looked at the picture on the cover with the greatest interest.

The piano sounded from the concert room.

"Well, my dear Leopold, the concert is beginning. You will omit your second condition."

"No, Sire, the musicians must commence by playing the regimental march, the Halberstadt Parade March, and they must play the music correctly."

"They shall, my child," said Friedrich, turning away with a moistened eye, as he whispered, "Who would not be proud to own such a child!"

On the 28th of December, 1785, the news reached Berlin, that the king did not intend to visit the Capital as usual for the Carneval. For several years previously he had been in the habit of arriving at the Castle in Berlin on Christmas day, and remaining there until after his birthday, on the 24th of January, and had been accustomed to celebrate the 18th of January, the Prussian coronation day, with the greatest magnificence. The king had been for the last time in Berlin on the 9th of September, had visited the Princess Amalia, and had minutely inspected the troops. But he was not destined to re-visit Berlin.

A crowd of distinguished officials arrived at Potsdam for the reception at Christmas day. On the previous day the king had granted audiences to several foreigners. All those who had not seen him for some months, were dismayed at the change in his appearance. His weakness could no longer be concealed, and his imperious spirit seemed unable to sustain his feeble body. —Yet he continued to work with spirit and energy—as if anxious to prove to himself, that his intellectual powers were still unimpaired. Many manufacturers, traders and artists appeared this year amongst the strangers. The king received his guests in groups, and made minute enquiries respecting their employment, and especially any new schemes, to which he endeavoured to give a wise direction, by his sagacious remarks.

The time appointed for the reception was almost over, and still a man in the ordinary brown dress of a civilian waited for his introduction. The old attendant Neumann whispered to the stranger:

"Do not be impatient; his Majesty is well disposed towards you, he always reserves his especial favours until the end of the reception."

"Thank God," whispered the stranger, and wiped the sweat from his noble brow.

A moment later, the shrill silver bell sounded from the king's room, and the man in the dark coat was summoned to enter.

Friedrich was in full court dress, with dagger and scarf, he wore his hat on his head, and was seated in a large arm chair, before a table of about an ell square, on the top of which was a mosaic of exquisite workmanship. Upon the table lay a black portfolio, ornamented with silver, and engraved with the letter V. The portfolio belonged to the collection of Sans Souci, formerly called "Vigno" or Vineyard.

Friedrich rested both his hands on the top of his stick, and cast a searching but kind glance on the man who entered.

"You are Chodowiecky," he said, but was interrupted by a fit of coughing.

"My most gracious Lord and Sovereign..."

"I wish that my sovereignty could dispute with my cough," muttered Friedrich. "But you are no 'special ambassador,' and may speak to me, as you are in the habit of speaking to other honest men. Do you know, Chodowiecky, that I have a right to collar you?"

"I pray your Majesty's favour."

"Tell me, how many years have elapsed since your appointed time.—And what excuse you have to offer."

The king took a pinch of snuff from a small silver snuff-box which lay on the table near the very large snuff-box, and continued, in a gentle tone.

"Look at this snuff-box—what do you say to the engraving?"

Chodowiecky took up the box—after looking at it for a few moments, he shrugged his shoulders, and replaced it on the table.

"Yes, yes, yes," said Friedrich stamping on the floor with every word. "So it is. You cannot now alter a step of the course, which you chose for yourself on the day when you gave the snuff-box to the director Oesterreich, and you cannot expect to change."

"Your Majesty — —"

"Do not 'Majesty' me again," said the king. "Do you know that all who were present here when Oesterreich, the gallery director, was forced against his will to sell his box to the brave Lord Mitchell, are now dead?"

A deep pause ensued.

"If d'Argens must die, why need he die in the province, as if our air were not as suitable as that, for the business of death? And Pöllnitz—his folly could save him as little as his wit and his learning."

The king was again interrupted by a fit of coughing.

"Lord Mitchell—gone!" Friedrich continued, speaking more to himself than to Chodowiecky.

"The others,—was there ever such a gentleman as Oesterreich? where is my courageous, well-informed and sensible Oesterreich? And Gotzkowsky, the Pole—a patriot without compeers—great as a Roman, and honourable as a German.—He is dying, and must first become a bankrupt, without my being able to prevent it, simply because the man had the suicidal pride, to hide his real position from me."

Again a profound silence.

"The general Adjutant of Anhalt is still alive, but we cannot wonder at this with such a Hun.—You know that he is now Governor of Königsberg?"

Silence.

"What is the matter, Chodowiecky, I had formed quite another idea of you. You are hypercondriacal. And this is of no use to me, as in this respect, I am sufficiently strong myself. But I understand, you do not wish me to mention Prince Leopold—tell me the truth."

"You are right, your Majesty, the fate of the Prince caused me much grief. But this, your Majesty, is the saddest hour of my life."

"Do you know—what the suffering of death will be?"

"Sire, I do not fear death."

"Because you are not acquainted with it! Death is inquisitive, and is in the habit of making enquiries respecting all the mistakes of the dying. What should you reply, for instance, if you were asked, why you did not accept the appointment of first painter of the porcelain factory?"

"Ah, Sire, I was then only a bungler, and the title of director could not have made me a master."

"I can say nothing against your disrespectful judgment of yourself, but you shall not contest the value of Prince Leopold's opinion, and he always considered the engraver or etcher of the snuff-box a great master. Do you know, that my poor nephew had the snuff-box in his pocket, when he was drawn, dead, out of the Oder."

The king opened the portfolio, which contained a few impressions of the portrait of Prince Leopold, drawn and engraved several years ago by Chodowiecky.

"You should not have refused to take the boy's portrait," continued the king, "you should have given your support to my manufactory as its artist,—then I could have kept Gotzkowsky, and I should have succeeded in the undertaking on which, in addition to constant anxiety, I have expended hundreds of thousands.

"Your Majesty, Man proposes and God disposes."

"Yes, much is laid at His door, but confess, Chodowiecky, that you have been oppressed by booksellers and picture-dealers."

"Unfortunately—this has been the case, Sire."

"I know that you have often had no bread in the house."

"No one can resist his fate, Sire."

"That is a figure of speech; a man should use every effort to do his duty under all circumstances. At one period of your life, in my opinion, and as is proved by your later works, you, through a mistaken modesty—failed in your duty, and thus fell into the state of embarrassment, which you call fate. The only good result has been, that you have at length raised yourself by your own strength."

"Your Majesty, my own strength would have been insufficient under my trying circumstances."

"Who then has supported you," asked Friedrich, looking searchingly at the artist.

"Providence, in bestowing on me a patron, just as I thought that all was lost."

"How was Providence spelt, with a 'P' or an 'F'?"

"Sire," Chodowiecky replied with emotion, "I did not know my benefactor until to-day. I had painted a picture in the style of Watteau, called 'Blindmansbuff,' which stood for months in the window of Nicolai's shop."

"I have seen the picture," said Friedrich, "but it is more in the style of Lancret than of Watteau..."

"Yes, Sire! At last came a winter's day, on which my poor picture could hardly be seen through the frozen windows, and the executor was in my house, and had taken away a number of my plates. The same evening Nicolai sent me a roll of ducats, my 'Blindmansbuff' was sold, splendidly sold..."

"Now you see that your 'Blindmansbuff' has ended in catching the right person."

"Your Majesty, I know now that the name of my patron must be Friedrich."

"And you have received your plates back without charge and uninjured, from the executor," enquired the king, again coughing.

"Yes, and at my death, the finest of these suites shall be given to the royal library."

"Oh! you are still in good health, you have much to do, before you can receive permission to die. As you are the only *German* genius in the art of painting in my state, you must wait until a second genius arises, to fill your place."

"Sire, a self-taught man, like myself, never accomplishes much."

"Such a man has at any rate no cargo of sacred, historic folly, to carry about with him. Do you reckon that for nothing?"

The king again opened his portfolio, and displayed new proofs.

"Here are your works, as far as they have yet appeared. I do not know whether you possess them all yourself. Well, if our period is ever considered worthy of study, it is my opinion, Chodowiecky, that your copper-plate engravings will form a necessary part of that study."

"My king, what can I reply?" exclaimed Chodowiecky, the tears rolling down his honest cheeks.

"Oh! this portfolio can sufficiently attest your worth,"—muttered Friedrich. "How old are you?"

"I am fifty-nine years old, Sire."

"You look only forty-nine, and well preserved for your age. And a man is really only as old as he looks. I tell you that your portfolio is not yet half filled. You have asserted the German principle of truth in art in the face of the depraved Saxon-French school. It will therefore be necessary to prove the value of your principles respecting the intellectual truth of nature by a series of examples."

"Most gracious sovereign, the zenith of my power lies already behind me."

"Oh, I thought that in 1754 and 1755, with respect to myself, and after that time, the necessity arose of explaining my general principles by means of the necessary examples."

The king's eye flashed. Chodowiecky, with respect for the noble sorrow which the king displayed, involuntarily stepped a few steps backward, absorbed in admiration of the Hero, who had illustrated his principles of right, by the glorious victories of the Seven years' war.

"Honour and the German nation will sustain you as a top is spun by a whip. I know how work is often begun quietly, then continued with enthusiasm, and finally completed, in the desire that others may not touch and spoil it. Your art must give the tone to Berlin. Millions of educated Germans already know the volumes, of which the last is the best, containing your engravings of copper. You will yet achieve much, that I shall not see."

"Oh! my king!"

"We shall all at last become blind, Master Chodowiecky.—But you must paint one picture, whilst I can see. Remember that I was always an impatient patron, even in the days when I measured my time by decades. Now that I am forced to measure it by moments, I have a right to be still more impatient."

"Sire, I will not draw another line until I have executed the commission which you will lay upon me."

"Good—that is a decided answer. You know that I refer to Prince Leopold."

The king took one pinch after another, and turned over the pages of a newspaper.

"Here it is," he said, laying his finger on the paper. "You have already seen that the Eichenberg heirs are advertising a reward in the Frankfort newspapers for the best ode on the death of Prince Leopold and the best picture on that subject."

Chodowiecky attempted to answer.

"I know what you are going to say—I have nothing to do with the ode and with the adjudicators of the prize, Klopstock, Ramler and Delius, for I do not understand modern German; neither shall I interfere with the judges of the pictures, Ramberg, Rade and Gessner, but I will myself arbitrate on a picture, in which you shall be immortalised. I wish for a picture in which the prince, as a hero, shall meet his death in the Oder. Your genius, Chodowiecky, will lead you to the noble and true, and will avoid the slightest breath of bombast. Bring my Leopold to life again. If the wreck of my heart has no longer to live, it will die the more easily."

The king recovered his breath after a long fit of coughing, and changing his tone of deep emotion for that of severity, he continued:

"Travel to Frankfort; make minute enquiries there; bring back, if possible, some specimen

portraits of the people, and twenty or thirty officers. The chamberlain Gericke shall receive orders to pay you two hundred thalers—in silver, however, for gold stands too high—it would only be stolen from you.”

Chodowiecky drew back, for the king stood up.

“No—yet one word. You must remain here to-morrow as my guest, and your family must be satisfied with your company for the second holiday. Here, take this with you! I have met with few faithful friends, who have sustained every trial like the price of this box. This is to me the most precious of my one hundred and thirty snuff-boxes. Do you not remember it. Is not the portrait still excellent, which you drew as ‘a bungler’? Lord Mitchell gave me the box as a souvenir, and I give it to you, in order that you may see how highly I esteem you, and how surely I reckon upon you, with respect to the portrait of my nephew, Prince Leopold. To-morrow we meet again.”

But the meeting on the morrow was very short. Chodowiecky attended the magnificent court on the first day of Christmas and was lost in the outskirts of the crowd surrounding the close circle of officials with uniforms and decorations. It was on that day that the king, raising himself with an effort for a few moments, while his trembling head soon sank again, said to General Zieten, who stood with quivering knees before him:

“Now, my dear father Zieten, we know that you have learnt to stand in military form, but be contented to sit.”

The scene made a still deeper impression on Chodowiecky, when the crown prince, in contrast with whose powerful figure the king looked like a skeleton, made his rounds, evidently already distinguishing the office-bearers of the new reign. Chodowiecky resolved to immortalise the scene with Zieten by an engraving, a thought which he whispered to the Councillor, Julius William Henry Beyer, the successor of Stelter, who happened to stand by him.*

The king approached Chodowiecky, and seemed already much affected. His eyes were widely opened, and he gazed before him as if indifferent to all that was passing around. When he perceived the artist, a friendly smile crossed his anxious face.

“To-day,” he said, shrugging his shoulders, “I must study coughing as an art. You must return home, and remember my commission. *Au revoir!*”

The next meeting was on the 22nd of June, 1786, when Chodowiecky came to Potsdam. The first person whom he saw was the king, sitting, wrapped in a mantle, in an arm-chair close to the grenadier on watch on the terrace, his deep enquiring gaze directed upwards. Chodowiecky concealed himself, behind a statue, and sketched the touching scene. In the afternoon, Chodowiecky saw the king galloping wildly through the park, on his favourite Condé, but in the evening the monarch was very unwell, had another attack of hæmorrhage, and refused all visitors. Chodowiecky had only the honour of being presented to the Duke Friedrich of Brunswick-Oels, who changed the whole aspect of the castle by his merriment and who remarked, in reference to the death of Prince Leopold, “If Prince Leopold is admired for *one* act of folly—I may hope some day to be exalted to the clouds.”

The king's last illness began on the 4th of July.—On the 17th of August, 1786, Frederick the Great died. The picture which he had ordered, was not finished, but the composition ‘Prince Leopold meeting his death in the Oder’ has since gained a world-wide renown.

* It was Beyer, who contrived that the Prince should be the central figure in the engraving.



SATAN'S STURZ.

SATAN'S OVERTHROW.

THE FALL OF SATAN.

(BY LUCA GIORDANO.)

As late as the 17th century, the Toledo Street in Naples, still retained its warlike character. The palaces near the castle of St. Elmo bore the aspect of a band of armed men, ready for battle, although the warlike Spanish and German families by whom the foundations of these little fortresses had been laid, had almost entirely given place to more peaceful inhabitants. There still remained over the portals a considerable number of stone coats of arms belonging to those warriors, who had here maintained their supremacy over the Iberians by the sword. One of the strongest of the stone palaces lay directly beneath St. Elmo. Its base was a quadrangle, of which each side was scarcely more than twenty yards in length, but its height was majestic, resembling those colossal Saracenic towers, which lay in ruins on the south coast of Sicily—at the time when the despoiling Saracen bands had degenerated into robbers, and were no longer able to hold the island by military force. The defiant fortress was built of massive stone, and adorned principally in oriental style, the lower floor being strongly fortified, with narrow slits in the walls for the use of archers within. The deepest front portal, provided on the right and left with narrow loopholes, was supported by short thick pilasters, on which the Saracenic horse-shoe might be observed, and through its centre emerged the bright muzzle of a bronze cannon. There were five trefoiled windows adorned by pillars on the first floor. This device was repeated twice on a smaller scale, and each time isolated by means of a blind cornice, then followed above a space of twenty feet, in which the expanse of wall was only broken by means of richly decorated loop-holes. An elaborate ornament, worked in stone, covered the sides of the tower, wherever there was sufficient plain surface to allow scope for it. It consisted of leafage, geometric figures, tracery work, and chess board patterns, without any other reference to animal life than in the most varied representations of the crocodile. The crocodile appeared once again on the battlements, pierced through with a lance by a knight on horseback. Crosses of the knight of St. John in character with this style of Christian architecture, were placed regular intervals as supports to the buttresses. Another cross with eight lances and a crocodile's head, on which were engraved the words "*Haec sperata victoria*," were carved on a large coat of arms over the portal. The people called the tower the "*Casa Maldetta*," or "*Casaccio di Draco*" and related frightful tales in connection with it. History assigned its erection to the noble Deodato de Gozzone, a grand master and warrior of the knights of Rhodes, who, with the help of his dogs

and spear had killed a gigantic crocodile, which had taken refuge in a cavern amongst the rocks of Gozzo.

The tower, which had long been a benefice of the knights of St. John, had been given by the order to the painter Don Jose di Ribera. After his completion of two large pictures on the walls of the grand hall of the order, one representing the heroic deed of Deodatus, the other St. John Hierosolymitanis in the act of carrying a plague-stricken man in spite of heathen words into the hospital under his charge. Many of Ribera's most famous pictures treat subjects as terrible as that legend of which the "Casa Malditta" had been the scene.

Every visitor, on entering the castle, was surprised at the princely arrangement of the rooms. The sombre lower hall was a magazine of beautiful and wonderful ancient pieces of armour, which were arranged as trophies on the walls. A number of ancient pictures were also here; many of these, however, have since found their way to the Barbarinian Museum. Marble steps, adorned with rows of orange trees, led to the floor, the walls were decorated in brilliant colours in the style of the Alhambra, and even the ceilings had been adorned by the possessor of this strange palace with scenes from the contests of King Peter's knights with the princes of the Moors. The master's studio was at the top of the castle, as was also the small room in which also a few of Ribera's favourite pupils were in the habit of working, both being lighted from above. Two of these pupils lived in the castle, and with the door-keeper, a powerful African, and an old woman from Ribera's native place, constituted the whole household.—A profound silence reigned, for the loud roar of the Toledo street only broke as a tide against the massive walls. The painters who, on their return home, ascended to the topmost story—were very careful to tread lightly, for Don José could endure no noise.

We will pass into Ribera's room, in which red is the predominant colour. He is himself there, in court dress.

Ribera was short in stature, but well grown and strong. Although the deep furrows in his weather-beaten face showed him to be over fifty years of age, yet his eyes were still fiery and beaming, like those of a youth. His thick beard was raven black, and only his whiskers and rich flowing hair were streaked with threads of white. The master was in Spanish dress, with red velvet waistcoat, and silk buffs of the same colour. Beneath his short mantle, adorned with the star of the Order of Calatra emerged the gold chafed handle of a long Spanish dagger.

Ribera stood, holding his gloves and plumed hat in his right hand, as if at a court entertainment, and was contemplating the sketch in grey of a large picture.

The picture was singular enough. An old man of ascetic form like St. Hieronymus in the desert, stood by a young girl of striking beauty. Both were endeavouring by the magic of their outstretched hands to repel a troop of phantastic demoniacal figures, seen floating in the air, and vainly assaulting the rocks, on which the two figures were stationed.

The cavalier looked at the picture with apparent indifference. He was a young thin man, with brown, short cut hair, dressed in a Spanish jerkin, with broad yellow top-boots and golden spurs. He wore the black and yellow imperial scarf, and a military sword. However beautiful his figure might be, the expression of his face awakened no confidence. From beneath a powerful forehead and dark eyebrows appeared restless and penetrating eyes, suggestive of choler and sensuality. His nose was turned-up—his mouth with its thick red lips had a sarcastic expression.

"Well, Master Spagnuololetto," said the knight, pointing towards the picture with his delicate hand.

"These there are the holy Januarius and the holy Rosalia, occupied in exorcising the demons of the plague and in casting them into the deep... The starved thin Januarius is, in my opinion, best represented, the spirits of the plague are also sufficiently horrible... There is energy in their attack... A better impression would be made, if the opponents did not simply depend upon their force of arm and claw, but threatened like furies to throw burning torches at the heads of the two saints... but that does not concern me... I am interested in the holy Rosalia, and I must confess to you, Don José, that she appears to me to be quite inadequately represented."

The Master Ribera's impetuosity was well-known, and he would have answered many milder criticisms of his paintings with a dagger's thrust. But he now submitted to the bitter words and half scornful tone with profound humility and replied:

"If you will only explain, most gracious Prince, what you miss in my Rosalia, I shall certainly be in a position to satisfy you..."

"What I miss? You wish me to point out individual defects, which may be improved?"

"I do, illustrious Prince."

"You have a strange idea of womanly beauty," continued the cavalier in a derisive tone. "Amongst your saints and martyrs, you are quite on the wrong track for ladies' portraits."

"My Prince, if you will instruct me, I am anxious to learn," said Ribera, as the dark flush mantled on his sallow cheek.

"The matter is simple enough," said the Prince. "The especial quality of beauty is, that it is one united and indivisible whole.—I consider that those Grecian painters, who combined in one the varied charms of five beautiful women, made a very poor picture, and therefore think that you should not beautify your Rosalia with additional charms, but that you ought to reject this Rosalia, in order to paint an entirely new figure. Do not picture to your fancy a soft innocent being, the very sight of whom might comfort the dying, and still more bring happiness to the living, but go out on the chase, and seek another model for yourself... I assure you, that fisher maidens and flower girls worthy of your gaze, may be seen sitting on the sea-shore."

"Don Juan," said Ribera, in scarce audible tone, "the countess Teresina Rospigliosi sat to me for this Rosalia, she is one of the most celebrated beauties of Naples."

"Indeed," the prince remarked with indifference.—"That is the little longhead on the Juno's shoulders; those are the theatrical upturned eyes! the fixed smile! all excellent, as a sonnet! True, that is Teresina with her little arts, which would have had small effect on demons."

The Prince extended his hand to the painter, and placed his plumed hat on his head.

"You look troubled," he said with a touch of cordiality. "You thought to have won a complete victory, and find that on the evening of the battle you have to begin a new struggle... I am also sorry, but Master—we are not overheard—I can relieve you of some difficulty."

Ribera listened with eagerness.

"You must paint this picture twice, for Naples and for Palermo. As the St. Januarius is so excellent, the Neapolitans will trouble themselves little about the Rosalia... Paint the picture once for the cathedral here, and content yourself with my good payment... If I told you, that as a recompense for both pictures you might expect to be elevated by our gracious Sovereign to the rank of a Count of the Empire, you must consider that I have not the power to confer this honour upon you for one picture."

The painter had become very pale—he looked ten years older than before.

"Your highness," he replied, unconsciously tearing his yellow silk glove, which was orna-

mented with lace, "the inhabitants of Palermo shall not want the true Rosalia, and you shall have two pictures."

"Can you promise it, Don José?" asked Don Juan with a quick side glance, "we shall see, you only want a suitable model, in order that the maxim may be verified which I read over your house: *Hinc* or *haec sperata victoria!* It would give me great pleasure to place the ducat crown on your head, and as representative of my most gracious sovereign to administer the oath to you. Good evening, Sir..."

The painter conducted the Prince Deputy, the young hero Don Juan of Austria, and natural son of the Emperor Charles V., down stairs, and then flew as if urged on by the furies of his picture, back to his atelier.

"Silly, mad, shameful picture," he exclaimed in a bitter suppressed tone, whilst he passionately stamped on the ground, and plunged his dagger twice and thrice through the face of the holy Rosalia.

"Where is the ducal crown? away with you, you smiling bundle of straw, with your empty hands."

"In the name of Mary and St. Joseph, Master, what are you doing?" cried a trembling voice.

Ribera turned round, and confronted a youth, whose beautiful feminine face, and long curling hair gave him a most prepossessing appearance, his dress was bespattered with paint of every colour, and proclaimed his occupation to be that of an artist.

"Away with you, Luca, who called you, officious boy? Away I say!"

"No, Don José, no! you have told me never to leave you, when you have a fit of anger. You look as you looked a fortnight ago, when you first saw the Titian Madonna, with the five young girls. Control yourself, or you will again faint with anger.

"I am not angry; I am only vexed, that is all," murmured Don José, putting his dagger into its sheath. "Five ladies and a Madonna* on sale, all painted by Titian, and amongst the half dozen women not one idea for a St. Rosalie."

The young painter pointed to the mutilated figure.

"But, Don José," he said, almost trembling, "it is a great sin to thrust your dagger through the picture of a saint, and to destroy the representation of a holy virgin, who, after suffering martyrdom on earth, is now in heaven."

"That is no saint, far less a St. Rosalia; it is nothing; Don Juan can attest what I say."

"The desecration of a saint can only bring misfortune," whispered Luca.

"When you see the true Rosalia standing beside St. Januarius, you will understand why I was forced to destroy this hideous picture," said Ribera gravely, and devoutly crossing himself, for he was very pious, and as superstitious as a born Calabrese. "Go out directly, and find me a model for a St. Rosalia. You know all the pretty girls on the Marina, and in Torre del Greco. Throw aside your brush with which you are wasting your time; how has your 'Eliezer and Rebecca' progressed?"

"I have just finished it, and I was intending to show it to you."

"Have you finished the whole picture, in every part."

"Yes, Don José."

"How wonderful and yet alarming," exclaimed Spagnoletto. "In twice four and twenty

* This picture was registered in the catalogue of the Madrid Museum, published in 1801.

hours to cover twenty square feet of canvass with a picture, excellent alike in drawing and in colouring! You are, indeed, the Luca 'fa presto.' But the exhaustion of your miraculous talent will be in proportion to the rapidity of your work. You now skim cream from the surface, later you will have to live on the buttermilk."

"Oh, Don José," answered Luca, with confidence; "if it is true that my talents are miraculous another miracle may be wrought to make my buttermilk so sweet that it will produce a second layer of cream."

"Be silent, foolish boy. Change your dress, and take this purse full of money, in order that you may make a purchase, if you find it necessary to watch one of the beautiful 'cittadinas' for any length of time."

"Oh, Sir, the flower and fish girls are much too glad to be admired to care for my Zecchines or Doppias. Here is a Doppia, I have just felt it."

He pointed to that part of the silk purse intended for doubloons.

"Boy, boy," said Ribera in a low voice. "If you had not so brave a heart, a head gifted with such vigour, and a right hand of such incomparable dexterity, how I would correct and chastise you. Go, go, find me a Rosalia, and I will fill your hat with gold pieces."

Luca considered for some minutes.

"Maestro, that is quite unnecessary," he said at last, "and if I rack my brains to the uttermost, I cannot think of one girl, who can half represent a St. Rosalia, unless amongst the upper classes."

"Ah, that Rosalia belongs to the upper classes, but to no heavenly society."

"If you will not be angry, I know of an expedient."

"How should I be angry, when you impose upon me the duty of thanking you?" exclaimed Spagnoletto, much excited.

"How could I tell?—It would be necessary to act in opposition to your orders, Don José, but I need commit no sin."

"You wish to leave the house, and spend the night in the Falerner tavern, worthless boy. Out of my sight."

"What I was about to propose is not a tenth part so bad as that!"

"Well, if you can dare to look in my eyes whilst you make your disclosure, speak at once."

"That is always difficult, Maestro," answered Luca, blushing deeply; "but as I have launched my boat, I must trust myself within it. You need not search for a Rosalia. You have forbidden me to pronounce the name of one whom I have in my mind."

"Ha, the Spagnoletta!" said Ribera, with a look of such fire that Luca darted out of the room.

Spagnoletto threw himself into his gilded arm-chair, and crossed his arms over his breast. After a few moments of silent brooding, he saw Luca thrusting his head into the room.

"Don José, the Master Salvator wishes to see you."

"I am at his service."

The next moment a slender man, about forty years old, and dressed in a simple suit of brown, entered the room.

"Blessed be San Gennaro," said he, with the usual greeting of the Neapolitans of that day. "And there stands San Gennaro himself, ready to pronounce Amen with all saintly sobriety. The figure in your painting is excellent, my dear Spagnoletto."

"I know it is, my friend, I do not question the excellence of San Gennaro, but of the Rosalia."

"She has received two stab-trusts, but they have not been fatal," answered the visitor.

"She is dead, and shall remain dead, and shall go into Purgatory, as far as I am concerned," murmured Don José fiercely. "Rosa, I have a question to ask you. But I know what your answer will be."

"Do not swear to it, my friend," observed Salvator Rosa, with a comic grimace.

The artist Rosa had straight black hair, a long face, high cheek bones, a sharp eagle nose, lips with a disdainful curve, and sparkling eyes, which twinkled like those of a fox, looking out over a sunlit country. Rosa put his hand into the side pocket of his coat, making a clicking noise with his tongue, when a little capuchin ape sprang into his hand, ran up his arm, and at last seated itself on his head, where he remained immovable, while its master, in a very methodical manner, sat upon a chair.

"If only you did not always carry such horrible animals about with you," said Don José, looking with a shudder at the ape, which fixed its gaze upon him.

"You drag beasts after you, as bad and even worse, but I allow mine to be seen in public. Will you believe it, this little beast has fed my brood of unfledged falcons for three days, as if he were their grandmother. Is not this true, Domine Dominice?"

"Si—i—i—" drawled the ape, in a whining tone.

"He can already speak Italian; what do you think of him?"

"Per Bacco, Salvator! shall you always remain a child? I am sitting here, in true anguish of soul, and you begin to talk about this monster, this ape."

"But you are painting monsters," answered Salvator, pointing to the Furies of the Pestilence.

"They still need torches, to swing round their heads."

"Then they will be all the more like furies, Spagnoletto."

"Salvator, allow me to take leave of you. I hope that you will make yourself comfortable, —but I cannot remain with you when you begin your sorry jokes. And if you have nothing better to do, you may sketch out a St. Rosalia for me, that is the turning-point of my existence."

"Willingly, Spagnoletto, provided that you find me a good model. Without that, I shall be in danger of degenerating into ugliness. And as to the expression, I cannot produce the effects of calm, conquering dignity, my Rosalia, I can assure you would lay the furies low with well aimed blows."

Spagnoletto had stood up, but quietly reseated himself.

"If a man has made a vow before Heaven," he began after a long pause, as if speaking to himself, while Salvator Rosa balanced the little ape on his thin outstretched fingers. "If a man has made a vow, we may ask whether he may break it with impunity?"

"Of course, he may break it, for what other reason were popes and bishops created?"

"Salvator, I am very unhappy, and you are joking," cried Spagnoletto, raising his hands in despair.

"Ah, carissimo, why did you not say that before? but your misery is nothing: you are afflicted with the epidemic common to all experienced old painters, who believe themselves to be in the depicts of poverty, when they cannot attain in real life the beauty which they depict."

"No, it is not that," answered Ribera, deeply moved. "Six months ago, before I conceived the idea of this picture, I made a vow to San Gennaro, that my daughter should remain in the

Carmelite nunnery until it was finished, in order to count daily ten rosaries for the success of the undertaking."

"That is too much," remarked Salvator, falling back into his usual tone; "you do not need such strong support as that. It is my opinion that one rosary and a half would have some effect. We should never be too liberal towards the Saints, they will observe it, and will take advantage."

"Yes, yes," continued Spagnoletto, "but now, I have ruined my Rosalia."

"And thrust her through with a dagger?"

"Then Luca comes, and tells me that my child is the only model for a Saint which he can find, and he is right. What can I do? I have not spared myself in making this vow, for I have sworn not to see my child until the last stroke has been accomplished. The separation from her almost distracts me."

"Now we have an explanation why it is that you paint people who deserve to be stabbed. Listen, Spagnoletto, were you a philosopher like me, you would see no difficulty in the case."

"You are an ungodly philosopher, yes, that is the difference."

"Indeed, I shall argue in a very Christian fashion, as you will see directly. Answer these questions quickly. Did you think by your picture, to honour and serve the Saints Gennaro and Rosalia?"

"Yes, Salvator; and to serve myself also."

"You cannot think of yourself where the rights of the Saints are in question. But further, my son José, you must confess that in sending your daughter to the convent to pray for you, you were convinced that your own sacrifice, with her prayers, would materially contribute to the success of your picture."

"It is as you say, Salvator."

"The result is inevitable. It appears that you cannot paint your picture without seeing your daughter before you, and that, therefore, your principal object in undertaking the work, the honour and service of the Saints, is defeated. If anything be surrendered, it should be your vow, which is only a secondary consideration. As Mater Portiuncula will not permit a good looking widower, open to re-marriage to enter her convent nothing remains, but that you, my dear son, must follow my advice, fetch the graceful Spagnoletta, and place her in a good light, that you may make a fresh beginning, and use your brush to advantage."

"Yes," exclaimed Spagnoletto, "if my child stands before me, my spiritual eyes will be suddenly opened, and I feel assured that I shall produce a picture of the true St. Rosalia. I will offer a hundred ounces of gold to our Lady of the Carmelites, if Mother Portiuncula will consent to the return of Josita."

"Then you may be sure that your petition will not remain unanswered. But I think that Luca has also some claim upon you, for without him you would never have discovered that your model was so close at hand."

"He would also have been blind," muttered Spagnoletto, "if love had not opened his eyes."

After a long discussion, the friends decided upon their plan of operations. Salvator Rosa took to the convent a letter from Spagnoletto, dictated by himself, and in the evening two litters arrived at the door of Casa Maladetta, containing two closely veiled Carmelite nuns, one very slim and the other very portly, who received a most enthusiastic welcome from the proud painter himself in the portal. Early the next morning, a young girl of striking beauty stood on the

spot destined for the model, in Spagnoletto's studio. The painter was before his easel, watching his child with a dissatisfied glance, as if, at each moment, he discovered new relations between his daughter and the ideal he wished to represent.

Spagnoletto's young daughter had a graceful figure, but her beauty showed more signs of future promise than of full development. The form of her face, in spite of her black hair and eyes, was not Oriental, but her straight finely cut nose and rounded chin indicated her descent from one of those ancient Christian families of Spain who could boast the absence of all taint from Moorish blood. This face, when at rest, seemed as impassive as marble; but when once the girl opened her lips to speak, the veil which concealed her secret soul was torn away, and seldom were thoughts and feelings more clearly and rapidly mirrored in both glance and expression than with the Spagnoletta. Indeed, as she spoke or moved, she was the very impersonation of perfect grace and sweetness; and without the least apparent effort, she captivated the heart of the beholder. But those who know her heart could not but regret that this young girl should have inherited all the excitability and passion of her celebrated father. For fate ordains to such natures either great misery or great happiness.

Spagnoletto began his picture, not with the San Gennaro, but with St. Rosalia. He gave a faithful likeness of his daughter. She arranged her draperies entirely according to her own fancy, moved about at her pleasure, without going too far from her position as model, and improvised addresses to the Furies of the Pestilence and their leader, death, or to the trembling forms of the faithful, as smitten by the poisonous blast, or in the act of reviving with new hope.

Spagnoletto often let his pencil rest, to listen to her words, which, though uttered in disconnected sentences, were full of a thrilling poetic significance. At times he hid his head behind the easel, so that the girl could not see him, to wipe away his tears of mingled joy and emotion.

"You have arisen," said the Spagnoletta, "from the deepest recesses of the earth, where the fires of your accursed prince burn for evermore. You were cast forth to the light from the crater of Vesuvius, and the furnace of the grand Aetna lent its paternal aid. Into the midst of the sea issued the burning streams, in which the condemned disport themselves, while the waters hiss and bubble, and its inmost depths are disturbed by the fire which has opened out a passage for fresh hosts of destruction. Alas! for you men, who are clasping your hands in despair, unable to preserve your loved ones from the clutches of these monsters. Rush to the conflict, proud warrior, in thy splendour, bend yet lower, aged man, and trembling mother, till your foreheads touch the poisoned ground, which is destined to receive you until the day of Resurrection. Young men and maidens, look at your garlands of roses and myrtle, they are pale and faded with the breath of the subterranean hosts, who have mingled in your dances, and who will have turned you into fearful corpses before the last notes of the mandoline and cymbal have died away."

Spagnoletto had folded his hands.

"Be silent, be silent, Josita, I cannot bear it. I see you in the midst of the band devoted to destruction, and your blooming cheeks have assumed a horrible hue of livid green."

"Fire bursts from the regions of heaven," continued Josita, as if inspired, "lightning admonishes the monsters of the pestilence of everlasting power to which they must reluctantly submit themselves. Do you foresee the deliverance, you who are wandering amidst heaps of corpses, and who feel the grasp of the destroyer already on your neck? A venerable man holding

a cross, is hovering on clouds of light. He sets his foot on the ledge of rock, where I stand, gazing silently and intently on the garden of God, which has been transformed into the valley of death. I understand the glance of the saintly messenger, who grasps my hand, and together we float slowly downward. We are come to save you, you crushed and despairing ones; we bring palms, which have grown in the Paradise of God, and before which the demons of the pestilence must shrink."

Spagnoletto conceived with wonderful rapidity, a new picture, embodying into the language of his art the words of Josita which seemed to communicate their inspiration to him. By the next day, the sketch was as far advanced as the first had been after several weeks spent in labour and meditation, and constant alterations and improvement.

The master could not stay in the house. He put on his best clothes, and was conveyed in his litter to the palace of the governor.

Don Juan received him most graciously.

"I wish to inform your Highness," said the painter, proudly drawing up his small figure, "that I have found the true St. Rosalia. The Saint has been very generous, for she has shown me an entirely new picture, and with such clearness and distinctness that I can claim no further merit than that of copying."

"I do not quite understand you, Sir."

The facts are as I state them; my Rosalia, whom you cannot fail to acknowledge as the true Saint has given me an entirely new picture to the contemplation of which I most humbly invite your princely highness."

"You do not mean to say that between to-day and yesterday you have conceived and executed a complete design, essentially differing from the first?" asked Don Juan, in astonishment.

"I entreat your Highness to come and see," answered Spagnoletto, with well-justified pride.

Don Juan became very grave and silent. He minutely scrutinized the painter, and appeared occupied with strange thoughts. As Ribera took leave, the Prince came to a decision.

"I shall accompany you, Ribera," said he, as with military promptitude he buckled on his dagger, threw his mantle around him, and took up his hat and gloves.

The governor had consented to appear by his side in public; the little Spaniard was proud indeed, for even in his proudest dreams he had never conceived of such an honour. A few minutes later Ribera was sitting beside the governor Don Juan of Austria in his gilded open carriage, drawn by four white Frisian horses, and saw how all the people in the Street of Toledo bowed before the prince. The honour conferred on the painter gave rise to much excitement amongst the susceptible Neapolitans, and they overwhelmed the Prince and the Painter with oft repeated "evvivas."

At last Don Juan stood in Spagnoletta's studio.

"It is she, it is she indeed," cried Don Juan, approaching the picture with quick and eager movements, and gazing at the figure of Santa Rosalia. Then he added more calmly, "It is in this guise I think, that the Saints must appear if they wish to be adored by Palermo."

With an animation which almost surprised Ribera, the Prince entered into a detailed criticism on the composition of the picture, and became quite eloquent.

"I can wish for no more intelligent exposition than your Highness," murmured Spagnoletto.

"An Earl's coronet given to yourself and your lawful successors," said Don Juan (while Ribera trembled with emotion) "would have been too high a recompense for the first picture,

but for this conception it is insufficient. In the two principal figures hovering over the scene, your art appears in a new and exalted guise united with the highest beauty. The former Spagnoletto, the master of the dying Babo and the Saint Bartholomeus, is recognised only in the figures of the Furies of Pestilence in the heaps of corpses, and in the despairing victims below. Above is clear, bewitching harmony, below is raging and boisterous discord."

A large pause ensued.

"But did you say that St. Rosalia herself had inspired you with this wondrous composition?"

"My Rosalia, yes," said Ribera, pointing to the figure of the Saint.

"You mean the original of this picture?"

"Yes, my Prince."

"I am not inquisitive, but I confess that I should like to know who is the lady that has lent her countenance for this portrait. If she really gave you the idea of the composition, my wish has been doubly fulfilled."

Ribera's eyes glittered, his cheeks burned.

"Luca!" he cried at the door.

The young painter appeared and Ribera whispered a few words in his ear.

"I counsel you," he muttered to the astonished youth, who was gazing fixedly at the Prince, "to give Josita no hint as to whom she may find here. I wish to see her at once."

After a few moments, Luca, with a look of sorrow and alarm opened the door, and the Spagnoletta entered, attired in a black silk dress, ornamented with silver. As she perceived the governor, she drew back, in surprise and terror.

Don Juan examined by turns Josita and her portrait.

"Ah, 'Maestro,'" said he, bowing to the maiden, "you have committed a great mistake. "If you wish your picture to win the prize, you must not place the true Rosalia near it."

"Most gracious Prince," exclaimed Ribera, quite overcome by his feelings; "the only question is whether the picture or the original is nearest to my heart. This is my only daughter. My child, you stand before the Prince, Don Juan of Austria, our most gracious governor."

Josita was so astonished that she could find no words to greet the Prince. She timidly turned her eyes towards him, and made a quick movement, as if she wished to escape. But meanwhile Don Juan had discovered the most efficacious means of placing her at her ease. He spoke to her of Spain, and particularly of the splendid old city of Burgos, where Ribera was accustomed to assert that his ancestors had lived. When the Prince took his departure, Josita was ready to second her father's enthusiastic assurance that it would be difficult to find a prince more worthy of admiration than Don Juan, whose amiable condescension and high culture cast into the shade even his heroic deeds and martial renown.

Ribera shut himself up in his room, to meditate, undisturbed over what had happened.

It was growing late, when the old woman from Galipoli entered Josita's room, and enquired after the master of the house. The girl was already undressed, the old woman set to work to assist her in plaiting her hair. "Do you know, dear heart," said the woman, turning her large black, evil-looking eyes towards the door, "when Don José will come to bid you good night?"

"No, good Teresina."

"But you know that he cannot sleep until he has pressed you to his heart. How unhappy

he was, when you were in the dark Carmelite cloister! What do you think when will Don José come?"

"He will not leave his room this evening. I have never seen him so agitated and overcome as he was to-day. I have often thought him hard-hearted and unkind, but now I know what feelings dwell in his breast."

"If he is quite certain not to come, my sweetest child," whispered the old woman, always returning to the same idea, "I should have something to say to you."

"Well!"

"Oh, I cannot reveal my secret all at once, my child, unless you will promise me solemnly, never to betray a word."

"You are determined to torture me," cried Spagnoletta, impatiently. "I believe it will be better for me not to hear a secret of which even my father must know nothing."

"How coldhearted the praying and singing at Mother Portununculas has made you, you used formerly to treat old Teresa with respect. Can you remember no secret which you took the greatest care to conceal from Don José?"

Josita blushed and trembled. She tried to speak, but after a few short, quick breathings she was silent.

"And if Don José had not happened to look down the steps while the poor youth was kissing you, he would not perhaps to this day have discovered your secret."

"Have you spoken to Luca about me?" asked Josita in great excitement. "Entreat him, I beseech you, to control his feelings whenever he meets me, and to beware of hinting a word on the subject to my father, if he does not wish to be parted from me for ever."

"Oh, Don José has explained that to him clearly enough," muttered Teresa. "But true love will listen to no teacher, it must go its own way. And if Luca is condemned to lie for a year in the subterranean dungeons of St. Elmo, or to dwell amid the snows of Aetna, he will never be dissuaded from his determination of speaking to you."

"In the name of all the Saints, I hope not this evening."

"Why not? I will mount guard at the top of the steps, with an earthenware pot in my hand. As soon as Don José approaches, I will throw the pot down the steps, and Luca will thus gain time to run down the other way."

"I do not dare to do it. No, Teresina, I will not. Luca must remain apart from me. I must be able to gaze with an unburdened heart into my father's truthful eyes. Go quickly, and tell him so."

Teresa hobbled out to the door, and opened it wide.

"Here is Luca already," she said, laughing in silent triumph, "and here is my pot."

The painter was still in his working dress. He remained for a few moments at the door, gazing at Josita who turned away her head, and seemed ready to burst into tears. Then he sprang forwards, fell at her feet, and covered her hand with kisses.

Finding himself unable to win from her a word, or even a sign of sympathy, he rose slowly to his feet, and gazed fixedly at her, as if he saw his earthly happiness disappearing inch by inch.

"I am too late," he said in a hollow voice. "All that I feared has come to pass. My enemy has been beforehand with me while I slept at my post. He is, indeed, a great general, and has found no difficulty in overcoming and plundering a poor lonely art-student like myself."

Farewell, Josita. You will at least re-echo this wish, and on these words my memory will feed for ever. Do not fear that I shall cross your brilliant path, when once you have taken your place by his side."

At the mention of the great general, Spagnoletta became violently agitated. She turned her face towards Luca, and gazed into his eyes.

"What you are now saying, Luca," she said in a decided tone, "is untrue, as your very eyes will bear witness. You refer to Don Juan of Austria. I have seen him to-day for the first time."

"But the Prince watched you for a long time, before you went to the Carmelites."

"I do not believe you," the girl replied firmly.

"The fat chamberlain, Don Sonchez Cortozi, who lent himself to Don José as a model for the philosopher with the celestial globe, with the sole object of gaining access to the castle, gave me five letters from Don Juan, which I was to give to you."

Spagnoletta stood up in the greatest agitation.

"Here are these letters," Luca said sorrowfully, taking out his small letter case, embroidered by Josita herself. "The letters are in the right place, take them, with their portfolio; but no, the destroyer of my happiness shall not enjoy this triumph."

He tore up the letters one after another, and flung the pieces from him.

"Cortozi offered me handfuls of gold, if I would tell him, where you were, Josita," Luca continued with cold composure.

"He at last discovered, without my assistance, that you were practising religious exercises amongst the nuns on Mount Carmel. I listened at the door yesterday, while the Prince was criticising the picture of the plague. And you shall hear the reason why the Rosalia after the model of the Countess Rospigliosi did not please him, he wished that Don José should fetch you out of the cloister and paint you, hoping to gain access to you more easily here, than within those holy walls."

Josita was silent, and held her hands clasped.

"I wished to warn Don José, but he drove me away, who knows whether I could have summoned courage, to unfold the Prince's coldblooded scheme to him. It would be his death-warrant, if harm happened to you."

"Listen, poor Luca, your imagination is leading you astray," answered Josita, "Juan of Austria will select a more distinguished bride than the daughter of a poor painter who is only accounted a prince among his equals. You are under the dominion of folly and self-deception, or of intentional falsehood!"

"Are these falsehoods?"

Luca exclaimed passionately, stamping with his foot on the torn letters. "You are lost. The suitor who has secretly enchained your soul will prove as untrue to you, as you are false to me. A fearful awakening will follow your dream."

At this moment enchanting music, mellowed by distance, sounded through the walls.

"Listen! Josita, that is the greeting of your destroyer," murmured Giordano.

A beautiful song rose in clear thrilling tones, above the chords of the instrument, but was speedily interrupted by a loud crash of broken china, mingling with the finale of the music. Luca rushed down the staircase leading to the hall, while Don José, not troubling himself about Teresa, hastened to Josita's room.

"This is intended for us! for you, my precious child," he said, after looking out of the window.

"For you, father," said Josita, quickly catching up the torn papers, and hiding them in her pocket.

"But the singer sang of myrtles and love; no, no, my little Spagnoletta, it is you who are serenaded."

"I am terrified!" exclaimed Josita.

"What?" said Ribera astonished. "The music is splendid, and why should you forbid it to sound in the praise of beauty? The noblest and most virtuous lady in Naples would accept the homage of a serenade, without fearing any injury to her rank or her propriety."

Josita, already deeply affected by the scene with Luca, burst into tears.

"Come, my sweet Spagnoletta," the painter said, embracing his child, "and let me tell you that it is not so difficult as you imagine, to become accustomed to homage. You are seventeen years old. Why, you are inconsolable, what strange ideas the Carmelites must have put into your head! If I had a lackey, I would send him with a present to the serenaders; that careless Luca is again out of sight and hearing."

He lent far over the parapet and then said:

"Good heavens! I am suddenly relieved from all anxiety. I can see the Prince Statthalter below; I can recognise him by the torch-light. I will go down, and thank him in your name."

Without observing that Josita had fainted, he ran out, and, as soon as he was recognised, was received in the street with a loud flourish.

Don Juan extended his hand to the artist.

"This day," he said, "so memorable to me, shall be marked by a token from my hands. That wonderful picture of Saint Rosalia is always before my eyes. I have searched through my camp-chests, to find some article which should remind the living Rosalia of this day, should I be laid low by the ball, or the partisan of an enemy. But a soldier is poor, and what can I offer to the daughter of the rich Spagnoletto beyond what she has already received from the hands of her affectionate father?"

"Every present from the hand of Don Juan of Austria is priceless," said Ribera.

"This is at any rate uncommon, I took it as booty from a Turkish frigate, it is a rose made of jewels, rare as Rosalia, herself the queen of roses!"

Ribera received a casket of worked gold, made in the shape of a small reliquary. He appeared delightful as he handed the strangely coloured rose to Rosalia, and even forgot to make any inquiries after Luca, when he met old Teresa on his way to his own room. Meanwhile, Josita was occupied in arranging and reading Don Juan's letters. They were short, although burning with passion, and were models in beauty of expression. Josita wrung her hands, and paced the room, as if seeking a place of concealment when she remembered that the Prince would probably find an opportunity of seeing her on the following day, and that he must believe that she had received and read his letters.

From this time the Prince became a daily guest in the house of Spagnoletto, who, with strange blindness, had no suspicion that the visits of the noble Lord were paid not to him and to his pictures, but to the beautiful Spagnoletta. The attentions of the young Prince produced a strange impression on her; she sank into the deepest despondency, and, even in her father's presence, could scarcely suppress her ever-rising tears.

One evening, when Ribera had gone to the Prince's palace, in order to take part in an enter-

tainment, which the Prince had arranged in the vain hope that Spagnoletta would consent to be the queen of the evening, the maiden sent Teresa into the pupils' room, where Luca and his younger companion, Girolamo di Faro, were playing the game of Mora with oranges. A sign from the old woman brought Luca rapidly down stairs into Spagnoletta's room.

She was seated, with bended head, in her chair. Luca could not see her face, but remarked from the throbbing of her neck, that she was weeping bitterly. He remained standing in the middle of the room in deep emotion.

At last Spagnoletta rose from her seat, threw back the locks from her forehead, and gazed at the painter.

"Josita!" he said in alarm.

"Yes, Luca, I hear you, I recognise your dear faithful voice," she exclaimed, rising quickly, and seizing Luca by her hand. "It is strange and frightful."

"What, I pray you, adored Josita."

"Did you say adored? Tell me that you love me, that you worship me, that you account me your greatest treasure, what good it will do me! Do not look at me so strangely; I have had a terrible dream, but I have suddenly awakened, and all will be changed."

"I think you are very ill, Spagnoletta," whispered Luca.

"No, I am no longer ill, that is past. But the air of Naples does not suit me. I tell you that the pest prevails here, and I know for certain, that I am no holy Rosalia, able to banish the furies of the pest. I must go away from here. Sit here, dear Luca, I will explain it all to you. And then I will tell you what we must do, when we are far away from here, never to return."

She dragged Luca into a chair near her.

"First, swear that you love me," Josita said, raising her hand solemnly.

"You know how I love you; no oath can be more sacred than my feelings!" said Luca, as the tears ran down his cheeks.

"We will travel first to Rome; but before I leave the city with you, we must, at any rate, be betrothed."

"Oh! dearest Josita, this is a terrible joke, or else you are deceiving yourself in a frightful manner."

"I see what you mean; you think that I have lost my reason. But understand that I have never understood myself and my circumstances so clearly as at this moment. Two paths lie before me; one leads me to you as your wife. It separates me from my beloved father, but points me to a future of peace and happiness with you. My father will not always be angry, for the time will come when you will be fully on an equality with him as an artist. I understand painting."

She drew a long breath and went on.

"The other way, Oh!" she shuddered. "It would separate me not alone from my father, but also from you. I, like Francesca da Rimini, should spend my life in traversing unknown dismal regions, by the side of my evil genius, martyred by the recollection of all the happiness, which I had lost for ever."

She drew open one of the side-wings of her richly-decorated chest, and placed a number of caskets and boxes upon the table. Her fingers trembled violently.

"This is the Turkish rose. My father, who understands jewellery, told me that it was worth,

at least, a thousand ducats. Here is a necklace of Indian pearls; an empress wore it as her favourite ornament. Admire this cross containing four rubies: such large brilliants are seldom seen. And all this, all that you see here."

She pushed the jewels into a heap, as if they had been nut-shells.

"All these belong to me," she said. "Take them to the Jew Ira Sabadio, and require in exchange five thousand ducats. Tell him, that the Prince Statthalter will pay the double, should these jewels be offered to him in sale, exactly six weeks hence."

Luca began to feel giddy; he lifted up his hands imploringly.

"Take them, Luca, and buy the cloak and cap of a Jew for yourself and the dress and turban of a Jewess for me. In this costume you will be able without remark to procure a carriage and horse, which will convey us this evening beyond the walls, to the cloister of the Benedictines, there we will summon Father Massimo, who was my confessor in the cloister, to the public room; we will make ourselves known to him, and will exchange our marriage vows, then we have only to drive northwards, until we see the cupola of St. Peters."

"I think," said Luca, trembling in every limb, "that I have just heard Don José's voice below, and yet the entertainment cannot be over at the palace."

"Go out quickly. I shall be able to keep my father shut up in his room."

Luca went, but not down-stairs; he rushed, taking three or four steps at a time, up to his room, where, to the astonishment of Girolamo di Faro, he waltzed round the floor, like one possessed. One peal of the bell followed another. Ribera returned in overflowing spirits from Don Juan's entertainment and was assisted in undressing by Luca, who sighed so sadly, that Ribera dismissed him with curses. Then Luca bent over his breviary, and stopped his ears with his fingers, as if he intended to exclude the sound of his inward voice. He went ten times to Don José's room, and after listening at the door, again crept back in indecision. When, at last, old Teresa came to summon him to Spagnoletta, he said:

"I am in despair! Say so to Josita! It is too late to undertake anything to-day. To-morrow, to-morrow!"

Early the next day, Ribera went out, and returned with a troop of servants and workmen. Luca looked on in astonishment on all that was done. Complete preparations were made for a brilliant entertainment. The stairs and corridors became changed into terraces and flower-beds, and, when the evening arrived, a flood of light was shed over the princely rooms, and the Moorish hall on the second floor.

Carriages rolled up, litters borne by numerous servants stopped before the door, and many of the highest nobility and officials of the crown, with a crowd of the first beauties of the court of Naples assembled in the rooms of the tower, which re-echoed with music.

Spagnoletta sat like a queen, but pale and grave, upon a raised seat in the centre of the room, while the Countess Rospigliosi assumed the position of hostess at Don José's side. Don Juan stood by Spagnoletta, in the costume of a knight of the golden fleece, a smile beautifying his usually hard, gloomy face.

Don José had reached the summit of his earthly happiness. He had not observed that Luca had been absent the whole day. The poor boy had wandered away, and lay alone on the sea-shore, where his bitter lamentations mingled with the raging storm from the North-West. He did not dare to return to Naples, but made an agreement with a fisherman, with whom he tossed on the sea at night for several weeks, resting through the day in a miserable hut, and brooding

over his grief, whenever his eyes were not closed by exhaustion. At last he could no longer control the fever that burned within. It was very improbable that even his nearest friends should recognise him in his present dress. He, who had been accustomed to parade on the Toledo, in fine velvet waistcoat, with mantle, cap, and dagger, and gay slippers, was now barefooted, and dressed in wide pantaloons of sail-cloth and red shirt and jacket. His rich hair was cut off, and a long fisherman's hat had taken the place of the velvet cap.

Luca summoned up his courage, and walked along the Marina, at the foot of Saint Elmo, watching the castle from a distance. He crept close under it, like a criminal.

He was just turning the corner of a street, when he came suddenly upon Girolamo di Faro, who stood still a few moments, in astonishment.

"Luca, my Luca!" exclaimed Girolamo, as he fell on his friend's neck, and danced for joy. "Here you are, well and strong; and we thought that you had.—But I will not speak of it. You are alive. How I have thought for you, Luca. Now that you are back, there will be some hope for our poor Master."

"Is Don José ill?"

"The physicians thought that he would die, but for a week past, he has been decidedly better, though he still looks like a corpse; he has spoken only of you."

"And Spagnoletta? Have you heard nothing?"

"Not a syllable," answered Luca, his teeth chattering.

"She has gone, disappeared like lightning," said di Faro. "And the Prince has gone too, on the evening of that unhappy feast, he set sail with six Spanish frigates for Cadix. Don Gonzalez Montijo has been appointed vice-regent in his place."

Giralomo stopped speaking.

Luca had torn his cap from his head, and judging by the manner in which his fingers were set in motion, he seemed inclined to tear every hair from his head.

"I am the cause of this mischief," he said at last, and fell as if fainting. "She summoned me to the rescue, when she perceived that she was unable to withstand the diabolic arts of the Prince. And I, like a coward, left her in her deepest misery. A curse be upon me!"

"You are mistaken, good Luca," Girolamo said compassionately.

"The Master will explain all to you. It is certain, that he was deceived less by Don Juan than by Spagnoletta; it was she who planned her elopement, when she might have known, that Don José would rather have killed her, than consented that she should throw herself into the Prince's arms as his mistress."

Luca considered.

"I must see Don José," he said decidedly. "I owe it to her and to her love to me, to accuse myself. She is a Saint, whatever sins the Prince, in the guise of Satan, may have led her to commit."

He turned round, and entered the house.

Spagnoletto soon made it apparent, how he loved the pupil, who probably owed the severe treatment which he had received from his master to his distinguished abilities. But Don José was shattered in spirit, and from another reason than that, which had formerly influenced him he did not allow Luca to give an account of the interview with Josita. His last commands were to destroy the picture of San Genaro and the Holy Rosalia, and to read a thousand Masses for

Spagnoletta. Thus sank the renowned artist, a victim of his uncontrolled ambition, and of his passionate parental affection.

Years had passed, and news of terrible import rang through Naples. It was said that an unknown lady of noble family had thrown herself into the crater of Vesuvius. The popular imagination, working through a thousand brains, had come to the conclusion that this lady could, be none other than the painter's daughter who had left Naples with Don Juan some years before under most extraordinary circumstances.

The old dream of love to the beautiful Spagnoletta, with its sweet yet painful rapture, and its terrible termination revived in the heart of Giordano, and in order to restore at least some degree of peace to his agitated soul he resolved to design an artistic offering of the fugitives.

He painted his "Fall of Satan." The archangel Michael victoriously casting the demons into the Abyss, bore the ever memorable features of the Spagnoletta, while Satan was depicted with the countenance of Don Juan.

The Master kept the picture for a long time until it was bought by a lady of the Spanish royal family, on account of her interest in its connection with Don Juan of Austria. Later generations have thought the face of the Archangel too feminine and gentle; and the foregoing circumstances explain why the Archangel Michael does not represent the same powerful, dignified, yet inexorable warrior, given by Raphael as the Victor over the prince of darkness.

Dr. G.

MARIA MANCINI.

BY PIERRE MIGNARD.

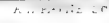
The street "*de la Tissanderie*" even at the commencement of the reign of Louis XIV., when most of the houses in it were new and fashionable, was no resort for distinguished society. This street with its long name, was both narrow and crooked; its houses were also very narrow occupying the only space available for them,—in the air. Every story projected forwards in bold outline, until the topmost stories, which were crowned with overhanging gables, stretched so far across the street, that the inhabitants were in danger of knocking their heads against their neighbours, if they chanced to look out of window at the same time. Here lived industrious people, hard-working labourers, good church-goers, who closed and barred their doors in winter at five o'clock, as a safeguard against any inroad of gay cavaliers, who might wish to ascertain whether the beauty attributed to the daughters of the honest citizens would bear a closer inspection.

Like all other streets in the capital, it could boast its "white raven." He dwelt at the chief corner of the street, in front of a house, which lay about twelve feet back from the path, with an open space in front, containing a well. Some police-master, long consigned to the archives of eternity, had bought this corner-piece of ground, and the inhabitants of the *Tissanderie* testified their pride in it, by calling it "the golden corner."

The little house with the large white raven stood within, and was not unlike a bird-cage, with its numerous balconies, and carved wooden decorations. Like a cage, it was kept as carefully closed as the palaces on the *Chaussée d'Antin*, even in the finest weather. Although such a dignitary was unknown elsewhere in the *Tissanderie*, it possessed a porter with an enormous cocked-hat and silver-laced livery, an office-bearer, who occasionally showed his red face as unexpectedly as a comet at the "golden corner," and marched slowly round the well, swinging the tails of his magnificent coat. Splendid litters, with outriders, and gaily equipped bearers, often stopped before this house, and heavy court-carriages, which blocked up the street.

Here lived the most celebrated painter in Paris, Peter Mignard, known in the *Tissanderie* by the name of "the Roman," because he had spent a long time in Rome, and had accustomed himself to the Italian style of art, before adopting other ideas in Paris.

Mignard had lived a long time in the castle, before he moved into his wife's house in the *Tissanderie*. The younger Master, Lebrun, had driven him from the Tuileries, but some of the neighbours, who were on terms of friendship with the watchman, gave hints that the painter's



MARIA JO ANJEL

only daughter, a renowned artist, was too beautiful and vivacious, to remain safely in the castle in the close vicinity of the most renowned cavaliers of France.

The porter opened the door, and two young men in court dress entered.

The first was well dressed, wore a short beard, which framed his round, dark face; he glanced around with a haughty and commanding expression in his bright, piercing eyes, which were as black as his long straight hair. He was dressed in light blue, with a broad, plumed hat, and a costly dagger of at least two feet in length.

The second cavalier was at least eight years younger, and could scarcely be twenty-two. His dress was peculiar, notwithstanding its French cut, for it was entirely of black velvet. The youth's throat was as white as his narrow necktie, while his cheeks were fresh and blooming, and formed a striking contrast to the short black locks, and large thoughtful dark eyes of his companion. He wore a long Roman dagger, without a guard at the hilt, and rested his delicate, but firm left hand upon it, as otherwise the point of the weapon would have dragged on the ground.

"Now, Signor Giacomo," exclaimed the man in blue, with a strong Italian accent, "what do you see so remarkable in me to-day, that you stare, and open your mouth, as if you were about to intone the high C?"

"The truth is, Sir, that my master is occupied with very important business, and has given the strictest orders that he shall not be disturbed."

"Oh! we know all about that, you tamed Cerberus! we have come to make enquiries about this very work. Tell your master this."

"I dare not."

"Hold back," exclaimed the musical director, for such he was. "Lully takes no refusal from the king's mousquetaires, much less from a dressed-up scarecrow of Auvergne."

"But if I led you through," answered the door-keeper, still blocking up the staircase with his broad person, "if I led you through, there is another gentleman with you, whom I have not yet seen."

"I assure you, Saint Christopher, that I have only known this gentleman for a few hours. But if I am not mistaken, he is the principal character in Master Mignard's important work. Step aside! Must we knock you down?"

The porter shut the door, and went muttering up stairs, quietly reflecting, that it was better for him to be scolded by his master, than to receive a dagger's thrust on his broad back from this formidable opponent.

Mignard must have been occupied with very important business, for although his friend below, the director, continued to shout and stamp with his feet, it was at least ten minutes before a door opened, and a little man with friendly face appeared, and lifting his Italian cap from his curly grey hair, invited his guests to come in.

They entered the master's atelier, which, with its pictures, studies, works of sculpture, and rich furniture, gave an impression of active labour. The director looked round, and gradually recovering his composure, said:

"Do you know, Master Mignard, that I should not allow you to wait in my anti-chamber although—although,—well, I need not finish my sentence."

"Although," continued Mignard with an expressive smile. "although *you* are not a director

of the court music, not even an ordinary musician, but only a painter, an artist, who cannot venture to rank himself with composers."

Lully smiled.

"Your remark may be allowed, as it comes from yourself!" he exclaimed. "The atmosphere which surrounds the artist, is indeed strange and silent."

He pointed to the pictures hanging on the wall, and then approached the large canvass on the easel.

"You may rejoice, good Mignard, that music and dancing contribute to the animation of these works, which you are accustomed to call your poorest compositions."

"Doubtless these attempts stand on the lowest step of my art," Mignard answered earnestly.

"But I may venture to dispute this decision," Lully said, as he attentively examined the picture.

It was, indeed, a strange composition. In the middle of the delicate but masterly sketch was a group of figures in antique dress. An athletic man, with dark complexion, sparkling eyes, and erect hair, dressed in a short red tunic, had just emerged from a grotto which appeared filled with lizards and serpents, and was escorting a lovely lady, who, with outstretched arms, gazed on a rich landscape before her. Nymphs in graceful attitudes surrounded the group, and gave vent to their delight in song, while a noble matron stood ready to receive the beautiful lady, and to conduct her in a ship with wide-spread sails, to a wonderful, green island of palms in the distance.

The man in the red tunic pointed with a threatening and warning gaze towards the pomegranate in his hand. In the background stood two strange-bearded figures, bearing torches and swords. This picture was a representation of the return of Proserpina from the kingdom of the powerful aides, into the upper world, the queen being attended by her mother Cybele, in the guise of a fisherwoman.

The surroundings of the picture formed a strange accompaniment to this scene from classical mythology. A chorus of shepherds and shepherdesses, dressed in the height of fashion, their idyllic dignity being only attested by shepherds' crooks and flutes, danced in the step of a stately minuet around the throne of his subterranean majesty. The figure of his Majesty, Louis XIV., could be easily discerned, and also that of the matronly, but erect Duchess of Guise, and the heroic Count of St. Paul. The second lady in the fore-ground, with a profusion of luxuriant locks, had been treated with minute care by Master Mignard, and stood considerably in front of the other figures. Lully's companion examined the picture carefully, and fixed his gaze with evident interest on this black-haired lady.

"Now," said Mignard, addressing the Director, "what do you think of my idea?"

"Ah! it must be set to music, even if that music must be brought from the subterranean world," said Lully. "The red man there sits like an injured husband, who has reason to restrain his wife's coquetry, the mother excuses her on the ground of her youth, pledges herself for her daughter, while the nymphs, who trouble themselves about no laws but their own, unite in extolling the charms of beauty. Have I seized the idea, Signor Gherardesca?"

The young man in black signified his assent with a smile.

Mignard turned towards the strangers, and addressing the Director, said: "If you could not plead your musical profession in excuse for absence of mind, I should reproach you, that you have not yet introduced me to your companion."

"You are right, dear Mignard," Lully exclaimed, "but I beg you to take this as the proof that I consider you as my second-self. The idea did not occur to me, that you could be a stranger to my friend. But if I have committed a fault, I will soon repair it. Peter Mignard, a renowned Roman, see here a devotee of art, who would be proud to be a Roman, were he not, like me, a son of lovely Florence. So far my task is easy, Peter Mignard: Nicolo Gherardesca, but now the difficulty follows."

"Your friend is doubtless a musician," remarked Mignard. "If I were still young, I would handle the violin instead of the painter's brush. But now that I am past fifty, I must abide in the region of observation, for I could no longer accustom myself to the tender gradations of sound."

"Your remark," said Gherardesca, "convinces me that you are a poet, even if you have never composed a rhyme."

"I am nothing less than a poet," said the painter, shaking his head.

"Signor Gherardesca also thinks," exclaimed Lully, "that he is no poet, for an opposite reason, because he makes verses wherever he goes and on whatever he sees. Indeed, Mignard, as you have such a command of our language, I can promise you much enjoyment, in listening to the improvisations of Master Gherardesca, and still greater enjoyment, in hearing him recite his verses on the stage."

"Are you the new Director of the royal Italian Opera?" enquired Mignard in astonishment, "and still so young? Until now I had only heard the name of Niccolo."

"I am an actor, Sir," said Gherardesca, "a harlequin, who has been sometimes successful, and I write all that we act, because I know how the parts must be arranged for the special performers. In addition to this, I have undertaken the superintendence of the Court ballet, the music for which is composed by the Director. You see, Master Mignard, that I have every reason to beg your forbearance. As, in preparation for such a representation as is depicted on your canvass, I have not only to write the text, but also to give a minute description of every dance, and prepare my own performances."

"May God have mercy on me," said Mignard, "if you intend more than a compliment, you can bear witness, Lully, that I have never attempted more in my pictures, than the correct representation of the costume of the performers, and, at the most, the expression of my own idea, as to their most effective grouping in various scenes."

"It is my opinion that you give more than you profess to give," said Gherardesca, with an indescribably charming smile, "for your art is an embodiment of a verse which I have just composed, on 'Pluto and Proserpina.'"

"Let me beg you to give the nymphs a leading part, my good Gherardesca," exclaimed Lully in great excitement, "for my unenlightened friends will not be convinced that I am right in selecting women's voices for the performance of women's parts, and in maintaining that no male treble-singer can ever exercise that charm over the heart which lies in a cultivated female voice. I consider the female chorus of the first importance, and then the mixed chorus for the minuet, for my Toco."

"A minuet would be difficult to arrange here," said Gherardesca, looking at the picture. "These mythical personages could not play the part of bystanders."

"If so, let them disappear altogether," exclaimed Lully, already angered at this slight con-

tradition. "If I think a minuet necessary, it shall be there. Or shall the shepherdesses lead off a sarabande?"

"The step of the minuet," replied Gherardesca, "on account of its side-way motion, I can retain for the ballet of the shepherds. I must represent a Grecian dance, and as its movements were always in a circle, it will leave the central point, where my mythical personages are placed, untouched. But the minuet with its parallel lines would cross them."

Lully was as self-confident as he was passionate and inconsiderate, and would not have given up any pet idea, even for the King. But Gherardesca had expressed his opinion with such genuine simplicity, that the composer exclaimed:

"It is to be hoped that you do not wish to kill me with your long sentences, therefore let us keep the peace. I shall make my minuet according to my own idea, and you shall have it performed as you think best; so we shall escape from our dilemma. I am the originator of the minuet, and I will not allow a single limb to be torn from my child."

"Have you examined my costume carefully?" Mignard enquired Gherardesca with some anxiety.

"I approve the dress of the gods and the nymphs, and the Court will listen to no dictation," the poet replied.

"That would depend on the strength of our resolution," exclaimed Lully, already excited by the prospect of a quarrel. I take it upon myself alone, to control these grand seigneurs. They look pitiful enough, especially when seen from behind, with the outward pockets of their coats."

"I think," said Gherardesca, "that the ladies would be more disposed for an improvement in the style of their dress, than the gentlemen."

"The ladies have already shown some inclination for it," answered Mignard, drawing aside a thick curtain, which covered a picture on another easel. "In the ladies' dresses, here represented, I have given some idea of the dress, which will, I expect, be introduced in the ballet. I assure you, that it caused me no slight trouble to investigate the secrets of the milliners, and eventually to satisfy their best judges with my drawing. I expect that the ballet shepherdesses will soon appear in dresses similar to these."

Mignard drew the curtain aside, and exclamations of admiration followed from all his guests.

The picture was the half-length portrait of a young lady. It would be difficult to say, wherein lay the charm which rivetted the gaze of every beholder.

The painter had despised the usual accessories of light and shade, and had yet contrived not alone to place the portrait in striking relief, but also to animate its features with an expression which was at once attractive and repelling, and which, in spite of its sunny smile, was affecting in its depth of meaning.

The lady could lay no claim to a comparison with those ideal faces, which, since the time of a Luca Signorelli and Raphael had been charmed upon the canvass by Italy's great masters. Her forehead was almost retreating, her nose short and perhaps retroussé, her hair was too profuse, and was arranged in stiff curls, instead of falling in graceful locks, while, lastly, both eyes and hair were much too dark in contrast with the brilliant colouring of the skin. The attitude, with the expression, and the smile which played around the lower half of the face, afforded, like the scent of a rose, a glimpse into the life which lay below the surface, and prevented the eye from dwelling on the features alone.

"Who may this lady be?" enquired Gherardesca, who was engrossed in the examination of the picture.

"You see the new-fashioned dress, Signor," said Mignard, pointing to the handsome dress of an unusual shape and to its rich adornments. "The tunic is especially becoming to a dignified and graceful bearing, while the dress itself is still, in my opinion, too narrow."

"But who is she?" repeated Gherardesca with much excitement.

"In the ballet, the king's dancer."

Lully smiled.

"Indeed," he said, "I can remember a time, when banished into obscurity after my marriage a time in which a secret power suddenly arose, and made me its slave. The first symptoms of my fever were similar to those which we may now observe in our poor Gherardesca."

"I do not understand you, Master Lully."

"I am quite willing to believe it; I did not then understand what my friends say of me, that was her doing; but the lady there, she understands all these arts."

"But who is she, I pray you; she cannot be your wife, it is impossible!"

"I thank God that she is not, otherwise I who am brave, but unskilled in arms, should have long ago entered the ranks with one of her admiring cavaliers! This is Maria Mancini, the niece of Cardinal Mazarin."

Gherardesca retreated a few steps, but again approached the picture.

"I shall myself lead the chorus," he said, "and Maria Mancini will not dance with the king."

Lully laid his hand on the painter's shoulder.

"My friend, you are a true native of Florence! After three days' residence in Paris, you think it necessary to interest yourself in his Majesty's love affairs."

"She is not the king's beloved!" exclaimed Gherardesca. "I remember, the king was to marry Olympia Mancini, but this lady's name is Maria. Master Mignard, excuse my asking you if I may buy this picture? Demand what you will; I will not rest, until I have obtained the sum necessary for the purchase."

"Sir, the picture is not for sale," remarked Mignard, almost alarmed at Gherardesca's vehemence.

"You could paint a copy for your first purchaser."

"That is impossible, Signor!"

"Why is it impossible? Are you afraid that you cannot copy the picture exactly? You have surely sufficient confidence in your art."

"On the contrary, I think that in many respects the copy would surpass the original, especially in the harmony of detail. It would only be difficult for me to obtain again the life-like expression which involuntarily to myself animated the picture as I painted it, but these are idle considerations. This picture must be delivered to-morrow to its purchaser, and Maria Mancini will never allow herself to be painted again, although I may doubt this, as women often change their minds."

"I shall be content with a copy of the picture, name your price."

"Signor Gherardesca, I regret that I must meet your request to me, with a decided refusal."

"I forgive you. But why did you paint the picture?"

"May I ask who ordered it, if not the lady herself?"

"She sat ten times to me," said Mignard, turning round uneasily on his high seat, "but she will not possess the picture, neither was it ordered by her!"

"Oh," exclaimed Lully, "then by her bridegroom, Prince Colonna, who is to marry Maria Mancini in a fortnight."

Mignard shook his head.

"It was the king!" said Gherardesca, casting a sorrowful glance on the picture. "How much grace, what happy youth, and what love are encompassed by this gay frame."

Gherardesca became absorbed in thought, and went out silently, while Lully remembered, that he must hasten away to a recital of one of those musical performances, which, under the name of *Petits violins du Roi*, were famed in the art history of the period.

Mignard remained all day in the most cheerful spirits. He never tired of discoursing to his daughter about the poets, actors, singers, and dancers, who had done him the honour of falling in love with his portrait of Maria Mancini, and the young artist awaited the return of these enthusiasts with great anxiety.

The evening came as quickly as the bats at the golden corner of the Tissanderie, and Master Mignard bound an East Indian muslin handkerchief round his head, preparatory to encountering as it turned out one of the most unexpected and extraordinary adventures of his life.

The Master resided alone like an Indian Divinity, and appropriated to his own use all the rooms on the same floor as the atelier. Below were the ladies, his wife and daughter, his son, and the gigantic porter, but no one excepting Mignard slept on the upper story.

It was a stormy night, and gusts of wind swept round the corners of the narrow street. It might be about midnight when Mignard was half awakened by a sudden blast of cold wind; and at the same time heard the sashwindow fall with a loud noise; it must, therefore, have been previously opened. The painter made these reflections whilst he exerted himself to overcome all remains of sleepiness.

But a bright and sudden glare of a light awakened him fully; at first, in spite of the lateness of the season, he thought that it was lightning, and listened for the thunder-clap. But he shuddered in every limb on discovering that there was a light in his room, and that a man, much smaller than the Saint Christopher down stairs, was pacing about noiselessly, carrying a light, and was apparently admiring the beauty of the pictures hanging against the wall or standing on the easel.

The atelier was next to the bed chamber, and had also a door into the ante-room; the mysterious visitor soon turned towards the open door.

Mignard was now able to inspect him minutely, until the light had been concealed by his figure, and he had appeared like a deep shadow, surrounded by a radiant halo. He wore a low crowned sailor's hat, and had bound a red handkerchief round his head, so that nothing was to be seen of his hair. A grey woollen blouse and trousers of the same material covered the outline of his figure, which seemed to be short and thick. He was bare-footed. As he turned sideways, Mignard observed that he wore a half mask made of wire, like a harlequin on the stage.

"Gherardesca!" was the inward exclamation of the terrified painter. "The madman has come to steal the picture of Maria Mancini."

This thought restored courage to the master. Had the intruder been an ordinary robber,

he would have hidden himself trembling under the bed-clothes, but it might be possible to come to terms with this enthusiastic friend of art even should it become necessary to promise a repetition of the picture.

He therefore started boldly from his couch, and exclaimed:

"Signor Gherarda, or rather I should say Gherardesca, you have frightened me out of my senses. In the name of all the holy patrons of art, what can be the meaning of this horrible scene?"

Mignard was now standing in the middle of the room.

The stranger uttered a short, rough exclamation, turned round, carefully placed the light on a table, and then, seizing Mignard, swung him, with his face downwards, upon the bed.

Mignard lay for a few moments quite still, like a fish, which has just been drawn out of the water and thrown upon the land. The stranger whispered, in a hoarse voice: "Quick, quick, uncle, if you wish for peace, but if you try to make any noise, I will thrust my dagger into your throat. I have no evil designs on your collection of costly rings, seals, and snuff-boxes."

"Oh, I am very poor, you are mistaken if you think that I possess money or gems," said Mignard in a weak piping voice.

"I do not care for your assurance, I am come to fetch one of your pictures; that will be but a small loss to you as you can produce a new one any day. So I may rely upon you, uncle, you will spare me the dagger thrust."

"I swear."

"Then you may get up."

Poor Mignard sat on the side of the bed, and gazed at his adversary who drew a long thin cord out of the pocket of his blouse, and made a large noose.

"Herr Gherardesca," whispered Mignard.

"Ah, you are interfering with me, in spite of your promise," murmured the intruder. "I will tell you something which will set you entirely at your ease."

He came nearer to the painter, as if he wished to whisper something, but, with the speed of lightning, he seized Mignard's head with his left hand, and held it in an iron grasp. Mignard, who was unable to draw a breath, and still less to cry out, opened his mouth wide, whereupon his tormentor, with a light and apparently practised hand, quickly applied a gag, which had been concealed in a fine cloth.

"You are a talkative man," said the stranger, holding up his finger like a schoolmaster. "I cannot depend upon you, and I must take pledges for your loyal behaviour." He then tied the painter's hands and feet, contemplated his work with the air of a connoisseur, and went whistling into the atelier, where, after carrying the light about for a few minutes, he took from the easel the portrait of Maria Mancini.

Mignard's inward agitation was so intense, that much against his will, he writhed and struggled with his feet.

"Uncle," said the stranger in a warning voice, "I am going away for a few minutes; but I shall return and kill you if you stamp and struggle, and bring your clumsy Auvergnat down upon me."

Mignard became as still as a mouse. The window was then drawn up, and the picture was let down into the street by a long cord. The stranger fastened the end of the cord to a

strong hook which he had rapidly knockad into the window sill, took off his hat, and waved it triumphantly.

"Good night, dear Uncle," he said, "do not take offence at this disturbance. If the cords have pressed you a little, you had better rub the sore places to-morrow morning with good oil. Console yourself for your misadventure with the reflection that the pictures of bad painters are not stolen. God preserve you, Uncle."

The thief then swung himself out of the window.

Mignard rose, and, in spite of the cords round his feet, succeeded in reaching the window, where he made a desperate effort to remove the gag from his mouth. This was unsuccessful, and instead of raising an alarm, he was obliged to content himself with looking down into the *Coin d'or*, where the thief, who looked like a shadow in the darkness, took up the picture, and slowly turned away in the direction of the Tuilleries.

As the light was still burning on the table, the painter was able to make trials as to the best method of opening the door. After prolonged efforts, he was successful, and he hoped, like a raven, along the corridor, till he came to a small but heavy table standing at the top of the stairs. This he threw down, and as it bumped on the stairs, he heard from below the giant Christopher's rough voice, exclaiming, "Who is there?" But although Mignard danced about phantastically, and made as much noise as he could, the porter would not have gone upstairs, had he not stumbled over the table at the bottom. The giant went up, and found his master, whom, in a few minutes, he relieved from embarrassment.

It may be believed that the painter had no more sleep that night. The other inmates of the house were aroused, and Mignard again related his fearful experiences. He was convinced that it was Gherardesca who had visited him, and made a hundred plans for regaining possession of the picture by persuasion or artifice, for he was unwilling that the enthusiast, who had treated him with so little consideration, should become involved in misfortune. He trusted to Lully, who was as resolute and ingenious, as he was energetic, until the morning cut off all these projects in the bud.

A royal page with a forest of feathers in his cap, appeared before Mignard's house, followed by the greater part of the children of the "Tissanderie." He looked at the house with a gesture of astonished curiosity, and then requested Christopher to introduce him to the painter. The young nobleman was the bearer of a paper from the Court marshal, to the intent, that the "portrait ordered by the King" should be sent directly, well packed, to the Tuilleries.

Mignard, shattered, and almost unconscious, promised to come at once "with the painting," and almost fainted, after the page had left.

There was nothing to be done, but to make a frank confession to the Marshal of the Palace. Mignard was the innocent victim of a criminal who must now prove how far his enthusiasm for Maria Mancini could protect him.

The Court Marshal, old Count Montberry, regarded the trick which had been played on the trembling painter, from a comical point of view, and laughed immoderately when Mignard related how entirely he had played the part of the lamb when overmastered by the rogue.

"All that you can do," said the Count, "is to produce another picture as soon as possible."

"Oh, how gladly would I do so," cried Mignard.

"There must be no delay, for his Majesty already seemed somewhat impatient."

At this moment the courtiers who had attended the little levée, came out of the inner

rooms into the green hall which served as an ante-chamber, and many of these highborn notabilities bestowed on the painter a cordial greeting or even a shake of the hand.

The chamberlain who had announced the painter, whispered a few words to the Marshal, which drew from him a suppressed expression of displeasure.

Mignard approached the Office-bearer.

"Sir," said the Count de Montbarry very roughly, "the King is much annoyed at the loss of the picture, you will have to answer for it."

Mignard did not know how he reached the presence chamber, where besides the Monarch, he found only the Count of St. Paul, Commander of the Mousquetaires, Count Laroche, and the Venetian Ambassador Contmarini.

The King was in a state of great agitation. He was attired in a riding costume, which consisted of a hat adorned with green and white feathers, a green coat embroidered with gold, scarlet waistcoat, white trousers, and high boots; a hunting knife at his side. He was in the bloom of advanced youth, his figure was agile and delicate, his glance majestic, his face was finely formed, and his features were very expressive.

Count St. Paul was a handsome soldier with a short curly moustache and fair curls, recalling to memory his celebrated mother Anna Geneviève de Longueville. Laroche was scarcely twenty years old; of gigantic height, with the figure of a lady, and was the declared favourite of the King, until he lost the Monarch's good graces by rivalry in love. Contmarini, in his black robe, looked like a priest, his grey head was delicately formed, and his features bore the same aristocratic yet crafty expression which Titian imparts to the senators of St. Mark.

Louis XIV. turned with a quick movement to poor Mignard, and said, "Has the picture been stolen from you?"

"Yes, Sire, I have been so unfortunate."

"But it is to be hoped that you know the thief."

"Sire—"

"How much did you receive, on condition that you would allow it to be stolen?"

"Sire, on my bended knees I entreat you—"

"You must find the picture or the thief; you will not have to look far."

The King turned round, and Laroche stepped forward quickly, touched the shoulder of the trembling painter, and conducted him into the ante-chamber.

"Oh, I am innocent, my Lord Count," cried Mignard.

"I readily believe it; I think, with the Venetian ambassador, that there must be women in the case. Come, keep up your spirits, no harm will be done to you in the Châtelet."

In speechless bewilderment, Mignard proceeded to the guard room of the Mousquetaires, where he waited until fetched away in a closely shut carriage, attended by two mounted guards. He was delivered over to the Huissiers of the Master of Police, and saw arranged in dismal succession before his mental eye, the Bastille, Vignerol, Vincennes and Plessis; for he felt certain that he must expect chains and fetters.

The Master of Police at that time was a certain Sire Duchambeau, a nobleman who belonged to a juristical family in Rome, celebrated for legal knowledge and for hams, he had thus earned the nickname of "Du Jambon."

Duchambeau, whilst taking enormous pinches of snuff, had the politeness to raise his

unwieldy form from the chair, and bestowed a friendly greeting on the painter. He then sank down again with a heavy sigh, and took up his pen.

"Here, Monsieur Mignard," said he, as he bent his thick white eyebrow over his sharp grey eyes, "is a royal *Lettre de cachet*, endorsed with your name; there is no need for a St. Vitus' dance here; the distance from the Bastille is long or short, according as you choose the road. You are in very bad case, but I think that I can help you, if you will only be reasonable. Do not let other people take advantage of you, I say. You are your own best friend. Spare no one, the King will thank you."

A long pause ensued.

"Have you collected your thoughts, Master?"

"I am ready, Monsieur Duchambeau," said Mignard, "May God forgive me, but I believe that Signor Gherardesca, Piccolo by name, the new Director of the Ballet, was the thief."

The official then took down a personal description of the Italian.

"He was disguised as a beggar, with a handkerchief round his head."

"Ah, that is worn by escaped galley slaves to hide their shorn heads."

"But the thief wore a fine harlequin's mask."

"Did you recognize Gherardesca's voice?"

"I had only spoken Italian with him, and the thief spoke French, the change of language gave a different character to the voice."

"He spoke French—with what accent?"

"That of Avignon, I think."

"Ah, our most resolute and cunning criminals come from there. He laid hold of you; you must have noticed whether his hand was that of an aristocrat or an artizan?"

"The hand of the thief was delicate, soft, and white, as I observed when he was tying my feet. His naked feet were very finely formed."

"Now we shall come to some conclusion," said the Master of Police, with a satisfied air. "Maleficus left behind? what did you say?"

"A wax light."

"Of the common kind, yellow, and so forth?"

"No, the candle is quite white and highly perfumed."

"Very good, Sir, to-night you may rest quietly in your bed, instead of on a straw couch in the Bastille."

"And the cord which was left hanging to the window, after the thief had taken the picture, and let himself down, is of twisted green silk?"

"Ah, a most unwonted luxury for a man who has come 'from the *Travaux forcés*,' and Gherardesca evidently adores Maria Mancini; that whim will cost him dear."

"Monsieur Duchambeau, the Italian has never seen the lady, but it is certain that he was so enamoured by her portrait that he offered me any price for it, and seemed very unhappy when I refused to part with it."

"So much the better, if the thief has acted only under the influence of a new suddenly aroused emotion, it will be all the easier to bring him to confession, and to regain possession of the picture. But I hear the clock strike twelve. We will continue our conversation this evening."

"When do you wish me to return?"

"Ah, you must remain here, you must be at hand, in case Gherardesca is brought in."

Mignard raised his hand in despair, as a soldier conducted him to a cell in the gate tower, where he found a couch, bread and water, and an enormous chain with handcuffs, fastened to the wall in case of need. It was almost dark when the door of the cell was opened, and Mignard was again conducted to the audience chamber, where Lully and Gherardesca were already in waiting. The Musician was very much excited, Gherardesca was calm and collected.

"Master Mignard," said Lully, "will you be kind enough to bestow a careful examination on Monsieur Gherardesca, whom you have only seen once before, and then to confess that it was the most unpardonable indiscretion to maintain that you could have recognized this gentleman, who was a perfect stranger to you, in the unnecessary costume of a disguised criminal."

"*Monsieur le Directeur*," said Duchambeau, "allow me to direct our quartett."

"It seems to me that the thief had broader shoulders," observed Mignard.

"He must have worn a thicker blouse than Monsieur Gherardesca. I require you to speak French, *Monsieur le directeur*, so that Monsieur Mignard may hear you."

"My knowledge of your language is most incomplete," said the poet.

"Now, Mignard, is that the voice or dialect of your nocturnal visitor?"

"No, if the thief were to speak, I should know him among a thousand." I shall never forget his rough, merciless tones.

"Well, but Monsieur Gherardesca is an actor," remarked Duchambeau. "That must be taken into account. He has just declared that he envies the thief who has got the picture."

"That is no crime," exclaimed Lully.

"No, but it is an indication for me; you do not remember, Monsieur Mignard, if any one, except Monsieur Gherardesca, has expressed a strong desire to possess the picture?"

"No, my Lord; no one has seen the picture, except the Intendant and Monsieur Gherardesca."

"And when was it stolen? repeat your evidence, Mignard."

"Between the hours of twelve and one."

"Where were you at that time, Gherardesca?"

"In bed, of course."

"My Porter can bear witness," added Lully, "that my guest, the Director of His Majesty's ballet, returned home with me at eleven o'clock from the Italian Opera and did not leave the house again."

"Yes the Porter watches the doors, but it is possible to slip out of the windows," remarked Duchambeau.

"Gherardesca sleeps in the second story."

"That may be, but our thief could climb. As Gherardesca is an accomplished dancer, it would be easy for him to let himself down two dozen feet by a rope, or even to pull himself as far up again."

"I have never attempted such tricks," answered Gherardesca coldly, "I see that the Master of Police is determined to put me in confinement, although there is not the slightest shadow of a reasonable suspicion against me. I appeal to His Majesty the King."

"It was at the command of his most gracious Majesty that proceedings were opened against you. Confess, and deliver up the picture, that is my advice, and then this most delicate matter may soon take a favourable turn. Well?"

"I can confess nothing, and give up nothing which I have never possessed."

"Then you must return to your cell."

Duchambeau rang a bell, and Gherardesca was led away by two soldiers, after a most despairing embrace from Lully,—who exclaimed:

"He is going to the Bastille."

"Then you know more than I do," said Duchambeau, coolly, taking a pinch of snuff.

"Yes, he will never leave it again, for who knows when the veil will be lifted from this mysterious business for which other people must be to blame, and not my poor unhappy poet, who has scarcely trodden the streets of Paris."

"You are very candid, Monsieur l'intendant, and your evidence will do no harm, as far as I am concerned. But meanwhile a warning hint will not come amiss. You are dismissed. Monsieur Mignard, you must give me your hand, and swear by your honour and by your conscience, that you will not be tempted to neglect any summons that I may see fit to send you, or your person and property will be at my mercy."

Mignard gave the required promise, and passed with Lully out of the dismal doors of the Châtelet.

"Listen, Mignard," said the Musician, "I had made the resolution never to exchange a word with you again, but you have always been such an honourable, upright, and loveable man, a true Roman, that I cannot bring myself to be angry with you. Have you any suspicion, who but Gherardesca can have either stolen the picture, or instigated the theft?"

"Indeed, I have not, and the thief was so like your friend; only the voice was altogether different.

"It was not he who robbed and ill-used you. I will pledge my life for it. But, in any case, paint the picture again. The lady will sit to you, when she hears that she can save an innocent man from the Bastille. When it is ready, we can find by means of sending it to old Montbarry without his discovering whence it comes; and Gherardesca will be set free."

"I cannot venture to make any proposition to the lady, for she appeared to yield only to inevitable compulsion, when she allowed herself to be painted."

"Then I will go and arrange the matter," cried Lully, "and I will do it this evening, so that you may begin your painting to-morrow."

At this moment two coaches, one close behind the other, drove up; they were preceded by running footmen, bearing gilt lanterns on long staves. Beside the carriages rode soldiers of the Maréchaussée, the panels were adorned with coats of arms.

Mignard had departed, to hasten, breathless, to his beloved Coin d'or, while the musician remained behind in order to see who would get out of the carriages.

A graceful looking man, in a dark-coloured costume first stepped out, holding a handkerchief before his face, but Lully's sharp eyes recognized the thin sallow countenance of the Roman Prince Colonna, the betrothed of Maria Mancini.

"Is it he?" said Lully to himself; "there can be no reason for this visit, but Mignard's picture!"

Out of the second carriage stepped the Count of St. Paul, who passed by the Prince without condescending to salute him, while the Prince quickly turned his back on his former rival. Lully wrapped himself in his cloak, and retired behind the shadow of a tower, half projecting from the wall, while he inwardly resolved, after the return of the two cavaliers, to make an attack on Duchambeau, for the sake of learning how the mystery of the Rue de la Tisseranderie progressed. Half an hour after, Colonna, with bended head, and abstracted mien, came out, and

stepped into his carriage, and after another quarter of an hour, appeared the Count of St. Paul, who appeared in such an excited state of mind that he was talking aloud to himself.

"Was there ever such a foolish affair?" said he, as the Porter shut the heavy door behind him: "I am supposed to have given orders for the stealing of pictures representing women whom I have forgotten long ago. Pictures of brides, impersonations of pride, stupidity and cowardice, into the bargain! I will search the man who has cooked this broth for me to eat it himself."

"Good evening, my Lord," said Lully, stepping forward, and taking off his hat, so that the Count might recognise him. St. Paul looked to one side, and exclaimed, "What! Master Lully, you have doubtless come to set to music the box on the ear which the Master of Police has just received from me."

"A box on the ear? O, your highness, that must be produced as a single note, and sounded *con fuoco*." It is scarcely an hour since, Monsieur Du Jambon vouchsafed me his special attention."

"With respect to the picture of Maria Mancini?"

"It was, my Lord."

"Because you composed Canticles in honour of the Lady, and set sonnets to music? That is superb!"

"I went to the Châtelet in company with my friend, the Poet Gherardesca, who is said to have surprised Mignard in his bed, and to have stolen the portrait of Maria Mancini. He has been taken to the Bastille?"

"Here! Lully, the roads are bad this evening; will you drive with me? I must enquire into this trick which has been played upon me."

Both stepped into the carriage. The composer related, at the Count's request, the adventure of Master Mignard, and described the visit which he and Gherardesca had paid to the painter.

"And you believe that your gifted countryman was the thief?"

"I am convinced of the contrary. My suspicions rest upon Lebrun (may the Saints forgive me the sin; if sin it be). He is so dreadfully jealous and ambitious, and is capable of anything when there is a question of depriving another painter of the laurel crown."

"Oh, that track is false," exclaimed the Cavalier. "Charles Lebrun will never allow that there could be a picture in the world worthy of being stolen by him. No, the proud Colonna has had a hand in this business. He thinks it his duty to be jealous about Maria Mancini, because she is betrothed to him, although he regards his bride with perfect indifference. The King renounces his love for Maria Mancini, and only wishes to possess her portrait. Colonna sends his emissary to steal it. Thus the net has been woven, in the meshes of which the young painter is caught like a bird. He may patiently await his release till the judgment day while the well-paid thief walks at large and enjoys himself."

Both were silent for some time; at last the glitter of the lanterns was seen before the Tuileries.

"Master Lully," said the Prince, "I confess that I do not dare to mention the subject to the King, much less to suggest the true author of the trick which has intentionally been played upon him. That would turn out very badly for Gherardesca; it is sometimes more convenient for us to convict an innocent man than to acknowledge that we have been duped. An attack which I will lead must be made upon Donna Maria, in order that we may obtain the release of Gherardesca."

"I hope that it may succeed."

"But you must stand by me, Lully. You can speak of your friend and your presence will save me from the suspicion of wishing to renew the attentions which were formerly so unacceptable to the Lady Mancini. I am now at liberty; what do you say, shall we at once seek out the enemy, and secure him to the best of our power?"

The way led to the Palace Mazarin, from which France had so long received her laws, but the guards who had formerly kept watch for the Cardinal, no longer stood before the gloomy doors. In the interior of the building grave figures in the garb of the church could be seen hovering about.

In this cloistral stillness it was difficult to imagine the brilliant festivities which had been celebrated here, with the object of entangling the young King in the charms of Olympia Mancini. Donna Maria Mancini received the two gentlemen in the presence of an old Italian servant, who still wore her peasant's dress.

"My Lady," said St. Paul, "I should not have ventured to appear before you, except with the hope of obtaining the liberation of a young man, who has committed no other crime, but that of falling in love with your portrait."

The Lady looked much surprised. Her charming face resembled Mignard's portrait in every feature, and she did not look less queenly in a simple sea green dress than in her brilliant silken robes. Master Lully related, with spirited warmth, his story of the "beautiful" Gherardesca an epithet which he evidently used on purpose, and his recital awakened exclamations of painful astonishment, which betokened deep feeling.

"Prince Colonna has been examined," continued St. Paul, with great emotion, "and has endeavoured to make me responsible for the production of the picture, this circumstance might raise conjectures as to the position, which you, Madame, now occupy in my heart."

Maria blushed slightly, and her eyes gleamed mischievously.

"Well! Count; then you would set no high value on my portrait," said she.

"I should certainly never need it, to remind me how highly you deserve to be esteemed," answered St. Paul, very gravely. "I think that the impertinent Master of Police would have sent me to the Bastille, had I not been able to prove, that I spent the whole of last night in the Hôtel Ligne, and playing at L'Hombre with Prince Henry, Roquelaure, and Montpensier.

"But what did you say about Prince Colonna, what has he had to do with the picture?"

"I do not know, Madame," said St. Paul, shrugging his shoulders.

"You find it necessary to be silent, my Lord Count," observed Maria, "and I thank you for your consideration. I will then express my opinion that Prince Colonna would be the last to expose any one to punishment, or even to inconvenience, for stealing my portrait. I should make an exception, if the picture were set in gems of faultless beauty, for the Prince is a great connoisseur of precious stones," added the lady, with a disdainful curve of her upper lip. "It is impossible that Prince Colonna should so far extend his imagination, as to wish on any grounds, that the picture should be stolen for him. I cannot penetrate the mystery, and can only foresee the hard fate of an unhappy victim."

She half rose from her seat, and bowed.

"My Lady, you will not dismiss us, without one word of hope. In order that the King, in spite of this mysterious accident, may obtain your portrait, will you generously consent, Madame, to recommence your sittings with Master Mignard? If the King receives the picture, he will perhaps be inclined to set poor Gherardesca at liberty."

"I will gladly accede to your request. Send the painter to me, but first impose upon him a promise of the most profound secrecy."

The gentlemen took their leave.

When they had reached the ground floor, the old Italian servant made her appearance, touched St. Paul's arm, and made a sign to him to return.

Maria Mancini was walking up and down the room, with rapid steps, and the Count waited in respectful silence until she spoke.

"St. Paul," said Marie, turning towards him full in the face. "I think that we are old friends, otherwise if I speak plainly to you, you might be in a position to injure me."

"Madam, my heart and my honour are the only pledges I can give, but I have no wish to intrude upon your secrets."

"Oh, it is necessary to tear the veil from other people's secrets," exclaimed Maria, with all the impetuosity of an Italian. "As you left the room just now, a thought flashed through my mind which may throw some light on the wicked intrigue to which your poet has fallen a victim."

"I am eager to hear," said the Count.

"Why should I try to conceal from you," continued Maria, "what you doubtless have already discovered. 'I never loved the King, and therefore aided the triumphs of those who wished to prevent his marriage with me, and who looked for the salvation of France in the person of Maria Theresia, the sister of the Emperor Francis. But the King's affection for me blazed up again, and when it was known that I had resolved to give my hand to Prince Colonna. I passed through a terrible conflict, in maintaining my resolution. At last the King gave way, and only begged for my portrait. Count Dietrichstein was present when the King exclaimed, 'This portrait and no other, as long as I live, shall be Queen of France.'"

"I understand," said St. Paul, very much excited. "The intrigue has been set on foot by the Imperial Ambassador, while Colbert and the Parliamentary leaders have connived at it."

"I only thought of the Austrians."

"Well, Madam, I shall soon discover the whole affair," said St. Paul, unvoluntarily grasping his dagger with his left hand. "Accept my thanks, Madam. Were I not thirty-two years of age, I should scarcely be able, after the proof of confidence you have just given me, to find any suitable mode of expression for my feelings. But I may venture to say, that there is no cavalier, who esteems you more highly, or pays you more faithful devotion than myself."

He kissed the lady's hand respectfully and took his leave.

"Well," said Lully: "your interview must have been either very important, or very interesting."

"Both, Maestro, I have discovered the track of the foxes, and they shall not escape me. It is not too late to accomplish a good stroke of business this evening."

"I am at your service, my Lord Count."

"Maestro, I shall probably be compelled to use my dagger, and your bâton will not be of much use."

"What? Is there any possibility of a duel?" asked Lully anxiously.

"Oh, I cannot say as much as that, but it is not impossible that there may be dagger thrusts."

"If I were as skilful with my dagger as my bâton, I should be the man for you."

"Oh, there is no need to excuse yourself. I can accomplish my task alone. Take my

carriage, and drive home, and come to my house at eleven o'clock in the morning. I may then perhaps, have pleasant news to communicate."

Lully drove away, and the Count proceeded on foot through the streets, where his father, Henry, Duke of Longueville, and his uncle, Prince Bourbon Condé, had written tales in blood during the wars of the Fronde. Turning aside from the Hôtel-de-Ville, he came to the Palace of the Imperial Ambassador.

Count Dietrichstein had returned from Court only ten minutes before. When St. Paul entered, he had laid aside his hat and dagger, but was still in full dress. The Count was about fifty years old, more of a soldier than a scribe, his figure was knightly, full of strength and energy.

"I come, your Excellence, at an unusual hour, and on an unusual errand."

"You are welcome, under any circumstances, my Lord Count," exclaimed Dietrichstein, cordially extending his broad powerful hand to his visitor. "If you are come on business, we need be in no hurry; but we may first propitiate our fortunate star by a bottle of Tokay in the hope of future parties of Piquet. As happily we are both soldiers, I will take off this gold embroidered coat, as the collar has wounded my neck."

He let the deed follow the word, and stood in waistcoat and shirt sleeves, till a servant threw a loose dressing gown over his shoulders. The wine was placed on the table, and St. Paul found it excellent.

"Your Excellency," he began at last, "I do not know how to set about this business. The question relates to a portrait of the Lady Maria Mancini."

The ambassador made an encouraging sign of affirmation.

"She is (at least in her picture) the Queen of His Majesty's heart," he said; "I think that the words of the King might be thus interpreted."

"Those words have given much offence in some quarters," stammered St. Paul.

"Certainly; in my circle for example. My Imperial Master has a right to demand that his daughter should be spared the slightest breath of dishonour. I have not made any secret of my convictions on that point."

St. Paul related the history of the theft of the picture.

"Ah, Monseigneur!" exclaimed Dietrichstein, "now the mask falls. You wish, as Paladin of the Lady Maria, to call me to account. I must tell you that you have come to the wrong person. I protest against King Louis's exclamation, and his most Christian Majesty partly withdrew it, and partly explained it to my satisfaction. So I have nothing more to do with the matter. Whether the King hangs that picture or another in his cabinet, is not for me to decide. But there are many people who will not be pleased to see in the King's room the niece of the now happily departed Italian Cardinal."

"My Lord Count, let us speak as soldiers."

"Indeed, if I had not wished to speak so, you would have received quite a different answer."

"But the answer which you have given me will not help me, your Excellence."

"Allow me to ask if you will play piquet with me this evening?"

"Yes, if I may be allowed to play for honour, as I have no sign worth staking at my disposal."

"Oh, what unnecessary scruples! I am quite at your service, and, with respect to the picture, appeal to the Minister, or the Court-marshal, or the Archbishop, Monseigneur de Peyronne,

or the King's new mistress, Mademoiselle de Vanvillers, or to all of them at once, and forget the Master of Police, Duchambeau, who gave the thief into the hands of justice.

"What? that rascal? and he accused me of being specially concerned in the crime!" exclaimed St. Paul.

"Give him a box on the ear, that is the only revenge you can take."

"He has already received that, your Excellence."

"Well, we need not delay our game, my Lord Count."

And the cavaliers played till break of day in order to come to the conclusion that Count Dietrichstein, after formidable sums had been won and lost, had forfeited a few louis'd'or.

St. Paul discussed his plan of operations with Lully, and decided that it was best to tell the King the whole truth. The King raged at the conspiracy for a quarter of an hour, set aside the Court marshal and the favourite, and confined the Master of Police in the Bastille. Then he regained his composure, and sent for Master Mignard, who received a liberal donation on condition of delivering to Prince Colonna the picture which had been restored by the Master of Police. The Prince refused to take it, and the Master himself kept it for a long time, until it was bought by the Duke of Orleans.

As soon as Gherardesca had escaped from the Bastille and had arranged himself in court costume, Lully enjoyed the triumph of presenting him to the King, and of the astonishing monarch by the young poet's talent for improvisation. Gherardesca who gradually obtained as perfect a mastery of French as of his mother tongue, in later life wrote a number of comedies, festive programmes, and lyric dramas, and was considered inimitable as a harlequin.

He saw and spoke to the lady he had so much admired for the first time at the ballet of Pluto and Proserpine, in which he and Maria Mancini led the minuet, while the King did not dance during the evening. He wrote a poem, which was set to music by Lully, and in which he described, in effecting terms, his imprisonment in the Bastille, and the two fearful nights which he spent there, with the feelings he experienced for the lady of Mignard's picture. A few days later, Maria Mancini was married to Prince Colonna, and set out with him for his native city, eternal Rome.

GERARD DOW.

BY HIMSELF.

THE MINUET.

The scene of our story is at Leyden, in Gerard Dow's atelier, which is deserving of our admiration as compared with the workshop of a Rembrandt or a Teniers, where the various applicances and utensils always lay strewn in disorder, for here perfect order and cleanliness prevail, extending to the minutest detail. The articles of furniture and the easels were grouped in artistic fashion, and to every one of them an especial place was assigned with attentive care. Skilful plans were devised, in order to preserve the bijou pictures upon the easels, usually pearls of art, from the dust, which might otherwise have proved their most formidable enemy. The paintings which hung on the tapestried walls were arranged with taste, and with careful consideration of the effect of the light falling from the windows. Even the folds of the window-curtains were arranged by so artistic a hand, that they might have furnished studies for the fall of drapery.

The master was absent; his own easel made of mahogany, richly inlaid with ivory, was partly covered with a curtain. On the wall, hung his magnificent velvet hat, his state dagger, with its handle inlaid in gold and silver, and, by the side of these, a violin and bow, one of those celebrated instruments from the workshops of the Italian Amati of Cremona, as was evident from its artistic form.

Gerard Dow, a renowned artist, was also a proficient performer on the violin, which, on account of the difficulty of its management, had not yet fully supplanted the older viola di Gamba.

There were two other easels in the atelier, in addition to the master's, and before each sat a young man, painting. These two youths were Dow's talented pupils; Franz van Mieris and Gabriel Metzu.

Gabriel Metzu had a tall elegant figure, and a rather long, handsome face, surrounded by magnificent locks. He was devoting the closest attention to his work, and evidently intended to complete his painting before the approach of twilight. Metzu was neatly dressed; and had bestowed the same attention on his toilet, which, following the example of his master, he now gave to his painting.

Franz van Mieris, on the contrary, looked rather untidy. There was no trace to be found in him of the rest which dwelt on the features of Gabriel Metzu. The expression of his beautiful eye was restless and passionate, he pushed his fingers repeatedly through his bushy hair, as if he were irritated by some internal pain; he painted for a few moments at a time, then stopped,

DRESDENER GALEPHE



G. DOW

W. F. H. C.

G. DOW.

leant back, sighed, and murmured some unintelligible words between his teeth. At last he sprang up, threw his brush and pallet aside, and paced up and down the atelier with long strides.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Metz, turning round. "Cannot you be still a moment? It is as if some evil genius always came to disturb you at your work, and to tempt you to the tap-house, where your boon companions await you!"

"Gabriel," replied Mieris, who had already commenced that irregular, extravagant mode of life, which led to his early death; "Gabriel, it is true that I suffer internally; but you are much mistaken, if you think that I am now longing after cards and beakers of wine. If that were only all! But I can assure you, that my sufferings will kill me, as they now almost rob me of my reasoning powers."

With the utterance of these words, he cast an indescribable glance at one of the pictures, hanging on the wall. It represented the portrait of a lady, painted by the master hand of Dow, in all the charm of youth. A fair-haired, rosy-cheeked native of the Netherlands. It was Brigitta, the youthful wife of the painter, who competed for the palm of beauty with his grown-up daughter, by his first marriage. Mieris appeared unable to withdraw his eye from the picture. Metz's eyes followed the same direction, and a sad expression crept over them as he shrugged his shoulders, and became lost in thought.

Suddenly a clear female voice was heard without. Mieris stood up, hastily seized his hat, took his cloak, and hurried out into the half-darkened corridor. The wife of his master stood before him.

Brigitta was alarmed, and wished to draw back from the youth; but he boldly seized her hand, and pressed it to his heart. Brigitta, a slender but graceful figure, with more beauty than would have been surmised from her portrait, first motioned him away, while her features assumed an expression of pain; but afterwards smiled sadly, but with indescribable charm.

"Go, van Mieris," she whispered. "I pray you to keep away from me for to-day. I feel to-day, more than ever, all that I owe to my husband, master Gerard, and how much blame I deserve for having turned my glance from him, towards you, if only for a moment. To-day is the anniversary of our marriage; at this hour the master and I repaired to the church, to pledge our vows. Leave me, Mieris! I confess that I love you, but my affection for my husband is not extinguished, on the contrary; do not follow me therefore with your glance, but avoid me. Holland has women and maidens enough, who can give you that love, which you cannot expect from me."

Van Mieris fell at the feet of the beauty.

"Oh! do not deceive yourself!" he whispered in great excitement. "Do not cause misery both to yourself and to me. To-day, or never, our fate must be decided. To-day the knot was tied, which separates you from me, to-day it must be untied, or I will kill myself at your feet."

"What do you mean, Franz?" said Brigitta stammering, and trembling in every limb.

"I mean that you shall accept my hand, and fly with me from this house, this city, and this land, in order to become mine, under the glowing sky of Italy!" answered Mieris, carried away by his own enthusiasm. "In two hours' time I will take my leave, to prepare all for our flight; then I will return, to be always your's, to unite your fate for ever, my beloved, with my own."

Whilst mistress Brigitta could find no words to express her astonishment, the distant door of the house was opened. Brigitta fled, and Mieris sprang to his feet.

Gabriel Metzu quietly closed the door of the atelier, and, having seen Gerard Dow enter the house, he whispered, "Poor, gentle master! How can I avert your ruin? I will reveal to you the intended crime."

Dow entered the atelier. He was a man of about fifty years of age, his cheerful, artistic face was adorned by a short beard. Years had only slightly tinged his brown locks with white. With the most unconstrained and dignified bearing, he was still a handsome man, his face had an attractive expression. Dow examined with satisfaction the work of his two pupils, he then stood up, and patted Metzu affectionally on the shoulder.

Gabriel was endeavouring to introduce the painful subject, when Mieris entered, and rendered all explanation impossible.

"Go, children," Dow said, with a sweet smile, "and take these five gold-pieces, to give yourselves a pleasant evening with your friends: I wish to spend this evening alone with my wife, in memory of past days. Do you drink to our good health, and fill a bumper to art; and you, Franz, be careful that you do not carry the good to excess!"

Mieris looked gloomily before him; but Metzu appeared somewhat relieved. Mistress Brigitta would be watched through the evening by her husband, and he promised himself, that he would use every art of persuasion, to turn Mieris from his purpose, and to infuse other thoughts into his mind. The pupils shook Dow's hand, linked their arms, and passed through the house, on their way to the street. When they were outside, Mieris cast a glance towards the upper story. Brigitta's beautiful head was visible. Mieris, with a speaking glance, laid his hand first on his heart, then on his dagger, and whispered:

"This sword shall find its way through my breast, if you are cruel to me!"

Brigitta seemed to have understood his meaning, for she uplifted her hands, and then hastened from the window.

Now Metzu took courage, and began to make representations to his friend. But Mieris, although at first astonished, was far too artful for the amiable, honourable Metzu.

"You have been listening," he said, with his usual joking, almost insolent tone. "What do you want? Are you so simple, Gabriel? Do not you know that Franz van Mieris would play a comedy with the devil, if he had no other partner? I can assure you, that my comedy with Mistress Brigitta is a valuable discovery on my part; without it I should long ago have died of melancholy in Master Dow's cloister, with its fine, polished walls."

"Then you do not feel all that you say?" asked Metzu, who did not know what to believe.

"God forbid it! besides, you know, Gabriel, that I am already in love with the black-eyed Barbara, who satisfies my whole heart."

"But, Mistress Brigitta! Franz, it is unpardonable to disturb the peace of this noble lady." Mieris laughed aloud.

"She is as little in earnest as I am!" he exclaimed. "She too needs some amusement, for whilst we draw, she is alone in her room, with only her parrot to play with. You must allow that our conversation this evening was quite piquant."

Metzu shrugged his shoulders; he was completely misled.

"Then you do not think of running away to Italy with Mistress Brigitta," he said, in order to set his mind thoroughly at rest.

"Why not?" answered Mieris. "This evening we will drink, play, and sing, God be

praised that we have reached the haven of our tavern, "the gay pallet." I now feel in my own element."

In truth, Mieris gave no sign of a wish to leave the merry company of friends who had welcomed the painters. Metzu became confident, the glasses went round, and soon Gabriel, overcome with wine, had forgotten everything but the pleasure of the moment. He scarcely observed, that Mieris had been absent for some time, who had hurried to Dow's dwelling. He approached by the flower-garden, which surrounded the house, and crept through the thick bushes, under Brigitta's window. He then loudly clapped his hands twice.

The window was at once opened, and Dow looked out into the night but hearing no further sound, he quietly closed it and re-seated himself at Brigitta's side.

The young lady, however, was pale and uneasy, and seemed as if reproaching herself. She loved the young painter, and dismal visions rose before her mental eye of the unfortunate youth, lying bleeding and dying at her feet. She heard the clapping, and felt convinced that the noise came from Mieris, who was waiting for her. She had much difficulty in concealing her agony, but the struggle lasted only a few moments, she resolved that she must comfort him, and entreat him to abandon his mad project, she must assure herself that his passion would not lead him to commit a crime, a result only too probable, judging by his impetuous disposition.

She made an excuse, and, leaving the unsuspecting master, darted into the garden with the rapidity of a hunted deer.

Franz van Mieris was ready to receive her, and, forgetting his usual bashfulness, he embraced her with vehemence, against which she struggled in vain. He implored her consent with such impetuosity, that Brigitta, instead of reproving him, and maintaining her dignity, only met his entreaties with tears. A woman is in danger of yielding when she weeps, and so it proved here.

Brigitta's resolution became shaken. She did not even shrink back, when she heard the approach of the carriage which was to convey her away with Mieris. She yielded to his persuasive embraces, and, trembling indeed like an aspen, but yet consenting, she took a few steps, guided by the hand of Mieris. The flight of the treacherous pair had begun.

Brigitta, breathing heavily, stopped at the garden gate, and cast a glance of despair towards her husband's house; suddenly she started, as if some mysterious force had touched her heart.

The happy Gerard Dow had fetched his faithful Amati violin; he had opened the window in order that the lovely evening air might stream into the room, he now approached the casement, and, with accomplished hand, laid his bow upon the strings. He played a melancholy prelude by Palestrina; the silvery tones trembled upon the breeze with ever increasing poetry and sentiment, the lovely Cremona-violin began to sing, like a grand, female voice, like the voice of love; it shook, sighed, and moaned in its trills, and in its long, sonorous complaints, whilst the master, smiling in his inspiration, gazed out into the night.

Brigitta almost fainted. She no longer heard the voice of the youth; her whole soul was filled with these tones, which acted like a charm upon her. She tore herself from the arms of Mieris, who, himself also affected, stood irresolute.

Meanwhile the artist changed his key, and, with stately simplicity, there followed a Flemish dance.

It was a minuet, the same which Dow had danced with Brigitta on their wedding day.

Brigitta was saved, her dream vanished with this enchanting and sacred recollection. She thought no more of Franz van Mieris; faith, and not passion, celebrated one of its grandest

triumphs. Brigitta, unable to express herself clearly, pointed to the window, where Dow was visible, and stammered:

"My wedding-minuet."

She then repaired, with all the haste of which she was capable, to the house, and threw herself into the Master's arms, in a state of deep emotion.

Franz van Mieris gazed on in speechless astonishment, and only awoke from his bewilderment, when Metzger entered the garden and embraced him.

"All is lost," Mieris murmured sorrowfully, as he made a frank confession to his friend.

"No, all is won!" exclaimed Gabriel, with delight, embracing him. "I have never lived through a happier day than this; Brigitta is preserved to our noble master, and you, who are brave at heart in spite of your youthful folly, will learn to conquer your impetuosity; give me your hand on it, my friend."

"Here," said Mieris, regaining his self-control. "And as a sign that I can govern my unruly heart, we will celebrate the evening in honour of our master."

Both returned to the "gay palet," fetched their friends, hired a dozen musicians, and in company with these, went, carrying large torches and lanterns, into Dow's garden. And now such shouts and sounds were heard under the windows of the astonished master, that the whole neighbourhood was aroused, the inhabitants poured into the streets, and shared in the universal joy.

Brigitta faithfully confessed her fault to her husband. From that time the hitherto prized violin gained in his eyes a priceless worth, and he only touched it with deep emotion, to draw forth the sweet tones, concealed within it, and when, shortly afterwards, he painted his own portrait, he represented himself with his beloved violin at the moment that its power regained for him his choicest treasure.



DIE ORDNUNG.

DES ROMANES.

THE DESPATCH.

BY GABRIEL METZU.

On a stormy night in October of the year 1643, two horsemen rode up to the western gate of the good and strong city of Rottweil. The pitch-pan on the foremost bastion burnt brightly in spite of the rain, and cast a light on the approach which led up a steep incline, from the lower level of the high road to the well-defended entrance of the town.

The riders consulted together a few moments in a low tone, while they approached one-another on their dripping horses. Both men were of fine, military figure, and wore broad grey mantles, with large caps of foxes' fur, also buff riding boots, such as were worn by the heavy cavalry of the Bavarian General, John of Werth. Yet they conversed in French.

"Well, Sans-Regret," said one of the warriors, "you are sure of success? You know the way to the street, where, according to her own account, this damsel lives?"

"Never fear, Marshall, I was a prisoner in Rottweil long enough to be able to find my way into every nook and corner of this ferrets' hole blindfold.

"Good," answered the clear, ringing voice of the Marshall.

"And what is the unpronounceable name of the Bavarian officer in command?"

"Schachterer."

The Marshall attempted in vain to reproduce the soft and to him extremely difficult pronunciation of the name.

"Sans-Regret," he said at last, with much annoyance; "this barbarous German tongue which I here require every moment, will certainly betray that I am a Frenchman. I dare not present myself to the Bavarian officers."

"I told you so before," remarked Sans Regret quietly.

"Then you will have the pleasure of going alone to deliver this despatch, this 'Uriah's letter.'"

"Whilst you, Marshall—"

"Do not always call me Marshall, rogue that you are," answered the other.

"Shall I call you uncle Guébriant?"

"Guébriant," the other muttered.

"Still, still. It seems to me as if the bastions and these evil towers before us were moving as if afflicted with cramp."

"Courage; Rottweil, and you, most renowned Bavarian commander, and favourite of my bosom friend, General Mercy, to-morrow morning the name of Guebriant will resound so loudly in your ears, that you will stop them with both hands."

"Shall I, uncle?" he asked.

"Now."

The thrilling signal of the Bavarian cavalry re-echoed through the night, and summoned the watch to their posts at the outer gate, and before the projecting corners of the bastions.

The watch-word of "Who goes?" "who goes?" ran around the walls of Rottweil.

Sans-Regret repeated his bugle-call and rode with Marshall Guébriant close under the portal.

"A despatch from General John of Werth to the commander of Rottweil, Xaverius Schachterer!" exclaimed the trumpeter in a south German accent.

"The watch-word," shouted a man from the bastion overhead to the horsemen.

"Are you mad?" replied Sans-Regret. "How can we know your watch-word?"

"Then you had better turn back to avoid the bullets from our arquebuses."

"Very well, you fools!" exclaimed Sans-Regret indignantly.

"I swear that Marshall Guébriant will repay you with heavy interest."

"Who, who?"

"Guébriant will march on Rottweil to-morrow evening; and we, that is General John of Werth, will endeavour to intercept him; if you are friendly to us."

"Enough, comrade, the lieutenant in command will be here on the watch directly; speak with him; until he comes, wait outside."

"The dogs are very watchful!" murmured the Marshall.

"When I look at these strong fortifications, and think of my cuirassiers, I already pity the brave men, whose heads will fall in the assault."

"Bah! we will enter Rottweil," said Sans-Regret, and then I pledge myself to force open the portcullis in the face of a whole company of these Bavarian Lancers, and to keep it open, until the cry of "Long live Francis" re-echoes through the streets."

The gate was then opened.

Sans-Regret and Guébriant rode in. The first dismounted in front of the arquebusiers, gave his horse in charge to the Marshall, and was conducted by an officer into a small guard-room.

In this room were two men, the Bavarian officer, and his adjutant, von Schachterer, the lieutenant in command, arrayed in an enormous white felt hat, cuirass, broad pantaloons, shoes, and stockings, such as were worn by the Bavarian infantry; his large blue eyes were directed without a shadow of distrust on Sans-Regret as he entered. The Frenchman on the other hand was the personification of composure. When the commandant took a seat by the oaken table, he remained standing, delivered his 'false despatch,' and carefully studied the face of the reader. Sans-Regret, a very handsome man, a native of Picard, had only one thought in his mind; he carried a French trumpet, and on the broad buckle of his girdle were the lilies of France.

He covered the lilies, by holding his large cap before his figure, whilst the trumpet, which projected beyond his mantle, he left it to its fate.

"Do you know the contents of the despatch?" the officer enquired.

"Yes, John of Werth will be before the western gate in half an hour; and Marshall Guébriant is advancing towards Rottweil from the East."

"You mean the general, Freiherr von Werth," remarked the adjutant, a handsome man, with brown curly locks, who was smoking his clay-pipe. "The rascal Frenchman you need only call Guébriant."

Sans Regret curled his lips ironically.

The Commandant gave orders to secure the eastern suburb and its entrance gate, in case Guébriant should approach unexpectedly, and then turned to Sans-Regret, after he had noted the receipt of the despatch.

"You intend to ride back," said the commandant.

"No, we have orders to remain and to take up our quarters. Our regiment will soon be here."

"You can go to the watch-room in the market-place; I will follow, and give you further orders."

Sans-Regret took his leave, went out, swung himself upon his horse, and trotted into the town with the Marshall.

"But we are not going to the market," said the Marshall, "we must search for Caroline."

"There is still time for that, Uncle. If our good gold would only buy us a dozen resolute men, armed with stout axes, to hold the gates open for us when our people come, and a flight begins outside."

"Good, this girl will give us the best advice. Where does she live?"

"Up there," said Sans-Regret moodily, after they had passed through several streets.

"Once more, leave the girl alone, she is too untractable."

Sans-Regret sighed.

Two days before a pretty girl had been captured by the French out-posts, and brought before the Marshall. When Guébriant heard that she came from Rottweil, he vainly used every endeavour to find out from her how the city was garrisoned. She confessed nothing, and only demanded her freedom, but Guébriant committed her to prison.

This order made her furious. She told him in his face, that she would rather die than give any information to these disgraceful Frenchmen, who were in league with Sweden. She displayed so much naïveté, and such natural charm, which was heightened by her resolution, that the excitable Frenchman fell violently in love with the little coquette.

"I love you," he said, entering the guard-tent, in which the girl was confined. "Look at me; if you can respond to my passion, I will make you a Marchioness of France."

"Oh! I cannot!" cried Caroline sobbing. "I have long had a lover. He is no Marshall; but much younger and handsomer than you are."

Guébriant twisted his long pointed beard, which was already tinged with grey, turned upon his heel, and departed more in love than he had ever been before.

Sans-Regret knew many families in Rottweil, and therefore felt it necessary to pacify her. She was so confidential that she told the trumpeter her name and address, and begged him to allow her to escape. But when instead of this, he prayed her earnestly, to give a hearing to the commander, she became as silent as before. An hour later, Caroline of Rottweil had disappeared; no one knew how.

It was before the house of this girl that the two Frenchmen stopped, Guébriant dismounted. Sans-Regret held the Marshall's horse, and muttered discontentedly, as his superior in command gained admission to the house, and noisily ascended the stair-case.

"Does Caroline live here?" Uncle Guébriant enquired with naïveté.

"Yes, that is the name of the daughter of the house," the maid answered angrily. "But you cannot wish to visit her so late in the evening."

Guébriant glanced at his rough attire, that of a common Bavarian soldier, and then replied:

"Yes, let me in; you will see that she will not treat me so disrespectfully as you do."

A lively discussion followed. Doors were opened on the right hand and on the left, and

amongst several older women, and men of various ages, a young girl appeared, whom the Marshall immediately recognised as his prisoner.

"Caroline!" he exclaimed. "I hope you welcome me to Rottweil."

"How?" asked the master of the house, looking astonished.

"Be silent, Sir, and retreat," said Guébriant.

"Guébriant! Marshall Guébriant!" cried Caroline, wringing her hands.

"The French! merciful God, help! the French are in the city!"

Guébriant considered a moment. This was an infortunate occurrence; he heard arms clanging overhead, and the cries of German words of command. The Bavarians and Imperialists quartered above, rushed down the staircase.

There was not a moment to be lost. Guébriant swung himself into the saddle, at the very moment that the infantry came out of the house. The Frenchmen set off at full gallop, while Sans-Regret gave vent to curses, which were loud enough to bring down the plaster from the walls.

"Be still," exclaimed Guébriant, "and listen."

Shots were heard from the distance, and orderlies galloped through the streets. Trumpet blasts sounded on all sides, and the bells rang.

The whole population turned out, half-dressed, before their doors. The soldiers, who were assembled at the eastern side of the city, ran in crowds towards the western gate, it became clear that the French had begun the assault.

Guébriant and Sans-Regret forced their way through the masses, and soon reached the gate, where only a small military force had assembled.

"Forward!" cried the Marshall. "Dismount, comrade, here the Uncle is only a common soldier."

The Frenchmen drew their swords, and with cries of "*vive le roi!*" they cut a path for them through the terrified Bavarians, who imagined that the French columns had already reached the city, and were attacking them from behind. On reaching the portcullis, the Marshall sprung the lock with a pistol-shot, and the gate was scarcely opened when the Swiss and Orleanais musquetiers streamed through the opening, and immediately the street became crowded with helmets and plumes, halberds and muskets.

The Bavarians advanced, and a short but decisive contest ensued. The French carried all before them, and in an hour were completely masters of the city. In the increased confusion a search was undertaken for the commander, whom every one had imagined to be engaged elsewhere. He could not be found.

The next morning, when the dead bodies were removed, Marshall Guébriant, with his faithful Sans-Regret, was discovered lying near the gate. Guébriant had been killed by a musket-shot, and Sans-Regret by the thrust of a halberd.

The army long mourned its "Uncle." The Duke of Enghien, as the next in rank, took the command until the arrival of Turenne, who, at the head of his troops, helped to shape the last phases of the thirty years' war, until the approaching treaties of Münster and Osnabrück.

FRANCIS I.



MAXIMILIAN I.

MAXIMILIAN I.

BY P. P. RUBENS.

It was a calm autumn evening, and the moon shone brightly over the small though stately Square of St. Egidius at Nuremberg. Few walkers were to be seen, and the groups of citizens who had been sitting with their wives and children before their doors, pushed back their seats and wished their neighbours goodnight. Those who, after this evening greeting, had any special communications to make to each other, were soon reminded by the watchmen that the first hour of night, according to burgher computation, had begun. These watchmen seemed to spring up suddenly out of the ground; notwithstanding the mildness of the evening they were clad in winter garb, they carried lanterns to supplement the light of the moon, and advanced with slow and solemn steps. The moon was ascending, and thus the light shining on the houses gradually increased in brightness, and threw darker and sharper shadows as it advanced. Meanwhile the vista in the streets became lengthened, and in the silence which prevailed, the houses gradually assumed a strange and ghostlike aspect.

This deep stillness was suddenly interrupted by the loud tramp of horses. Here and there a window was opened, and some inquisitive person looked out, to watch, with wondering eyes, a band of six horsemen who passed up the street of St. Egidius at a slow pace as if their horses had come a long distance. In front of the troop, a feeble-looking man rode a small grey horse, with snowwhite mane. His dark cap was thrown back from his pale face, which was surrounded by long grey hair. His riding cloak was dark, like his cap, and was fastened in front by a brilliant clasp. The horsemen who followed him also wore dark cloaks, such as are worn by soldiers. When these were thrown back, cuirasses and breastplates glittered from beneath, and the clinking of swords against spur and stirrup was plainly heard.

The first horseman seemed unable to satisfy himself with the sight of the buildings. He drew in his rein and looked thoughtfully up at every stately burgher's mansion which he passed. The houses consisted of four or five stories, and balconies with rich decorations, and above roofs with graceful turrets stood out clearly in the moonlight. Massive buttresses projected below, reaching to a great height, and adorned, according to the special taste of the period, with geometric ornaments in relief, with scriptural representations, or with images of the Virgin, Saints and Angels.

The horsemen stopped at a corner-house in the Square of St. Egidius, spent a few moments in a whispered consultation, and then dismounted. The house at which they halted was a plain, strong, knightly mansion. The solid walls rose in the form of a square, with more than six

windows. There was a projection at each corner of the second story, and another between the two windows of the first story on the side which was most brilliantly lighted. Between the two projections of the second story ran a gallery, which was richly ornamented, and seemed admirably designed for crossbow men and harquebussiers.

The inmates of the house appeared to be quite unconscious of the arrival of the horsemen, although a light burned in a little room in the third story. But when the metal knocker resounded loudly against the carved door, the light above began to move, and re-appeared first on the second, then on the first floor, shortly afterwards the house door was opened.

"Can we speak with the noble Wilibald von Pyrkheimer?" asked one of the armed knights.

"Here is Pyrkheimer himself," answered a clear lively voice.

"So much the better," said the stranger, "You have forgotten me, noble Wilibald, although I have emptied many bottles of Montefiasconer with you."

"When, noble Lord? it must have been long ago."

"In Parma."

"Oh, what a delightful surprise! You are Joseph of Dietrichstein, I pray you to enter my house, with your servants. "It seemed to me this evening as if some-one were secretly exciting me, and preventing sleep. Come in, noble Count."

"Directly, but I must first have a few words with you. I have with me a few brave knights, who are also longing for a meal and for another seat than the saddle. I must keep one with me. I hope that he will not be unwelcome. Lord Max von Ambras."

"Ambras? he will be welcome!" said Pyrkheimer.

"And we shall be glad as soon as possible to lead our hungry horses to the stable, Herr Pyrkheimer."

Pyrkheimer rattled the keys at his girdle, and promised at once to unlock the stable door of the mansion. The door was opened, and Dietrichstein helped the strange knight, who had ridden in front of the cortège, to dismount.

Herr Wilibald was standing with a lighted lantern in the little stable, and remarked as he opened a great bin full of oats: "It is a long time since any horse has been housed here. I have no hay at hand; but these dried-up old oats are all the better for keeping. The mice have nibbled the straw sadly, but I think that your horses will lie all the softer."

Pyrkheimer helped to tie up the horses, casting every now and then an enquiring glance at the silent Herr von Ambras, who kept his face turned towards his work, so that Herr Wilibald could not see him distinctly. Meanwhile the steward had been awakened, and arrived, bringing buckets full of water, as Pyrkheimer led his guests into the broad, stone-paved vestibule, where burning lamps had been placed on the richly ornamented pedestals at the bottom of the stairs. He cast a glance towards the street, and was surprised to see that the other horsemen had ridden away.

"We are like those noisy students, the Bacchantes with their raven's beaks," said Herr von Dietrichstein laughing. "We have come to greet the owls of Minerva, while our travelling companions will pay a visit to the Burghermaster Jacobus Mussell, old Baumgärtner or some other friend of the errant knights of Austria. You may shut the door; the troopers will not return."

Master Wilibald conducted his guests to the state rooms on the first floor, where he

lighted the candles of a large candelabra, which brought to view the costly furniture and splendid paintings on the tapestried walls. Here were master-pieces by old Italian painters hanging near wonderful portraits, in which a practised eye might recognise the hand of Master Albrecht Dürer.

In the place of honour hung a half-length portrait of a grave, beardless man with long hair, and wearing a fur cap, and whose blue eyes indicated wonderful power and energy. It was the likeness of the Emperor Maximilian I. Herr von Ambras remained standing before this picture, with his hand on his sword hilt, absorbed in grave meditation, when Pyrkheimer, for the first time, recognised the finely cut profile, and started back in great agitation, but quickly recovered his composure, extended his arms, and bent one knee.

"My dear kind Pyrkheimer," said the stranger, pointing to the portrait, "those days were differed from the present. Since the day that Master Albrecht Dürer painted us, we have been compelled to carry many hundred weight over the mountains, and we have become neither more handsome nor stronger in the operation."

"My most gracious Lord Emperor Maximilian," cried Pyrkheimer, again bending one knee. "I shall never forgive myself for standing face to face with you without knowing you."

"You must thank the Emperor for that," answered the Count, whose pale emaciated countenance was now clearly seen in full light.

"There is but little remaining of the old chamois hunter, and now that I have come to visit my friend Pyrkheimer, I have not forgotten my old imperial bearing. But meanwhile the Emperor has become rather a deplorable figure, his coat is too large for him, his hair has grown grey, and his eyes have lost the keenness which they possessed long ago on St. Martin's Rock."

Pyrkheimer seemed about to repeat his homage, but Maximilian raised him from the ground and embraced him like a brother. The steward and Count Dietrichstein then relieved the Emperor of his cap, mantle, and sword; and Maximilian drew a black silk hood over his grey head and seated himself in a capacious arm-chair beside the richly ornamented stove.

Signs of awakened life began to be manifest in the house. A servant girl thrust her dishevelled head inside the door apparently to ask for orders, and then the mistress of the house, a very beautiful young lady, entered the room. In order to cover the defects of a hasty toilette, she had put on a mantle of sky blue silk, and her charming head was crowned by a little cap of silver lace, from beneath which her fair luxuriant locks peeped out in rich abundance. This was Maxentia Prauner, the youthful niece of Pyrkheimer. She was perhaps the richest girl in Nuremberg, her parents, with her brothers and sisters, having a few years previously been carried away in a few days by the plague.

When Maxentia, with a rapid glance perceived the imposing figures of the two guests, she drew back towards the door, and made a sign to Herr Pyrkheimer.

"A true Nuremberg Child," said the Emperor, "a head which seems made on purpose for Albrecht Dürer. We thought eighteen years ago, good Dietrichstein, that the ladies of proud Norimberga could not be surpassed in beauty, but see these ladies themselves have given us the lie; they are more beautiful and graceful than they were then."

"Are these painters from the Bavarian Highlands?" whispered Maxentia to her uncle, who was giving her instructions in a low voice.

"No," answered the Emperor, "we are goldsmiths from the Tyrol, where the people, though honest, are not rich enough to pay us for our work, like the Nuremberg patricians."

The Emperor stood up, and approached Maxentia.

"What is your name, my child?"

"Prauner Maxentia," answered she, drawing back towards the doorway.

"Oh! what a strange name!"

"I received it through a very strange Godfather, the Emperor Maximilian," answered Maxentia.

"He is perhaps stingy, for he spends most days of the year without money," said the Emperor, "but otherwise he is an honest fellow. I have a little chain somewhere in my pack—."

Then Max drew out of his pocket a long chain to which was attached a cross, inlaid with jewels.

"The cross is from Murano, near Venice, where holy monks carry on our beautiful handicraft, and falsicate such works of art. Only look at it."

The girl took the chain into her hand, and gazed at the treasure with sparkling eyes.

"Wear that in memory of me," said the Emperor. "Herr Pyrkheimer and I have already agreed about the price. May God bless you."

A quick gleam of joy lighted up the face of the lovely child, but her head gradually sank and with a motion of her hand, she pushed the chain aside.

"Such a treasure cannot be intended for me," she said in a low voice. "It is an ornament for a bride; for bridal rings should hang from the cross."

The smile of other days passed over the Emperor's furrowed face, and he exclaimed:

"Why should not Maxentia be a pretty bride?"

"No, no, never!"

"And if I had come on purpose to woo her for a devoted lover?"

"Then I should not take the chain, even had Herr Pyrkheimer paid for it with a bucket full of ducats."

Maxentia hastened away.

"Well," said the Emperor, laying the treasure on the table, "this is not a very propitious beginning for my visit to Nuremberg. When pretty girls turn their backs upon us, and old women wish us good day and a pleasant chase, it is time for the old chamois hunter to stay at home."

Maxentia brought in some bread, with some curious old bottles of wine, and also some Rhine wine, but she did not loiter over her work, and she quickly spread the cloth, and placed a service of solid silver upon the table; the glasses she carried in on a silver salver which apparently weighed heavily in her hands.

The three men sat down; the wine sparkled, and the glasses clinked. Many toasts were given to celebrate happy bye-gone days; but the joy was grave, and too solemn, as if the festival were in memory of the dead.

"What are my old friends doing?" said Kaiser Max, stroking his furrowed brow with his thin white hand. "I shall seek my friend Albrecht Dürer in his own home; but where are Herr Hieronymus Holzschuher, and the Councillor Johannes Kleeberger, who, though still young, are endowed with great gifts of body and mind, also the painter, Hans von Culmbach.

"He has gone to Nordlingen," said Pyrkheimer.

"He belongs to the young world, Friend Wilibald, which has more right to existence than

we have," continued the Emperor. "These young people are our legitimate grave-diggers. How fares the world with Master Peter Vischer? He is a man indeed, a true father of art, with a long succession of sons: Hermann, Johannes, Paul, and Jacobus! Your Nuremberg is written on my heart, Pyrkheimer!"

"Your Imperial Majesty," answered Pyrkheimer, "if there is a town in the Empire which loves its Emperor, and especially its Emperor Max, that town is our old Nuremberg."

"Well, Friend Wilibald, I am come to assure myself of that," said Maximilian, with glistening eyes. His eyebrows were drawn close together, and he looked straight before him with a grave yet commanding air.

"All the boastings of the inhabitants of Augsburg, Spire, and Worms, are truths in Nuremberg; we hold faithfully to the Empire and would all devote our lives and property to your Majesty, were this required of us."

"I do not demand such a sacrifice as that, Pyrkheimer, I only ask for more confidence and less independence of action," answered the Emperor.

"We remain faithful to our Emperor!"

"Yes, while your wishes are not crossed; otherwise you will not trouble yourselves much about old Max. It must be allowed that you acted honourably towards young Max, but since his hair has grown grey, you have looked out for other knights."

A long silence ensued, and then Max said, sighing, "I am walking on a narrow path, on the right hand and on the left are steep rocky walls, which afford no resting place for the foot of man, before me is the snow storm, and behind are two unwelcome comrades; one is a Lion, typifying old age, and the other is a bear, and its name is death."

"My Liege, you make my heart so heavy that I cannot rejoice, as I should wish to do in your presence," murmured Pyrkheimer.

"Friend Wilibald, I am come to seek refreshment amongst my old friends," answered the Emperor, "a storm is brewing in Rome, which will soon break over Germany. I cannot stop it; but I will resist it as long as I can, to save my country from ruin. I am now seeking allies for this enterprise, but they are more hard of hearing than they were, when I summoned them to fight the Turks. Who will take my part?"

Pyrkheimer stood up, and exclaimed: "My most gracious Emperor, every German man; but the rule of your Imperial Majesty must be entirely German."

"Now, kind Wilibald, that is the difficulty, which besets the Emperor, both behind and before," said Max, smiling and shaking his head. "What do you mean by German? The spiritual Electors and Princes, with the court of Wittelsbach and all who wear the electoral cap and cross, all in fact who are obedient and subject to the priests,—say that the Pope and the Church, including the Romans, as well as the true and pious Germans of the Roman Empire, form the German nation. And the temporal Princes, from Saxony to the North Sea, say, that the true German is he who defies that priestly power, which no true German Emperor should dare to protect."

"Your Majesty—"

"One word more! I should have all the Imperial cities on my side, if they would support my cause without party feeling, but religious fanaticism, here as elsewhere, has broken out like a disease. I have heard that your town of Nuremberg is zealous for the Wittenberg Theologians."

"I cannot deny it," answered Pyrkheimer, shrugging his shoulders. "And I cherish no more ardent wish than that you, most gracious Lord and Emperor, should venture like the Hohenstauffen

Barbarossa, to show the Pope and the Priesthood that the Church of Christ is not their slave and that the Church is only a community of holy and faithful men, whose servants the Priests are."

Count Dietrichstein knit his brows gloomily.

"Ah! Wilibald," said the Emperor, "your speech runs smoothly, but I am an old man, and am accustomed to the old priesthood, and when my end is so near, I cannot afford to offend those who have power to declare me saved or damned. I have striven for peace, but swords are raised on the right hand and on the left. Terrible misfortunes are impending over our German land. Germany alone cannot resist the Pope, and the Emperor stands in the midst of the storm, and must save all that yet remains for the Church."

"My Lord Emperor," said Pyrkheimer, laying his hand on his breast; "if you have come with this conviction, it is a good thing that you have done, for all our guilds, excepting the shoemakers, butchers, and coopers, adhere to the doctrine of the Augustinian monk of Wittemberg, and have burnt your imperial rescript, which was intended to remind the people of the rights of the priesthood, before the Church of St. Lawrence. All the trades, hitherto carried on by the monks and priests, have been stopped and now we are about to determine what revenue we shall in future permit the clergy to demand from the citizens."

"Have you gone so far? Dear Dietrichstein, this puts me in mind of Bruges," remarked Max.

"Oh! Your Majesty need not fear that Nuremberg will act towards you like the treacherous Netherlands," said Dietrichstein. "You will find a thousand partisans and swords on your side, should any one venture to raise a hand against you."

"What is your opinion, Pyrkheimer?" asked the Emperor, and his open honest face assumed an almost threatening expression.

"It would be difficult to imagine any want of reverence towards the Emperor," answered Pyrkheimer, who, after waiting a few moments, spoke with decision, "much less any general revolt of the citizens. But your Majesty has come here at a time when men's minds are excited. We are now discussing the question whether we shall give the searchers of the new doctrine unmolested liberty to proclaim, from the market place, as from the pulpit, their tenets respecting the reform of the Church and of religion. The town Council, with the shoemakers, butchers, and coopers adhere to the priesthood, but the guilds and the confederate burghers assert loudly that a free Imperial Town should so far as is in accordance with law and order, permit full freedom in all matters of thought, belief, and conscience.

"Oh, my dear Wilibald," cried the Emperor sadly, "I perceive that we two are now parted asunder by a broader river than the Pegnitz. You are a Wittenberger!"

"No, my Lord Emperor, I am not; but when my liberty of conscience in spiritual matters is threatened by the party which includes the Pope, and the regular and secular clergy I confess my belief in the right of free enquiry."

"Where is Counsellor Doctor Muggenau, whom I sent to make peace between the parties?" asked the Emperor.

"Oh, your Majesty, I wish that he had remained in your camp; it was at his proposal that the bishop of Bamberg came here a week ago."

Kaiser Maximilian looked very much surprised.

"Oh, I hoped to find his Holiness here still," said he; "My messengers must have loitered on the road."

"Do you not know what has happened, your Majesty? The Bishop of Bamberg had a very narrow escape; and your Counsellor, Dr. Muggenau, cannot safely appear in public."

"Is this the manner in which you treat this learned man, who is a native of your own town?" cried the Emperor, angrily standing up, and walking impatiently to and fro.

"My Liege, I have treated him as if he were my own son, but I must soon separate from him."

"Why? his honour is as unblemished as his piety."

"My Lord, the second day after his arrival he began to pay court to Maxentia."

"And why not? Doctor Sebaldu Muggenau is a handsome man of eight and twenty!"

"He is not agreeable to me, my Liege," answered Pyrkheimer bluntly.

"Well," said the Emperor smiling, "this is a question to be decided by the young lady, not by the burgher-master and Town Council of Nuremberg; I must confess that I am come to woo my goo-daughter on behalf of Dr. Muggenau, if you have no objection."

"This evening will cause me bitter grief, instead of the joy for which I had hoped," said Pyrkheimer, who had become quite pale. "Maxentia will have nothing to do with the Imperial Counsellor, and I dislike him, because he has brought back no true Nuremberg heart from his journeys to Prague, Bologna, and Rome."

"Wilibald, he enjoys my Imperial confidence."

"That is true, and he is a sufficiently good Papist to justify your trust," said Pyrkheimer, rising with dignity. "A burgher of a free Imperial town, your Majesty, sometimes judges matters from a different point of view to that entertained by the Emperor and the princes of the Empire."

"Wilibald, Friend Wilibald!" cried the Emperor, "Your wine has led us over dangerous paths, we have all begun to meddle with disputed questions, let us leave theology alone. We shall have time for that in the future; meanwhile let us forget all such matters, and praise your wine as it deserves, by drinking it. I propose the health of Maxentia!"

But no warmth could be imposed into the Counsellor; he had become quite quiet.

When he had conducted his guests to their rooms, and Dietrichstein had begun to assist the Emperor in undressing, Max exclaimed:

"Ah! how could I have foreseen this! I should have counted on Wilibald as a tower of strength, but now he has joined my enemies, and dares to resist me."

"And how about the money, which your Majesty expected to find here," sighed the Count.

"Oh, I do not yet despair of that," remarked the Emperor with his old cheerfulness. "There are many other people besides Pyrkheimer, who have authority in the town. I shall see Master Dürer."

"Perhaps he may agree with his learned and energetic friend Wilibald," said Count Dietrichstein. "The Evil one has seized our times by the forelock, as our old Dominican father aptly explained to us yesterday, and everything in the realm now dances to the devil's pipe."

"But not the Emperor," answered Max, as he drew the bedclothes over his shoulders, "at least not to-night; for the dance can only be in his dreams."

While the three were engaged in their grave discussion, Maxentia was seated downstairs in the little room near the staircase, wondering who the strangers might be and what cause had led them to Nuremberg and to the house of Master Wilibald. The guests must be of high rank, for Pyrkheimer had taken the wine from that part of the cellar which he regarded as an inviolable sanctuary. And the splendid chain! On whose behalf did the venerable old man with a beardless chin come to woo her? Or was he joking, when he spoke of marriage?

Maxentia sat by the window, with her head leaning on her hand. The shutters were not shut, for property was quite safe in the honourable city of Nuremberg, where thieves were hanged whenever caught. She was not looking into the street, but was absorbed in thought, and did not therefore perceive a man who appeared on the other side of the road, and looked attentively towards Pyrkheimer's house. Meanwhile the nocturnal wanderer turned back into the square, and then approached the house from the other side. As he came near the window, he could look into Maxentia's room.

She was quite alone. The candle which stood on the table, cast a glow round the head of the lovely girl. The picture was like a dream. The man at the window, whose face was scarcely visible, had long hair, dark expressive eyes, and a black moustache, like a soldier. His large cap was adorned by the beautiful colours of the town banner of Nuremberg.

It was Hans Bernhard Schäußelein, the Painter, a favourite of Dürer's, who was watching the lovely Maxentia, and who now tapped lightly with his finger on the pane. She started up and cast a frightened glance at the window, which she then opened hastily.

"It is I, Maxli."

"You! What imprudence! What has happened? If the watchmen were to see you, or our servant, or Master Pyrkheimer himself!" whispered Maxentia.

"Go, go, in the name of all the Saints!"

"Oh, the shadow here is very deep, and your light does not shine upon me," answered the painter in a muffled voice. "What has happened here? It is as light as day in your state apartment."

"We have two guests, who have come on horseback, their dialect proclaims them to be Austrian or Tyrolese."

"Oh, you have a couple of birds of prey in your eye," said Schäußelein. "It is known that some noble knights have ridden through the gates, there is no doubt of that."

A watchman, a confederate of the moon, came across the square at this moment, and sprung his discordant rattle. The painter crept behind the door pillars, and Maxentia cowered down beneath her chair. The watchman cast an inquisitive glance towards the window, waited for some time, and at last went away, muttering to himself about "learned men and madmen."

Schäußelein came to the window again.

"Are you still there, Leonard? I entreat you to go, perhaps I will come for a few minutes to-morrow evening to visit my cousin Dürer. Good night."

"One word more! I have heard that the Emperor himself is in the Town. He is your godfather, and if any-one can help us, it is Maximilian."

"The Emperor?" cried Maxentia. "Then he is in this house, and I now know what induced him to offer me a costly chain, as a bridal gift. Yet he came to woo for some-one, but certainly not for you, Leonard."

"He came to ask you in marriage, Maxentia?"

"Oh, that may have been a joke, which would serve as a pretext for offering me the chain without revealing his rank. Listen, my Uncle is ringing his bell; good night."

The window was shut; the light disappeared, and Leonard Schäußelein went on his way sighing. When he had passed through a few streets and lanes, he came into the old Butcher's Street, where the signboard of the "Red Ox" hung so low as almost to touch the heads of the passers-by. The landlord of this inn must already have paid the fine for demanded violation of

the law respecting clearing the streets, for a group of watchmen were standing in the full light of the windows, and listening to the lively music, to which the wives and daughters of the butchers were dancing. A tumultuous group of lads were pouring from the doors of the Red Ox, shouting and singing. They had nosegays in their hats, and carried new ornamented whips across their shoulders. These butcher boys were in holiday costume, with broad brass girdles, to which whetstones were attached.

In their midst was a man in dark clothing, with a fur cap and a short mantle, and over it a glittering chain, to which a medal was suspended. The butchers gave a shout for the Imperial Councillor Doctor Muggenau, and the man in the mantle raised his cap in token of thanks.

"Leave me, good people," said the Councillor, "I shall find my own way as a Nuremberg child to the Thiergarten gate."

"Oh, the Weavers and Tailors have too many plots in hand against you, you might be beaten to death amongst them."

The energy of the butchers seemed to increase in proportion as they lost the power of standing on their own feet. But Dr. Muggenau escaped from them, and only three men were persistent enough to follow him and to withstand the attractions of the dance music.

Schäuffelein's road lay in the same direction as that pursued by the Imperial Councillor and his noisy companions. The painter's heart beat quickly. His lawyer, who was now contending in favour of the priesthood, with the Burghermaster, the Town Council, and the Confederate burghers, was like Schäuffelein himself, madly in love with Maxentia Prauner.

At the corner of a street, fifty paces in front of Schäuffelein, the Councillor halted with the butchers, who had suddenly become silent; a few rough shouts were heard from another quarter and then, quite unexpectedly, about twelve dark figures, amongst whom the butchers were easily recognized by their white aprons, led on a lovely dance in the moonlight.

There ensued a conflict, and a furious skirmish, in which the drunken butchers were overthrown, whilst Councillor Muggenau disappeared.

"It is the tailors and weavers, alas for the learned doctor!" murmured Schäuffelein involuntarily drawing out his dagger with his left hand.

Further on, a dense mass of people surrounded a man who was lying on the ground, and whom they were beating with long rods.

"That will do no good," cried a rough voice; "the priest ridden slave shall receive enough punishment to last all his life long. Hold his head still, his right eye shall be put out, as surely as I am a Wittenberger."

Schäuffelein reached the spot, just as the stick touched the eye of the tortured man. "Stand back!" he cried, "Make way for the citizens' champion. What are you about? Are you monsters?"

"Schäuffelein, the Painter! Oh, softly, Sir! We care nothing for a boy like you, even were your cap three yards wide!"

Master Schäuffelein had an excitable temper, and his anger was quickly roused. He had already drawn his dagger, and he now struck out boldly with its flat side, but when a shower of blows poured down upon him in return, he began to deal out sharp thrusts and stabs, and in a few minutes, he was standing alone, while at his feet lay two wounded men, who in vain attempted to recover their footing.

Dr. Muggenau, meanwhile, had struggled to his feet and had escaped.

Now, for the first time, the rattle of the watchmen was heard, and the weavers and tailors

vanished, carrying away their wounded with them. The mutilated butchers were borne off by the watchmen, but Schäuufflein, holding in his hand his naked dagger, refused all offers of protection, and reached his home without molestation.

Early the next morning Maxentia, with her market basket on her arm, made her way rapidly to the Thiergarten gate. Her form was as gay, bright and beautiful as the sunshine which played upon her. Her dress was short enough to display her white stockings and small shoes, and was, according to the prevailing custom, of a dark colour, but her boddice sparkled with silver ornaments; the broad frills which fell below her short sleeves, were of dazzling whiteness, and rivalled the embroidery on her silk cap. She would have formed a lovely picture for the eyes of Master Schäuufflein!

At the corner of the Thiergarten stood a stately dwelling-house. The rooms of the grand floor with their narrow windows, were almost like cellars. The first story was built of solid masonry, and above it were two stories constructed with wood-bricks, the whole being surmounted by a towering roof. At the corner of the house was a short thick pillar, which supported a richly sculptured and decorated oriel of two stories, containing large glittering window panes, which were adorned in their upper compartments with red hangings.

Most passers-by, when crossing the open space at the end of the Thiergartner Street, raised their eyes towards the two front windows of the oriel, for there lived and laboured the most celebrated man in Nuremberg, not excepting Peter Visser and his sons, and even Wilibald Pyrkheimer himself.

The house belonged to the painter, Albrecht Dürer. A maid was occupied in sweeping the street before the door, and she wielded her broom with powerful strokes. But her work must have been very defective, for a tall thin woman of middle age, neatly dressed, and wearing a painted high white cap, appeared in the doorway, and delivered an energetic discourse on the art of street-sweeping.

"Good morning, Cousin Agnes," said Maxentia, suddenly turning round the corner. "I was so frightened when I heard your voice, and thought that something dreadful had happened."

"The girl has engaged herself as a servant, and does not know how to work," answered Frau Agnes; "but I will soon teach her. Where do you come from so early, Maxli? Are you afraid that the fish in the market will be spoiled by the heat?"

"Cousin Agnes," whispered Maxentia, "I have a most important piece of news."

Frau Agnes, although middle-aged, was yet entitled to call herself a beautiful woman. Her eyes were large and brilliant, as blue as steel, her nose was finely cut; her mouth was well shaped, and adorned with white teeth. The expression of her face now changed with extraordinary rapidity, though the cause of this sudden transformation would have been difficult to divine. It became dark, or rather assumed a strange colour, like a portrait which has been rubbed with diluted lamp-black. The face was now that of an old woman, while the large eyes were like little fiery sparks.

"You are not angry with me, Cousin Agnes?" asked Maxli drawing a step backward.

"I have long remarked that my Dürer and his wicked friend Wilibald are hatching a plot against me," said Agnes in a rough tone. "But I will make them pay for it. I know all that you are going to say Maxli. He is thinking of giving away his pictures again; but nothing shall come of that."

"You are mistaken, Cousin, I wish only to speak of myself and of the visitor whom Herr Pyrkheimer received last night."

Frau Agnes held her breath, and listened, disturbed at the trouble of entering into Maxli's thoughts.

"The Emperor Max with a distinguished attendant are in our house," whispered Maxentia.

Frau Agnes seemed to become petrified like Lot's wife. She dragged Maxli trembling into the house, and into the great room on the ground floor, which was inhabited only by two large cats, apparently kept there for the purpose of guarding some sacks of meal and casks of dried cherries.

"Are you certain, child, that it is the Emperor?" asked Frau Agnes, bending forward in astonishment.

"You may depend upon it."

"But you did not hear, what business the Emperor transacted with your uncle. Did they discuss Master Albert, or me?"

"I listened once or twice, but I could not understand much. Herr Pyrkheimer spoke in such a low tone, and he whom I believe to be the Emperor, has such a remarkable provincial accent, that the words passed through my ears before I could understand them. I clearly heard Master Dürer's name, and then other painters were mentioned."

Frau Agnes, who would not have been silenced by controversy, was now silent for some minutes, and drew breath quickly.

"There has been a concerted plan in all this," she said, pressing Maxentia's hand. "Pyrkheimer grudges me the very light of day. He has sworn to trample me under his feet! When the name of Master Dürer is mentioned, mine should always follow it.—Dürer, as the brave and pious knight, and I as the scare-crow of hell. Had it not been for me, what would have become of Dürer? Even now his art brings in but meagre pay, and if I did not insist on payment and economy, he would at last earn less than a day-labourer. Were I to open, in these rooms, a shop for fish, cheese, and eggs, I should gain more than Master Dürer and all his companions. But I am worth nothing, and am considered a person of no consequence in order that I may be thrust aside when people wish to plunder my husband. It is with this object in view, that his Imperial Majesty has appeared here in person."

Maxentia shook her head incredulously.

"What other business can Herr Max have in Nuremberg?" asked Frau Agnes passionately, and relapsing into her quarrelsome tone. "We want nothing either of him or of his priests and knights. The Emperor Rudolph made an eternal vow for his posterity, that all who bear the name of Habsburg should be willing to head the priests' horses. No, the Emperor Max has come to carry my husband away with him on his travels, as Herr Pyrkheimer constantly asserts. The Master will consent to go; what a hero he was, when he trod the soil of Italy. This time he will remain absent from me. It was only by groans, cries, and vows, that he could be prevailed upon to return from Italy. Let the Emperor come to me. I will light him home, even as far as the Tyrol. Did you speak to him, yourself, Maxli?"

"Yes, Frau Agnes."

"You did not remember that he was your Godfather?"

"When I exchanged a few words with him about a beautiful chain, I did not know that he was the Emperor."

"Who told you then, Maxli?"

"Oh, good cousin, if only you would not imagine that Schäuuffelein wishes to supplant Master Dürer," exclaimed Maxentia, in evident distress.

Frau Agnes frowned and gazed before her with her piercing eyes.

"Do you know, Maxli, Schäuuffelein will not be of much use to you," said Agnes coldly. "I have never been very angry with him, because, in fact, he cannot do my husband any harm. But Schäuuffelein is always watching Master Albrecht as if anxious to forestall him in commission for pictures. He succeeded in obtaining the order for a tablet, for the Sieveritz family. But Dürer's brush is wanting there, notwithstanding Herr Pyrkheimer's remark that Schäuuffelein's art began where Dürer's ended."

Maxentia's cheeks grew hot with excitement. Her whole appearance denoted that a decisive moment had arrived.

"Oh, dear cousin," she exclaimed, "you are quite mistaken, Herr Pyrkheimer is Schäuuffelein's bitter enemy."

"How long has this been the case?"

"Oh," stammered Maxentia, "Herr Pyrkheimer asserted that Schäuuffelein kissed me, when he was looking for the corkscrew in the chest. And upon my soul, this is not true."

"Well, if there was no kissing, then, probably, there was all the more at another time," answered Agnes drily. "But if Herr Wilibald acts so wildly, what will people think? Does he want to marry you himself, Maxli?"

"Ah, good cousin Dürer, if you would only help me a little. If only the dungeon door of the castle were closed behind me!" And pretty Maxli wrung her hands.

"I cannot cope with Pyrkheimer alone," said Agnes, while her eyes darted to and fro, as if in search of a plan. "But as regards Pyrkheimer, I can do something, and I will ignore the fact that he has tried to set himself above Master Dürer."

"Tell me, Frau Agnes, what you intend to do?" asked Maxentia, in the greatest excitement.

"Nothing at all yet, child. I must await my opportunity, like the hunter watches for the hare. But you may rest assured that I shall narrowly observe Herr Pyrkheimer, and that I shall not fail to strike him even through helmet and corselet."

Meanwhile the street outside became more lively than before. The vegetable women, who kept their stalls at the corner of Master Dürer's house, rose from their seats, and their large caps were seen moving rapidly about.

Frau Agnes hastened to the window.

"Here they are," she faltered, she had become very pale, but did not lose her presence of mind. "Go out, Maxli; I see Pyrkheimer, and the man beside him, with a grave pale face, is the Emperor. There are other strangers, with the Councillor Muggenau. Go and stop them; tell them that you found no-one at home. Say what you like; but I must first arrange Dürer's studio, or the visitors will find themselves in a lumber room."

With these words Frau Agnes darted out of the door and disappeared into the darkness. As her wooden shoes clattered on the staircase, she congratulated herself on having escaped the visitors, who were then in the act of entering the house.

Maxentia had no choice but to follow the directions of Frau Agnes. If only Herr Pyrkheimer had not been the leader of the party! But this could not be helped now.

"Are you here, Maxentia?" asked Herr Wilibald, much displeased. "What are you doing here, when I thought you were gone to market?"

"Oh, here is Maxli!" said Kaiser Max, touching his hat. "The loveliness of the maid makes the chase successful," added the old huntsman, while over his wasted features passed the ghost of that smile which had once bewitched the pretty girls of Augsburg.

Herr Wilibald followed the Emperor, casting anxious glances around him, and then came Count Dietrichstein, the young Count Althan, and the Imperial Councillor Dr. Muggenau. When Maxentia saw the learned Doctor, she would gladly have fled, but she remembered that she should forfeit for ever the good graces of Frau Agnes, if she did not remain at her post. She turned to Herr Wilibald.

"Herr Pyrkheimer, will you kindly tell the Emperor that I have looked for Master Albrecht and Frau Agnes, but have not found them at home," she began trembling.

"Oh! St. Valentine and St. Florian!" said the Emperor! "can Herr Pyrkheimer find an Emperor by a turn of his hand? I am not Emperor to-day, my little godchild, and I shall not be Emperor as long as I am in Nuremberg, excepting, pretty Maxentia, when I may have the pleasure of again offering you the chain, and of pleading the cause of a fervent adorer."

Maxentia made a movement of displeasure, and turned away her head.

"You may safely give your hand to your godfather," said the Emperor softly. "We will allow the courting to stand upon its own merits."

The Emperor held Maxentia's hand in his.

"I will not go into the street again, he said, "for the people seem determined to study my face. I will wait here until Master Dürer comes home; for certainly he had not left the town. You must guide me, child, as it is rather dark here. Frau Agnes surely has some room at our disposal."

Maxentia conducted the Emperor up stairs. On the landing stood Frau Agnes, who had thought it necessary to put on a still higher and more formidable cap.

"Well, Herr Pyrkheimer," she said, "as you come so early, it is to be hoped that you are a messenger of good tidings."

"Yes, my respected cousin, I wish I could add, that I bring peace."

"Cousin," replied Frau Agnes, "you have so long sought for strife that you will not easily find peace. If you have brought it with you, I shall welcome it gladly, but you must not expect me to pay the costs. We have often before now concluded such compacts, and Master Albrecht and I have always been compelled to offer the sacrifice of peace in the form of pictures or of engravings. Who are the gentlemen with you?"

"They are friends of our good master, and come from Austria," said Pyrkheimer.

"The hour of your visit is ill chosen. I have my broom ready to sweep Dürer's painting room."

"Oh! you will have time for that."

"No, Herr Pyrkheimer, here it is my place to decide what is to be done, and the right time for doing it."

"Be it far from me, cousin, to infringe your rights," answered Pyrkheimer.

"Then enter, gentlemen. I shall have finished my work directly."

A high narrow door was opened, and a tall man, with curling grey locks, enveloped in a priest-like garb, was seen seated at an easel, and occupied in painting a small picture. The indifferent, half melancholy glance which the now aged master cast around him, was a clear evidence that Frau Agnes had not uttered a syllable to prepare him for the approaching guests.

The Emperor stepped forward, and held out his hand to the painter.

Dürer raised both arms, and uttered a cry of joyful surprise. In the utmost confusion he laid aside his palette, brush, and painting-stick, and then bent one knee. The Emperor made the same movement.

"Now, by Saint Crispin," exclaimed the Emperor, speaking in the animated tones of his youth, "when we two old comrades have knelt to each other, what will follow?"

He then embraced Dürer, and continued, in the same cheerful tone:

"Prince meets Prince, and eye meets eye, and each finds in the other the old love and the old homage. When it is asked which of us two has best ruled his domain, I must yield the palm to you, Master Albrecht."

Meanwhile Frau Agnes stood at the window, and now and then adjusted the curtains, and swung her long broom in the air, while her eyes, before so cold, glistened with tears of joy and satisfaction.

"This morning," she said in an under tone, "outweighs years of the pageantry of our Imperial town."

"I am now making my farewell visits," said the Emperor, "I wish to fix the dear old faces securely in my memory, so that I may enjoy the recollection of them, when my arms, my crowns and my sceptre are taken from me."

Dürer made a gesture of horror; but the Emperor continued:

"Yes, yes, dear Master, do not think it strange. The inhabitants of this empire are tired of their Emperor, and any who still pay him homage, only do so in order to use his sword for their own purposes. I am a man of the olden day; who will not wander aside from the way; Theuerdank's battle was fought his own way; and on his own merits he'll stand for aye!"

Max sat down with an expression of sadness on his countenance, but his natural liveliness of disposition gained the victory over his melancholy mood.

"What have you on the easel, Master?"

Dürer took up a small wooden panel, representing an almost finished half-length figure of a young man. The head and eyes were turned upwards, the expression of the forehead, the eyebrows, and of the eyes, denoted extreme agony, not, however, sufficiently powerful to shake the patient resolution portrayed in the mouth. The form, buoyant with all the freshness of youth, and the broad, heaving breast, in which a feathered dart yet rested, were finished with wonderful elaboration.

"St. Sebastian!" said Kaiser Max; "See, Master Albrecht, that is just such a picture as I should have ordered from you. But it seems to me that there are two luring Sebastians in the room. We have both offered to the world a loving heart, with all our lofty powers and aims, but have been answered by a cutting messenger of death, as is always the fate of those who aspire to the name of Sebastian. When will this picture be dry? I must beg to have it, and my Marshall Althan will pay whatever price you demand."

"My most gracious Emperor," said Dürer, stretching out his hand.

"Yes, most gracious Emperor," interposed Frau Agnes with a deep courtesy, "The St. Sebastian is intended for the state-pew of the armourers' and coopers' church, and as the coopers

are still good catholics and therefore loyal imperialists, it will realise money and thanks. But, your Imperial Majesty, we are too poor to think of giving a present to you."

"Upon my word, Frau Agnes, the sum that you demand shall be paid to you upon the delivery of the picture," protested Max. "But the Saint Sebastian is not the only picture which shall have to remind me daily of you and of Master Albrecht. Cattarini of Milan is incessantly writing to me to beg for the drawings of the suit of armour which I am to wear as Grand Master of the Golden Fleece."

"Oh, your Imperial Majesty," answered Dürer, "not the design alone, but also the coloured drawings of armour, helmet, and sword are completed long ago, and I have sketched out the different parts separately."

Dürer searched among wooden blocks, horn carvings, and portfolios, but in vain.

"I see it, Master Dürer," said Frau Agnes, quickly coming to the rescue, and plunging into the chaos with practised hand. "My Lord Emperor, when anything has to be sought, my husband understands the work better than painting; but when anything has to be found, that is my business."

At last Frau Agnes found a little portfolio, containing designs and detailed drawings of a most splendid, but fantastically ornamented suit of knightly armour. Meanwhile the Emperor was on the point of taking up a finely painted ivory miniature, representing a knight equipped in the armour and strange old fashioned helmet of the order, and bearing the features of Maximilian.

"Your Majesty," said Frau Agnes, "this picture belongs especially to me, and I assure you that I have no intention of parting with it."

"The Emperor," said Dürer, "is the lord of all my possessions"

"But not of mine," remarked Agnes with decision. "The Emperor's 'Gates of honour' by my husband, are indeed a costly work; I hold the frontispiece in my hand. I wished to present it to the Emperor."

"Now, good Frau Agnes, the Emperor is present, and has no objection to your intention," said Max smiling.

"I have some conditions to impose; I am for the Wittenbergers."

Maximilian looked displeased.

"And Nuremberg is also of my opinion, with the exception of a few guilds and of the priests and their adherents;" continued Agnes fearlessly. "You must recall those men who appeal to the Emperor, in order to raise dissensions among us, and to mislead the consciences of men. Such an offender is Councillor Muggenau."

The councillor stepped forward, and bowed.

"Frau Dürer," he said, "I received a bitter lesson yesterday, and I shall esteem myself happy when I can leave inhospitable Nuremberg."

"Well then, go to Wittenberg to learn on which side the truth lies. And I should gladly receive from his Imperial Majesty a suitable present for my niece Maxentia."

Maxentia was listening outside, she now pressed her ear close against the door.

"Ask Herr Pyrkheimer. I have vainly pressed her to accept a wedding chain," exclaimed Max, with animation.

"Oh, she does not care for a chain! I can give her that myself, if events should turn out as I wish. It is the bridegroom who is wanting!"

Pyrkheimer became as pale as death, and remarked, "Frau Agnes must now lay aside joking."

"Yes, I agree with you, cousin, and therefore I am now quite in earnest. You, Pyrkheimer, cannot lead home Maxli as your bride, you must leave that to Hans Leonard Schäuuffelein."

Dürer looked up in surprise, but Agnes exclaimed, "Yes, Master Dürer, if his Imperial Majesty wishes to show favour to Maxentia, he will use his influence with Pyrkheimer, that her betrothal and marriage with Schäuuffelein may not be hindered. In that case, the picture of the Emperor shall be my present, to adorn His Imperial Majesty's "Triumphal Gates."

Max looked much perplexed and answered, "I have promised Dr. Muggenau, to plead his cause with Herr Pyrkheimer on Maxentia's behalf. I have, indeed, received an answer, which does not imply Herr Wilibald's consent; but I did not consider the game was lost."

"You must give up that idea, your Majesty; ask Maxentia herself;" exclaimed Frau Agnes, drawing Maxentia within the circle of the grave men. "Here, Maxli, you must say that Schäuuffelein, and no other, will be acceptable to you as a lover; do not be afraid of Herr Wilibald and Master Dürer, or all is lost. Do you love Schäuuffelein?"

"Yes," whispered Maxentia.

"Forgive me," remarked Muggenau with a deep reverence; "but I venture, Frau Dürer, to unite my petition with yours. Schäuuffelein the painter saved my life. It shall never be said of me that I repaid him by robbing him!"

"Bravo, Doctor!" cried the Emperor. "Well, Herr Pyrkheimer, well, Master Albrecht!"

"My Imperial Lord, there is no-one in Nuremberg, with the exception of my old friend Wilibald, who stands nearer to me than my brave pupil Schäuuffelein."

"But what of me," said Frau Agnes, "where do I stand?"

"I reckon my wife as a part of myself," answered Dürer, with a melancholy smile.

"I will keep all my objections to myself," said Pyrkheimer. "When Maxentia is married, I shall be free from all responsibilities about her."

"Let us join hands upon it," said Max. "And now, Frau Agnes, where is the Grand Master of the Golden Fleece?"

"Here, your Majesty," answered Agnes, giving the picture to the Emperor.

In the evening, Frau Agnes gave a supper in honour of the betrothal of Schäuuffelein with pretty Maxli. There were great festivities in the house of Master Albrecht and the artists and Town Councillors crowded in such numbers to the entertainment that their wives and daughters could hardly find room to dance. Master Dürer led off the first dance with Maxentia, who wore the Emperor's chain.

Herr Wilibald was absent, sitting over his papers, in gloomy solitude.

The Emperor Maximilian and his train had turned their backs on the free and disloyal city of Nuremberg, and had taken the road to the cloister of "the fourteen Saints," where a papal nuncio awaited them.

A century had passed by. A fearful storm had broken out in the heart of Europe. The old glory of German, as well as of Italian art, had departed, arms clashed, and the pictures then

painted, dripped with human blood, or were illuminated by the horrible glare of burning towns and villages. Rome was contending with Germany, and faith with science.

A powerful apostle of catholic art had arisen in the Netherlands, and with unsurpassed creative power had immortalized in his paintings the cycle of the Church's teaching. The temple in which this high priest of art displayed his skill recalled to mind that cupola from which Christian priests had once driven the augurs.

The massive Cathedral tower in the style of Northern France, the houses with pointed gables, and granary roofs, the silent, quietly flowing stream, the fort above the city with its small battlements, the vessels plying to and fro, all point out to us rich proud Antwerp. It was here that Master Rubens reigned.

A long narrow garden, planned in imitation of nature, and containing a profusion of roses, led to an antique rotunda with a glass cupola. In the cells on the right and left the master was accustomed to work with his numerous pupils. The statues standing in the garden, and around the porch of the rotunda, gave some idea of the treasures concealed in the interior.

Here Rubens had placed a number of his pictures which had special associations with his feelings and sympathies, and also masterpieces from the Italian or German schools, while the sculptures rivalled the pictures in number and artistic value. Around the centre of this temple of art, which was lighted from above, stood flowers and fruits from Italy and Spain, between these were seats for the immortals.

Two cavaliers, engaged in earnest conversation, were occupied in examining the pictures.

One was Rubens, with his hair, which was already growing gray, curling on his temples, and his celebrated moustache and beard. He held his plumed hat in his hand, while his companion remained covered.

The other was a tall man, clothed entirely in black, with a little Spanish hat, a short mantle, and violet stockings. His left hand rested on the jewelled hilt of a dagger. This cavalier, whose features wore an expression of sullenness and cunning, was the Infant Charles Ferdinand, General Stattholder of the Netherlands.

He stopped before the picture of Maximilian, exclaiming: "His well beloved Imperial Majesty! Now, more than ever, my faith needs support, for his most gracious Majesty, the present Emperor, has lately been much affected by the horrible transactions of the Protestants. The Emperor has bestowed upon me the order of the Golden Fleece, which is an honourable distinction, but as the brother of his royal Majesty, the most Catholic monarch of Spain, this declaration should remind me of my priestly office of mediator."

Rubens bowed, and turned his scrutinising eye, sharpened both by art and diplomacy, upon the high dignitary of the Church, as if to guess his thoughts.

"I understand the duties of a knight of the Golden Fleece somewhat differently. There is no doubt that the founder of this illustrious order was a true and obedient servant of the Church, who never entered into a compact with heretics. The Habsburgers who wore the order, followed until the present time, in his footsteps. This must be clearly and respectfully represented to his Imperial Majesty."

"You must paint the portraits of the Grand Masters of the Golden Fleece for me, Rubens. This noble assembly, by their silent eloquence, will encourage the Emperor to resolute perseverance in the battle of the Church. Here is the Emperor Max, begin your work to-day with him, the true German Emperor."

A wonderful half-length portrait, bearing Dürer's well-known monogram, and representing the Emperor in the dress of a chamois hunter, holding a pomegranate in his hand, hung on the wall, next to a powerful sketch of the miracle wrought by St. Ignatius upon the possessed.

"Take that picture as a model for your figure of the great and faithful Emperor Max. I do not think that you will find, even in the Galleries of Madrid and of the Escorial, a more characteristic portrait of the Emperor who, on the threshold of the new era, illuminates our political and religious discords, as the true defender of the Church and of internal peace."

"Excuse me, my Prince," answered Rubens, "but I know a portrait of the Emperor Maximilian which will answer the end you desire incomparably better than this."

"The picture to which you refer, shall be procured, if only it is not in England."

"Oh, your Eminence," said Rubens, "the picture is in safe keeping, not a hundred yards off. But the difficulty will be to obtain it, even for the purpose of a copy. The possessor has always remained inexorable, notwithstanding the liberal offers which I have made."

"Perhaps he will reconsider the question of refusing my petition," murmured the Cardinal, raising his head proudly. "Let the man be sent for immediately, and let him be told to bring the picture with him."

"Your Eminence, the man is a Jew, José Zumala, one of the fugitives lately arrived from Spain."

The Cardinal's eyes glowed as he exclaimed:

"A Jew! a Jew in my consecrated presence!"

"My Prince," answered Rubens, with a deep bow, "I am at your service, to say all that you may command to Zumala."

The Cardinal Infant meditated for a few moments, and said: "He is as stiffnecked as all the rest of his race. In spite of my wish, he will refuse you to-day, as he has done before, if the sight of me does not inspire the fear that a refusal may bring evil consequences to himself."

Rubens cast an almost anxious side-glance at the Infant.

"Your Eminence, may the words which I shall say be auspicious for Zumala. It is certain, however, that he does not know fear."

"And yet he fled from Spain before the defenders of the religious code!" A scornful smile passed over the dark features of the Cardinal.

"José Zumala was moved, as he asserts, by love for his family," observed the painter, in a low voice.

"Ah! he who loves, fears!" said the Cardinal with a repetition of that strange smile.

A servant attired in the costume of a Swiss peasant, who was standing in the Porch of the Rotunda, was despatched with the message, and a few minutes later, a strange figure entered the temple of art.

This was a man of about thirty-eight years of age, tall and powerful, wearing an Algerian turban, and a black tunic, which, bound around his waist by a broad girdle, enhanced the unusual beauty of his figure. His face was of a deep olive tint. His eyes were deep black, but had a gentle expression, and his ears and hands were adorned with costly rings.

The Cardinal Infant tried to remain at the farthest possible distance from the Jew. He turned away and appeared to be looking at the pictures. "Rabbi José Zumala," said Rubens, answering the Jew's respectful greeting, "once again I make a more pressing application than ever to you for your picture of the Emperor Max."

"Here are the "Triumphal Gates" of the Emperor's, and here, encased within this parchment, is the picture, which you so much desire to possess."

"Oh, Zumala, I had become modest in my demands, but his Eminence, the Cardinal Infant, has expressed a decided wish to gain possession of the picture."

The Jew cast a rapid glance over the dark figure of the Generalstattholder.

"Here is the picture kept with the care it deserves," said José Zumala.

Rubens bent forward, and hailed, with a cry of admiration, the work of the German master.

"I do not offer Dürer's work for sale," said José Zumala, stroking his glossy black beard, "but the Cardinal Infant will perhaps accept this picture from me, as a token of respectful gratitude, should he feel himself moved to ordain that my fellow-Jews be not driven by soldiers every week to mass, and that our children be not kidnapped in the streets to be educated in cloisters."

"Silence!" cried the Infant, in a sharp tone.

"If I am silent, the stones in the cloister walls will speak," said the Jew.

"The enquiry must be set on foot, whether the Jew gained Dürer's picture by honest means," said the Stattholder, still standing with averted face.

"Certainly," cried Zumala, "as soon as it shall be proved that the picture was stolen from its rightful owner." He added gravely, "When the Emperor Max, in the financial difficulties of his last years, borrowed money from the Jews at Madrid, Seville, and Mallorca, this picture, with many other pledges, reached Seville and came into the hands of my grandfather. The stipulated sum of money was never paid."

"And what does the man demand for his picture?" asked the Infant.

"I have fixed its price, and with this a further compensation; the reputation for reason and benevolence."

"Master Rubens, let the man retire," said the Infant. "You will not need the picture, to produce an exact copy of it."

"No, your Eminence, even in this little work the fancy of Dürer takes such strange flights that it is impossible to comprehend it at a glance. But, most gracious Prince, the Jew's prayer for toleration seems uttered at an auspicious moment. The ecclesiastical power has drawn the bow too far. The string will break, or will be suddenly broken."

The Infant became thoughtful. He then put out his hand to the artist and statesman, saying, "You may be right, master. Let the man give you his picture, and promise the Jews that his fellow-countrymen shall henceforward be exempted from mass. I shall anxiously await your painting."

Rubens received the picture of Zumala, which, probably with many other treasures collected by the master, found its way to England, while the "Emperor Max" by Rubens was placed in the Gallery of the Archduke Leopold, whose heir became Emperor in Vienna. Dr. A. G.

PETER IN PRISON.

BY GERARD HONTHEORST.

It was a gloomy winter evening in the old city of Utrecht. The grotesque heads of all shapes, which, on fine days, gazed wearily down upon the streets, were busily occupied in fulfilling the object of their existence, by pouring streams of water upon the paths and upon the heads of the few unfortunate wanderers, who ventured out with lanterns, in spite of the bad weather; while the small lighted windows of the burgers' houses cast reflections here and there upon the deserted streets, which bore a strong resemblance to marshes.

A tall man, enveloped in a mantle, waded slowly along the "Schöne Gracht," and stood still from time to time, to look at the houses in passing.

On reaching a corner of the street, he made a long pause, and at last muttered to himself in the English tongue:

"I have completely lost my way. I have wandered, having no lamp."

"And I no less!" echoed a deep voice close behind him, also in English.

At the same moment a man in a large felt hat advanced, and looked into the face of the man with the mantle, who drew back astonished, and threw aside his mantle, as if wishing to have his right arm free for his dagger.

"Oh! Sir!" exclaimed the man with the hat, "fear nothing from me. We are on neutral ground. Yet it is a painful thought, that an Englishman's first impulse on meeting a countryman should be to seize his dagger."

"You are right, Sir, but it was not I who kindled this strife between Englishmen."

"I believe your word, Sir; but I think that neither your dagger nor mine has been often, at home, that is, in its sheath, for the last twelve months."

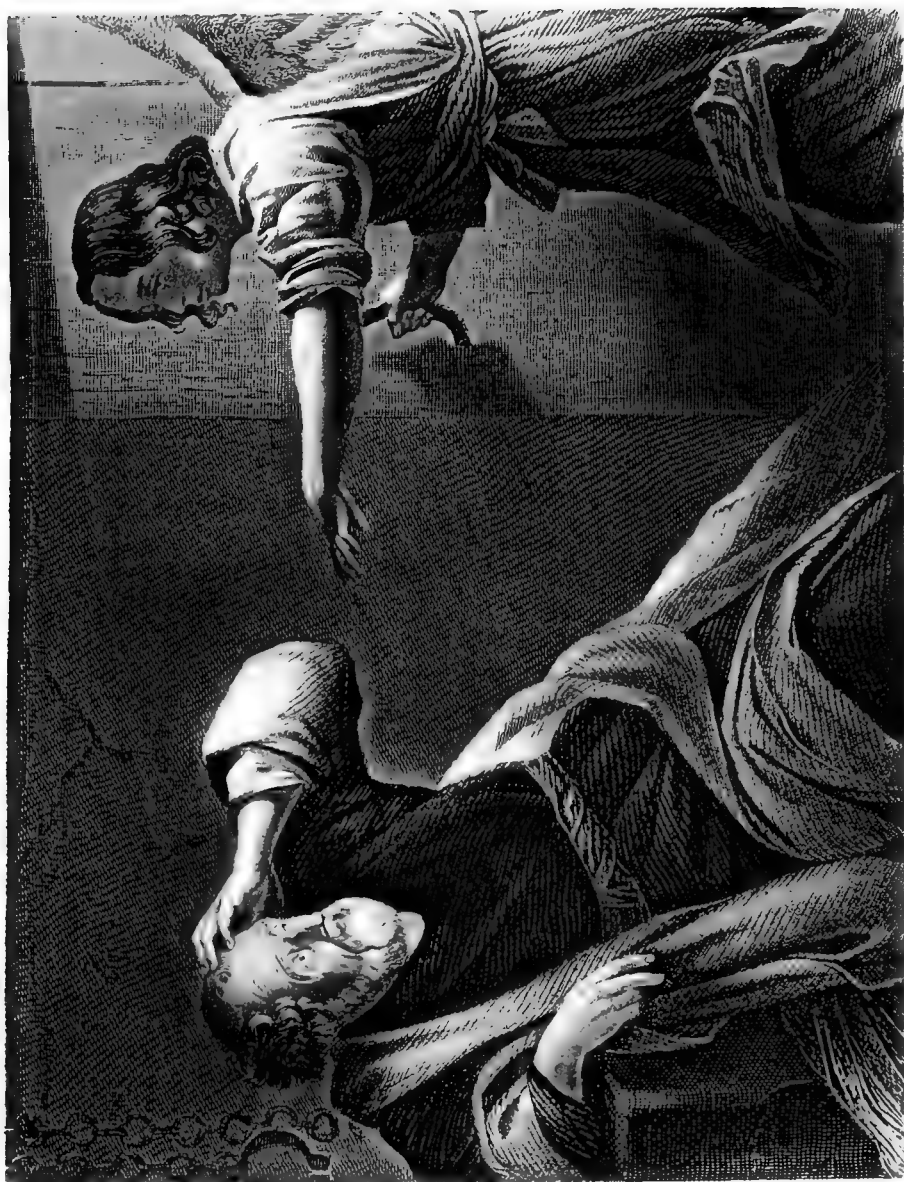
"Well, Sir! then at any rate you resemble the Lord Protector and Lord Fairfax."

"Fairfax said that when he was leading his heavy cavalry, he would rather be thrown down than draw his sword, and Cromwell carried his sword only on the field of Worcester, and then handled it like a horse-whip."

"Cromwell resembled a coachman in more respects than one," observed the man in the mantle.

"Yes, truly," exclaimed the man with the large hat, laughing heartily; "Oliver drove the team of England, Scotland, and Ireland with consummate skill."

"Then he was like a hangman, who, according to old custom, was allowed the privilege of driving three horses abreast."



THE FALL OF THE LEVITE

"It is my opinion that an Englishman should not allude to such a person!"

"Why not? The English republican may do what he chooses. If anything displeases him in the head of a fellow-countryman, he cuts it off—even if that head has had a right to wear a crown."

"Do not be offended, friend; you must be as drenched as I am; and yet you must walk more than a mile to find a cavalier."

"Can you only scent a cavalier a mile off?" the mantled man asked scornfully. "I can assure you that I have known hounds, able to scent such noble game a hundred miles off."

"The hound thanks you for your compliment," replied the man in the felt hat, with a deep bow.

"Sir, I did not intend to be impolite."

"Oh! I do not object to being compared with a hound, if you will allow that the cavaliers were the foxes, who fled before the republican heroes. If Charles Stuart is in Utrecht, he may take pleasure in the discovery of so devoted a servant as you appear to be."

"Good-night, Sir; I hope that I am not impolite, if I leave the last word to the rain and you."

"Do you know that I do not hear your voice for the first time," the other exclaimed with vivacity. "The soft, full tone, with the foreign vowel. We are indeed older acquaintances than we think.—What do you say to an old-English bowl this evening?"

"I drink nothing but water."

"Indeed! then I did you an injustice in taking you for one of our cavaliers. And with regard to water," and he pointed upwards, "I congratulate you."

The two men parted in opposite directions, but a strange circumstance brought them together again in a few moments.

The deep tones of a drum were heard, and the life which immediately became perceptible in the houses both right and left, placed it beyond a doubt, that the drummer was beating a general march. A connoisseur would have discerned, that this was not the alarm-signal of the States General, but that of the cross-bowmen of Utrecht. As lights quickly appeared in the windows, and people carrying torches crossed the streets, it gradually became easy to distinguish men armed with arquebuses, crossbows, or long partisans, who were gathering together in groups, and exchanging conjectures as to the probable cause of the alarm. Soon afterwards a mass of torches appeared at the end of the street, and a solemn song was heard. It was a national song, sung by a train of people clothed in long, dark mantles, the train having the appearance of a funeral procession; excepting that the men all carried naked swords in their hands. The man in the felt hat laid his hand on the shoulder of his countryman.

"If this bugle-call is a summons to arms, we English belong to the squadron!"

"You are right, Sir!"

"What is your name, Sir? my name is Josiah Smith"

"If your name is Smith, mine is Iron," was the answer.

"Good, but I have found your iron difficult to forge, Mr. Iron! It requires a strong hammer."

Mr. Iron laughed.

The procession was now at the corner of the street. The men forming it who carried torches and bare rapiers, were young and were singing with all their might.

"These are students!" said Mr. Iron.

"But why are they out so late? they look very threatening," answered Smith.

Mr. Iron turned towards one of the leaders, who was marching at the side of the procession, and said, addressing him in good Dutch:

"Mynheer, you have chosen bad weather for your serenade."

"Oh! the weather will be propitious for our expedition," answered the student, swinging his rapier.

"What is the reason of this expedition?"

"We shall first pay our respects to his reverence, our rector, we shall then offer a few private suggestions to him, and finally we shall thrash the members of the guild, to the best of our ability, if they venture to disturb our festivities."

"Well?" asked Mr. Smith, addressing Mr. Iron.

"We have a political agitation here, I think, directed at the democratic guilds. The warriors before us belong to the aristocratic Orange party."

"If we have a fight, I shall join in the fray," said Smith. "I have chosen my party. And you, Mr. Iron?"

"I shall not mix in matters which do not concern me."

"You, Sir, are an enemy to Cromwell and his Independents. You belong to the students; while I shall seek out the enemy's army. We two might settle the dispute between ourselves without further trouble!"

"If you are speaking in earnest, Mr. Smith, allow me to remark, that I have resolved to draw my dagger nowhere but on English soil."

"Bravo! you will have enough to do there, for Monk and Ireton are still occupied with the Scotch and Irish. But we must watch this strange procession."

The two walked on arm in arm in the midst of a crowd of curious spectators, amongst whom were many women, who were following the students, as they advanced towards the market, and finally halted before a large, dark house. The students struck the stone steps with their blades, until the sparks flew up.

"Lights here, lights!" they exclaimed, and a few tapers appeared in the windows of the first floor.

"Rise, learned Doctor Boddema," cried a stentorian voice.

A corner-window was opened, and the tall figure of a man appeared with a bald head and grey beard, muttering in indistinct tones.

"Your magnificence," answered the lion's voice, "we knew beforehand, what stale fish you would offer us. We shall oppose a determined opposition to your excuses! There are English in the city."

"Hush," said Mr. Smith, pressing the arm of Mr. Iron. "We are to take a part, without having received any previous notice."

"Ambassadors of the terrible governor of the English nation, Oliver Cromwell by name, and these ambassadors have met with a warm reception and a willing audience from you."

The rector uttered a few words in reply, but was hissed down.

"You, oh Catiline," continued the speaker, "have nothing less in your mind, than the union of the States General with the infamous regime of Cromwell, the institution in good old Holland of the heathen abominations which now present in England a frightful example both to contemporaries and to posterity. Boddema, Boddema, do not shake your old head which you

are rapidly bringing with dishonour to the grave, but confess the truth. You are an enemy of all that bears the name of Orange; you wish to sweep away all those who have earned worldly goods by means of industry and an honest life; you wish to disown the educated men and youth of our city, in order that the cabinet-maker, the tailor, the carpenter, and the labourer may teach in their stead, and may disgrace our pulpits and our professorial chairs with the folly of ignorance. What answer do you dare to give? That Christ was also a carpenter? Winkens Boddema, learned doctor as you are, you have uttered a lie. Where is that written? Prove it to me, or I shall consider you as an impostor. I also am a Trojan, that is, a theologian, and am learned enough to know that Christ never belonged to the carpenters' guild of Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, or any other guild city of Palestine. At twelve years old, Christ was already learned in religion, and sufficiently enlightened to confront the Rector Boddema in addition to all other Pharisees. Down with the Democrats, who obstructed the path of our Orangemen."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed the students.

"The guilds shall bring none of Cromwell's reforms into our good Holland, or we will be ready to oppose them."

"We will teach you to hide your faces in your books," exclaimed a rough voice.

"Good! we have learnt from those books, how to remonstrate, and counter-remonstrate. We have the true faith, but the guilds are disgraceful Arminians, rejecting the decisions of the Dortrecht Synod, and defending the creed of the English regicide; there stands Rector Boddema, the head of the Arminians, and the ally of Cromwell. He is incorrigible, therefore, to work, brothers."

The students had provided themselves with ammunition, for a hail-storm of stones was directed against the Rector's windows, which were suddenly darkened. The students then sung another verse of their canon in Leonine metre:

"Hac sunt in fossa, Boddema venerabilis ossa!" (Low in the ditch lie the venerable bones of Boddema.)

In the midst of the singing and window-storming, a loud shot was heard, which was greeted by a shout from a hundred throats. The students extinguished their lights, threw their mantles as shields over their left arms, and rushed upon the clothiers, who, as the most vehement Anti-Orangemen, marched upon the place, to the sound of fifes and trumpets. The next moment there was a general fight upon the market-place and in the adjoining streets.

Mr. Smith, who understood the cause of the quarrel, said to his countryman:

"Mr. Iron, as the Lord Protector of England is out of favour here, I think it is not wise for me to return just now to my Hotel. Have you a private house, and can you receive me and my servant for a few days?"

"Yes, gladly; but I cannot answer for what visitors I may have," said Iron. "You are certainly no friend of France and the French, and especially of all that appertains to Charles Stuart."

"I? I will confess to you that I have exerted all my powers, to make their lives burdensome to them. If I have such visitors, you must be one of our cavaliers."

"It is possible that I have been one, but now I am only an inoffensive artist! Come home with me, you can sup with me like a Spartan!"

The two men passed through one narrow street after another, crossed a number of small bridges, and at last reached a small house surrounded by a garden.

A man of fifty, with a bald head, but thick beard and moustaches, let in the two Englishmen, who looked like soldiers. The landlord appeared to be in great alarm, for he made enquiries in a trembling tone, respecting the tumult in the city.

"You may sleep here in peace, Master," said Iron, smiling, and smoothing back his long brown hair from his face.

"Whom did the tumult concern?"

"Oh, Mynheer Honthorst, it was more than a tumult. To the best of my knowledge, it has been a case of bloody heads and torn clothes. The arquebusiers shot as if they were at a boar hunt."

The landlord folded his hands across his breast, in great agitation.

"Mynheer Rupert," he said to the man who had called himself Mr. Iron, "will you do me the kindness of coming in for a few minutes? When I was still a wild youth, we painters of the Schilderbent in Rome had many a sharp encounter with the Trasteverines, and even fought with the catchpols and bodyguard of His Holiness, but now any excitement is too much for me. Come in, Mynheer, and tell your companion, that I shall be glad if he will spend an hour here."

"Oh! this gentleman hopes to live with me, until he leaves Utrecht"

"So much the better."

The guests entered a painter's atelier where three wax-lights were burning in an old branch chandelier. Several valuable oil paintings hung on the walls, amongst these a picture of Christ, speaking to Nicodemus at night, which recalled Tintoretto by the bold treatment of the Pharisee's arm, as well as the strong contrasts of colour. By far the greater part of the pictures were night scenes, and often displayed surprising effects of either torch or candlelight, or fire or moonlight.

Rupert Iron directed the attention of his companion to some of the principal pieces.

"I understand nothing of painting," said Smith, "I am a soldier, and I do not believe that the dagger and the brush agree together."

"Indeed," said Honthorst, throwing some fuel upon the fire, "but we know some painters who have handled the blade well, as Leonardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo da Caravaggio, José Spagnoletto, all of whom I have known personally, without mentioning Rubens, who was a master of the sword."

"Truly," replied Smith in broken Dutch, "those were painters who could handle the sword; but where are the soldiers who can paint?"

Rupert Iron bent down over an etching table, and closely examined a plate, which was in process of execution. When he turned round and looked up, the full light of the lamp shone into his face.

"Yet," said Smith in English, "I remember to have once met a distinguished general who was occupied in painting a picture on copper. It was the day before the battle of Dunbar, and I, sent with a flag of truce, was led into the tent of Prince Rupert of the Pfalz. I was then still ensign."

"Then your name is Joyce!" said Mr. Iron.

The man who was addressed looked up astonished, and gazed at Mr. Iron.

"By Gideon and all the Maccabees, you are Prince Rupert and no other! Yes, now all is clear to me, this voice and the sharp vowel."

"Ensign Joyce, or rather Colonel Joyce, give me your hand," said Rupert smiling. "God

knows, that I can recall many days, on which I would have paid dearly for the pleasure of having you so near me."

"I have at least done my best, to approach you as nearly as I could, my Prince; and at that time I had the idea, that you might pay for your acquaintance with me, with your life."

Rupert signified his thoughtful assent, and seated himself with his former enemy at the table, on which Honthorst, without other assistance, had laid a fine white cloth, and placed some bottles of real Italian Falerner, taken from a deep enclosed recess in a corner of the room. A finely engraved water carafe was prepared for Prince Rupert.

The painter rang the bell, and a young man entered, and assisted him in laying the table. Joyce looked closely at the youth.

He was slender, and had delicate, almost maidenly features, and a profusion of fair locks. His movements were quick, energetic, and proud. His beauty formed a strange contrast to the poverty of his dress, consisting of the grey linen pantaloons worn by artists, which were covered with countless daubs of every colour of the rainbow, and a mantle resembling an ancient tunic.

"If we had still a knight Tironne," said Joyce, after the young man had left the room, "I should think this future Raphael admirably suited to be the servant of a versifying knight."

"Oh, William is useful in many respects," said Prince Rupert smiling.

"I found him an excellent model for some angels, painted by Luca Signorelli. I could not recall their attitudes; but only a few attempts were necessary on the part of William, to decide the question to my full satisfaction."

"He is both skilful and talented," said Honthorst, "but in spite of his great talent for art, he will not easily become a painter. He will be a good soldier who—who—"

"Now," said the Prince laughing, "pray, finish your sentence, for it will not offend me. A good soldier, who paints bad pictures—like myself"

"Your pictures in black and white are admirable, Prince," exclaimed Honthorst. "I should never have believed that my effects of light could have been so perfectly reproduced by means of simple black and white. And if at any time you are surpassed, as is, thank God, the fate of most artists, you yet possess a fame, to which thousands of good artists cannot attain; you are a discoverer in art, and as long as a metal plate is used in artistic reproduction, it will be remembered that the style of black and white was introduced by Prince Rupert of the Pfalz."

"Oh! my invention is not complete. But, certainly, I have made great advances, since I have been copying your wonderful night pieces."

Joyce lifted his finger, and placed his wine-glass on the table.

"I think the tumult in the city is not over," he said. "If I mistake not, the storm-bells are ringing. This business is becoming more serious than was at first expected."

Honthorst stood up and listened.

"My prophecies have come true," the painter remarked quietly. "This regency, which acts without any consideration of the future welfare of the young Prince William, has resolved to overthrow the leaders of the people's party, to whom, after all, the Orangemen are under deep obligations. In Antwerp the republicans were deterred from revolt by threats of chains and imprisonment, before their preparations were complete; now the turn has come for Utrecht and Leyden, both hot-beds of republicanism. The students have been artfully detached from the guilds, in the conviction that the first dispute would lead to a bloody contest. The crime is

before our eyes. May God protect the good, honest Dr. Boddema. If he should fall into the hands of the students, maddened as they now are with fanatical zeal and bad beer, or if the Orange-aristocratic statesmen who are watching in the back-ground, should get possession of him, he is lost."

"Then you are a democrat, Sir," Joyce enquired, with vivacity.

"I am neutral in the struggle, Mynheer. How can I be otherwise? I have friends on both sides. Here is Prince Rupert, who, certainly wishes good luck to the Orangemen and the Stuarts, as well as to the French.

"That I certainly do, Master Gerard!"

"And there is Dr. Boddema, and although he is my oldest friend, yet I do not think that I can prefer him to our Prince here."

"Oh! there are other means of judging politics, without reference to personalities," exclaimed Joyce, indignantly. "You, Sir painter, are first and foremost a Dutchman, and I am curious to know from which party you expect the best assurance of the welfare of your country?"

Honthorst pushed back his cap, and looked at Prince Rupert, with a shrug of his shoulders.

"Oh! Mynheer, my opinion is of no value; I have learnt to trust in no party, but in the unity of the people."

"That is a truly English expression, Sir," exclaimed Joyce, seizing the prince's hand, and shaking it warmly.

"I must confess," said Honthorst, "that my feelings attract me to the Prince, for my art has for centuries past received little encouragement from republicanism."

"We have the example of Venice," said Rupert.

"Except for the vicinity of Mantua, Milan, and Bologna, and for the power conferred by art on Florence and Rome, it is probable that Venice would never have risen above its Byzantine style. It was only when the Signoria of St. Mark felt compelled to carry on a contest for pre-eminence in art with the Lords of Florence and with the Holy Father, that a republic began to patronise art."

"But what have your Orangemen done for art?" enquired Joyce.

"Little or nothing! But their predecessors, the Austrian princes, and the Imperial Stattholders accomplished more. Besides this, you gentlemen must not forget that during the period of life in which a man is most susceptible to external impressions, I lived not in a republic, but in Rome. I was then favourably inclined towards the Imperial Government, and wished that the future vice-regent should have yet more unlimited power over Holland, than the terrible Maurice, whose works caused our dignified and formidable protest in the Councils of the nation. But it will be the ruin of the nation, if the Orange party seek a union with the Stuarts and with France, in order that Holland may direct forces against England, the only state from which we have any reason to expect a firm and unselfish friendship. Holland and England together are sufficiently strong to maintain their ground against the whole world. Would France protect us, if the English should become our enemies, and should attack us at sea, and take possession of our colonies? Or would Spain protect us, or the Emperor of Germany?"

"Ruyter and Tromp are still upon the waves," remarked Prince Rupert.

"They would not be backed by the support of an enthusiastic nation, if they sailed against England! Who but England is our best and nearest friend as a leading people, and also our best

customer? If the Britons were to close their harbours to our trading vessels, we should be on the road to ruin, from which no power on earth could save us."

"Your judgment is correct, Mynheer," said Colonel Joyce. "The guilds not only of Utrecht, but also of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and all the leading cities of Holland understand all that is implied in the offensive and defensive alliance which the Lord-Protector has offered you. We were under the impression that Holland was ruled by democrats and republicans, and that you would embrace our honest offer with open hands. But your republicans are not doubly dyed, or they are mere marionettes, in front of Orangemen and Aristocrats—otherwise, by heaven, they would not hesitate to send such an answer as England expects. I am in Holland, for the purpose of fetching this answer, and of convincing myself with my own eyes, of the condition of affairs. This evening has confirmed my hesitating judgment: I shall return as soon as possible, and Holland will suffer from the effects of a Parliamentary act, forbidding foreign nations to bring other than their own produce into our harbours. I am an unimportant man, but the History of the General States will have reason to connect my embassy, with the moment at which Holland's greatness began to decline."

Honthorst rang the bell, and an old maidservant appeared.

"Where is the boy, Sigbrit?" enquired Honthorst. "I had not observed that he had slipped away."

"He said that you had told him to run to the market-place, to see if anything had happened to the Domine Boddema," replied the old woman, in a sepulchral voice.

The painter had just commenced a lamentation over the inevitable fate of the giddy youth, when a tap was heard on the window pane.

"We must look to our daggers," said Joyce, standing up, and preparing for fight. "The round-head and the cavalier must agree for mutual defence." Sigbrit opened the house-door while two armed men took up their position on either side of the open door of the room, through which sufficient light fell on the passage to guard the entrance.

It was William who entered, leading triumphantly by the hand a trembling old man in a black gown and a four-cornered priest's or professor's cap.

"Doctor Boddema himself," exclaimed Honthorst in an agitated voice, and extending his arms.

The Rector gradually regained his composure, and then related his adventures. He had passed through a hard time, the sons of the Muses had not hesitated to strike the old man with their daggers. His gown had been rent with sharp dagger-thrusts from the shoulders downwards, and it was open to question what the intention of the students had been in giving these thrusts. "I have been forced to give up the office of Rector, and to sign my resignation," said the ecclesiastic.

"That may have serious consequences for you," said Honthorst, who was rendered incautious by his fright. "You have withdrawn from an office, having legal privileges, only to place yourself under the harsh rule of the mayor of the city, who cannot be suspected of republican sympathies. Crandie, a citizen of Liege, and a Catholic, only needs to feel assured that he has you in his power, to take the opportunity of expounding to you your sermon in the University Church, on the fat oxen of Bashan."

"The oxen of Bashan are the unworthy followers of Orange, who are much changed since

the great era of William the Silent," said Boddema firmly. "And those were oxendrivers and no sons of the Muses, who were sent to make a martyr of me. Everything in my house is destroyed. The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; but what name do these students deserve, who are capable of destroying such a library as mine?"

But the events of the night were not over. The wild chorus re-echoed through the streets. "Good heavens, the students!" said Boddema, looking round for a place of concealment.

The Prince seized him by the arm, and remarked,

"The people outside know only too well that they are on the right track. If you conceal yourself, the only result will be that they will ransack the house in their search for you. Stay here; and I will do all that lies in my power for you."

"Pray, Sir, do not forget to extend your protection to me, as I am your guest," said Joyce, laying his bare dagger by his side on the table, and covering it with his mantle, so that the handle was close to his hand.

"William, open the door!" commanded Rupert. The students pressed in, and were partly in the room, when the Prince confronted them. His dignified bearing had such an effect upon the leader, that he dropped his dagger.

"What do you want in the dwellings of peaceable citizens? Whom are you seeking?"

"Boddema, the demagogue Rector," answered the leaders. "We want to show him the oxen of Bashan. See, most magnificent! you are in the midst of a sanctuary of art, like Doeg, the son of Edom, in the tents of the Jews, at the time of David! Come forth, you Iscariot!"

"I am here to defend the doctor!" exclaimed Rupert, solemnly drawing his dagger.

"Against all of us and our weapons? that is a fool's attempt."

"Firstly with words."

"Oh! that is another question! but that will not succeed even with Dr. Boddema. We will hold neither colloquy nor dispute; surrender our man to us, and go to bed!"

Rupert drew back, and prepared with the rapidity of lightning for the thrust. The attack began immediately, one of the students fell heavily on the floor, and a certain summons to repose in the cold earth, would have awaited the Prince, had not the colonel's blade felled down that of a student. The signal for this thrust was probably a blow, aimed by Joyce with the nob of his dagger upon the leader's head, felling him to the ground.

"Forwards, my Prince!" cried Joyce in a voice of thunder. "These are no soldiers, but only untrained mercials, whom we can soon overcome. William, to the combat! protect the door on the left!"

Joyce assailed the "sons of the Muses" in so desperate a manner, that they, being unprepared for a struggle for life and death, turned back into the entrance-hall.

"Stop, William!" cried Rupert. "Stop! do not fire!"

William Rinken had torn down an arquebuse from the wall, and stood ready for the attack. "Colonel Joyce, spare the young men. I believe that this is all the result of a misunderstanding, a peaceful agreement will be best for all parties."

"That is Prince Rupert!" exclaimed one of the students, "we should be fortunate, if we could get possession of him."

"Which of the gentlemen is he?" enquired a bass voice, disregarding the previous speaker.

"I am he, Mynheer," said Rupert, stepping forward.

"Do you mean to say that you are the renowned general of King Charles I. of England?"

"At any rate, I did not bring much renown to a part of the king's army," answered Rupert. "But my friends, those days are past; now I am only Master Honthorst's pupil, and seek no higher glory than to become a good engraver on copper."

"Hurrah, we will offer a libation to you!"

The student seized a bottle and drank a glass of Falerner, throwing a few drops of wine into the air according to ancient custom. "Who is this man, who, as if from Bashan, has struck down our comrade?"

"I am the adjutant of his Highness the Prince," said Joyce in broken Dutch. "I was present at nearly all the battles, which Prince Rupert fought with the Independents."

"Is this true, my Prince?"

"I can answer for it."

"Then for once we will pardon the gentleman his impoliteness," said the student. "Now we are only concerned with our ex-rector, whom we intend to take with us, and to deliver up to the town-council. He is in alliance with Cromwell; the perfidious English wish that our fleet should unite with theirs,—that is to say, that our ships should be surrendered to them without a struggle."

"I shall go to prison with him, Mynheer."

"Your will is not under my control, Prince. But if you will permit it, we should like to taste some more of your wine. Seldom has a Utrecht student tasted such Nectar."

Old Honthorst hastened to fetch some more bottles, and the leader himself emptied the first. He then handed an overflowing glass to the man who stood next to him, and said:

"My brother, perhaps your capacities are not as large as mine, and you will be satisfied with one glass filled to the brim; you may also remember that moderation is desirable in the company of princes."

Every student received a sparkling glass, and then Boddema was requested to prepare for departure.

Prince Rupert gave the doctor his arm, and walked on in front of the now orderly troop. He did not return with William until about four o'clock the next morning. The colonel had departed, and had left the following lines behind him:

"My Prince! It would be unbecoming both to your position and mine, were I to thank you for protecting my life. But I may be permitted to say, that it is a wise arrangement of Providence, that brave and honest men can feel the highest esteem for one-another, even when their religious and political opinions are in direct opposition. You, Sir, are aware of the respect I feel for you, without my expressing it either by word or sign. I trust therefore that in the ring which Master Honthorst will give you, you will see nothing but a suggestion that you, like myself, should sometimes indulge in the consideration that we satisfied those religious duties binding on mankind better as companions in arms at Utrecht, than as opponents on the battle-field. I received the ring on the same night that I prevented the flight of King Charles, and protected him, dressed in woman's clothes, from the assaults of the guards. The King himself gave me the ring, and I should not like to see it on any other hand, than on your left hand. The soldier's left hand is the best! it is free from all the stains which recall blood.

Yours, Joyce, Colonel.*

The Prince, after musing over this strange letter, recounted in a few words that the Rector

had been imprisoned in the grated vaults under the Town Hall, where, in all probability, he would await a tedious trial. Rupert, however, early on the following morning, dressed himself in gala costume, and sallied forth, guided by William, as his servant, to one dignitary of the town after another, endeavouring to obtain Boddema's release. It was all in vain. It was a very bad sign for the prisoner, that the appointment of a new rector, in the person of a fanatical Orangeman had been confirmed, on the second day, by the States General. The overthrow of Boddema had thus been resolved upon by the authorities, whilst the students had been the unconscious agents of their behests.

Weeks passed on; and nothing was heard of Boddema, excepting that he had been displaced from his office by an ecclesiastical mandate. Prince Rupert had become very quiet since that tumultuous night, and worked uninterruptedly in his corner-room, where he instructed William in etching and engraving on copper.

Suddenly Rupert announced unexpectedly, that he intended to take a journey to the Rhine, as he felt an unaccountable diminution in his strength. William disappeared with him; and, at the same time, the intelligence spread like wild-fire through the city, that the Rector had escaped from prison.

This was a fact; but how the bold stroke had been accomplished, remained a mystery. Bribery seemed incredible, although the gaolers of the empty dungeon were uninjured. A night tumult amongst the tanners, who declared that Boddema had been beheaded in prison, was soon quieted and forgotten.

A few years later, Master Honthorst received a letter. It was from the well-known hand of the old Rector, and was headed "Berlin." He wrote:

"Dear old Friend Honthorst!

Although saved by God's mercy, I yet have not dared to write to my family, or to you, lest I should bring the misfortune upon you, from which I have so wonderfully escaped. But as, since the introduction of the critical navigation act into the Netherlands, public opinion has become so opposed to the Orange party that it is possible that I and my views may gain favour, I write to render thanks to God's grace, and to the heroic deed of the Prince and of your brave William, who appeared to me as the angel appeared to the Apostle Peter, and led me out through the open door of my prison, where I found a carriage, which brought me by Zwolle and Ravensburg to Berlin, where the pious elector and his wife have shown me such Christian affection, that I now long only for my friends and relations, and not for Holland; indeed the recollection of it only fills my mind with horror. William begs your forgiveness, for having run away from your instruction; he has become no painter, but a good officer in the elector's engineers, who are occupied in the election of fortresses. Farewell, good Master Geraarts, and if you want a subject for a picture, you may feel assured that myself in prison, the fellow-sufferer of the holy Peter, at the moment at which William appeared as the angel of my deliverance (and this is no want of reverence to the angels, as they are called messengers) would be very acceptable to her Highness the Electress, and would secure good payment. I leave this matter to you, and to the guidance of God, who directs our path, if we trust in him.

Your friend Boddema."

In Honthorst's Atelier there was soon to be seen a picture, which attained great celebrity, representing Peter in Prison.

A. G.



ST ANTHONY OF PADUA.

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ST. ANTHONY.

BY BARTHOLOMMÉ ESTEPHAN MURILLO.

Spanish bull-fights were never conducted with greater display than in the 17th century: The period of chivalry had hardly disappeared, with its fantastic knights, its romantic crusades, and the magnificent display of its tournaments, before the people had transferred all the faded poetry connected with the heroes of the sword to the heroes of the arena, who then still preserved a reflection of that dignity and honour, which had attended the public games of ancient Rome. The bull-fights at Seville threw all others into the shade. No city could show a more splendid arena; no animals were so fresh and wild as those which came direct from the neighbouring Sierra Morena; no district furnished more graceful matadors, than the far famed valley of the Guadalquivir, while the inhabitants of other cities of the empire could not compete with the Andalusians in enthusiasm for the fight. The king was also in the habit of sending to the bull-fights a sort of representative at Seville, who installed himself in state, surrounded by a troop of cavaliers and beautiful court-ladies. This ambassador was frequently an Infant of the royal family.

The cry: "*los torros, los torreros!*" ran through the streets of Seville. First started by the half-naked street-boys, who were sunning themselves on the right side of the bridge over the Guadalquivir, the cry, gaining force like an avalanche, spread into the heart of the city and acting as a charm, brought the whole population into the streets. Only a few minutes elapsed, before the appearance of groups of strange figures seated on high horses. These old, long-bearded warriors, who might have seen service in Germany and Africa in the time of Charles V., were clothed in heavy armour, storm caps, and wore the white, striped sleeves of German halberdiers. They carried long swords and lances, ending in three-edged steel goads. Although old-fashioned in their attire, the knights were remarkably polite; they lowered their lances as a salute to the groups of ladies and children whom they passed, while they made no secret of the fact that the important duty devolved on them, of escorting the animals to the palace of the Corregidor. They were the Alguazils, or outriders of the Council, and only appeared once a year in such state, unless summoned by an Auto-da-Fé.

At last the animals came up the Toledo Street, preceded by the Alguazils, who cleared the way with their reversed lances, and endeavoured to stem the cries of applause. Then followed the half-wild shepherds from the mountains, dressed in thick goat-skins with shepherds' crooks in their hands, and uttering exclamations, which bore but slight resemblance to the Spanish tongue.

They were followed by the animals to the number of two and twenty, all of extreme beauty

and strength, and walking along free and unfettered; the precaution had, however, been taken of binding thick bundles of dried rushes around their foreheads. Five or six of the animals were blinded by means of thick bandages over their eyes.

The old white-headed Corregidor, accompanied by a long row of dignitaries in black dresses, crowded the Plaza Major, and surveyed the animals as they passed in review.

A brilliant cavalcade immediately followed, consisting of beautiful young boys in the gay dress of the Majos, wearing plumed hats, gold-embroidered jackets, and tight pantaloons with gold and silver fringes, and riding on prancing-steeds. The riders carried no swords, but lances, surmounted by a crescent-shaped dart. They were the Picadores, principally natives of the neighbourhood.

The Banderilleros marched on foot, carrying red cloths and arrows with streaming ribbons, and finally, also on foot, appeared two figures, who were greeted with a rapturous shout of applause; the Matadores.

They walked abreast, and were dressed exactly alike, in black, closely-fitting silk vests, and the black hat worn in the Morena, adorned by a single raven's feather. Their left arms were wrapped in short mantles of black silk.

The Matadores were very different in personal appearance. The leader, who took the post of honour at the right hand of his companions, was a man of about thirty-two years of age, of tall, commanding figure, and was thin, although broad-shouldered, his stately bearing being in accordance with the expression of his haggard face. From beneath dark eye-brows his small coal-black eyes beamed and sparkled, and although his moustaches were somewhat long, a smile was yet apparent, expressive, at once of entire self-satisfaction and utter indifference to the appreciation of the surrounding crowd. He was known in Seville by the name of Montez. All the Matadores were called "Montez," a name derived from the Montez game of the arena, but at that time there were no other Matadores, who had adopted this as their family name. Montez' real name was Sancho Herrera, a son of old Castile, and he shared the faults as well as the virtues of his fellow-countrymen.

The other Montez was a young man of about twenty-four years, he had a small moustache on his upper lip, soft, expressive features, and looked around with dreamy black eyes, as indifferent as those of the Castilian, but differing in expression. Behind the Matadores a grotesque figure rode alone: a man with a coal-black beard and an uncovered, shaggy head, a cowherd, but decked for the occasion of this magnificent entrance into Seville with a bright red satin mantle. Like a butcher, he had a leathern sheath hanging from his girdle, in which were three massive knives. This was the slayer, the Puctollero, whose work began, when the Matadores could not master the animals.

The Corregidore led the two single combatants before the governor and representative of the monarch, the Count Guzman de Melar and Pilas, a young cavalier, who was occupied in minutely examining the two fine animals. The Count was a small, handsome man, with a long beard, and a heavy gold chain round his neck. He shrugged his shoulders repeatedly, while Sancho Montez was addressing him, and then expressed his wish, that the animals should be brought into the Sabbia, the enclosure which had evidently derived its name from the Roman "Saepia."

"Your Highness," said the Corregidore, Luis de Nannar, "In the ancient city of Seville, certain old customs exist, which, while kissing your hand, I take the liberty of recommending

to the notice of your grace. The two Lords Matadores are accustomed to receive a present, the value of which must be fixed by his highness the Count."

"Now, Don Luis, you understand these matters better than I do—will you fix the proper amount?" murmured the governor.

"It is usual to give to both three doblons, and to inscribe their names, free of cost on the city register."

"Yes, I remember, will you attend to it, Don Luis?"

"The Sennor, Sancho Herrera, has been entered five times on our city register," said the Corregidore.

"Now that he appears as a Matador for the sixth time, he has a right to a medal weighing not less than an ounce, and a chain of gold."

"Yes, Don Luis, I can make no opposition, but it seems to me that these honours should be bestowed after the games."

"Your Highness, frequently the Matador does not survive the games, and Seville would take it amiss, if the Matadores did not receive their due."

"Oh! it is important to observe old rights and customs!" replied Don Guzman eagerly, "have you made preparations, Don Luis, to satisfy the Matadores?"

"Yes, your Highness, but it is your place to present the gifts to them."

"I must assent, if I have no choice," answered the governor, "if the chains are ready, we can give them at once."

"Immediately, your Highness? not so."

"Why not?" said the governor, impatiently.

"Because, Don Guzman, it is customary that the governor should provide a supper for the Matadores, at the end of which the presents are given to them."

"By the Saints," muttered the dignity, "I was not aware that my relations with the Matadores stood on so friendly a footing."

"Your Highness," exclaimed the sharp voice of the Castilian, "King Philip threw the golden chain around my grandfather's neck in Seville."

Don Guzman considered for some time, and then appeared to rouse himself.

"You are the old Montez," he said in a friendly way to the Castilian. "Yes, I remember you well, but what is your name?"

"Sancho Herrera, at your grace's service."

"And you?" said Don Guzman, turning to the younger Matador.

"My name is sufficiently well-known in Seville," he replied in sorrowful tones.

"That may be, but I do not know it."

"José Carreguy," the youth replied, in a whisper.

"What, José Carreguy! The sonnet poet of the Sierra Morena?" exclaimed the governor in astonishment.

"Yes, I have been called the Sierrero," replied the Matador sadly.

"You were a student and licentiate of the fine arts in this city?" enquired Don Guzman.

"It was so, Your Highness."

"You fought in single combat, and killed your antagonist, the young Count of Lunar?"

"Yes, and I was excommunicated, and fled to the shepherds in the Sierra Morena, until it came out that my opponents had attacked me, and had compelled me to defend myself."

"I have heard the bloody story!" said the governor, looking attentively at the Matador. "I hope that the church has received you again."

"She has, thank to the Saints! But meanwhile I had once served as a Matador in Cordova, and ever since then, my trade has held me in its merciless arms."

"How so?"

"No one is permitted to enter into the fellowships of Estrada, without giving an oath to remain faithful to it until death, your Highness. My dagger must be employed in the service of the arena, and all intellectual honours are forbidden to me."

"And yet I welcome you, Signor Carreguy," said Don Guzman.

In spite of the unfriendly manner in which the proposal had been received, Don Guzman gave not only a festive, but a friendly reception to the Matadores. Between the wings of the ancient Casa real lay a small but tastefully arranged garden. The square massive walls, grey with age, were surrounded by a balcony supported by a double row of marble pillars with horse-shoe arches, all decorated with the finest filagree-work. Thick masses of the vine overhung the balcony, twining here and there around a pillar, and clinging to the roof. A number of hanging lamps threw a brilliant light over the interior of the arcade. In the midst of the garden a fountain was playing, and casting its cool spray over the orange-trees and myrtles, which surrounded it in thick groups. The bushes were covered with scented blossoms, while on many branches of the rose-trees, which were flowering for the second time that year, hung gay bunches of flowers.

The wonderful little garden was filled with a distinguished company. On the open place surrounding the well, groups were dancing the catalan and the fandango; the castanettes sounded, while the guitars gave forth sweet and thrilling tones. Further on other guests were drinking sherbet from the Levant and the red wine of Alicante, and playing at the games of "Monte," and "La regna."

The excitement was at its height. Everywhere cheerful faces, beaming eyes, brilliant costumes, glittering gold, and dazzling jewels and pearls.

Into this company the two Matadores were led by the Corregidor. They were dressed in their gay attire, and held their hats in their hands. Sancho Montez had hung at least half a dozen gold chains round his neck, but was yet unable to divert the attention of the company from his younger companion.

The Count de Melar was standing near a lady of remarkable beauty, enthroned on a raised seat. In her dark mourning-dress, she appeared in the midst of the gaily attired leaders who surrounded her, like the moon, when shadowed by heavy clouds. Beside her stood a lovely boy of about the age of two years. When a pause occurred in the dance music, a young beauty dressed in the romantic costume of Grenade, took up her lute, and sang a song of faithful love in the rose-garden of the Alhambra, while the lady in mourning-dress could scarcely restrain her tears.

As the Matadores approached, an opening was made in the circle of cavaliers and ladies, surrounding Don Guzman and his lady. An inquisitive crowd pressed in from the avenues in the gardens: knights and university professors in their sober gowns, Dominican monks and Carmelite friars, and even the bent hat distinguishing the fathers of the Society of Jesus. Precedence was given to the ladies, and the Matadores found themselves within a circle of spectators, well able to criticise the personal appearance of these heroes of the arena.

The combatants both conducted themselves with admirable decorum, they kissed the hand of the lady of the house, while José Carreguy in a few well-chosen words expressed his own gratitude, as well as that of his companion, for the honour conferred on them in being thus permitted to pay their reverence to Don Guzman and his lady, as well as to their distinguished guests.

The Count hung the chains of honour around the necks of the combatants, amidst loud applause, and proposed a toast in honour of the games of Seville, and the brave warriors, who were about to shed lustre upon them. A table was placed before the gladiators well furnished with wine and fruit, and a few of the Sennores formed a circle around them, for the sake of gaining information respecting the peculiar characteristics of the fight, while the company became quickly re-engrossed in the festivities, which had been interrupted by the entrance of the Matadores. Soon the combatants were left alone at the table, to watch with uneasy feelings the people, for whose amusement they were to risk their lives on the morrow.

"Where is our old patron, Don Luis de Nannar?" whispered the rough voice of Sancho. "Why should we remain here? We must repair to the bath, and after that, rest is our most important concern. We will take leave of Don Guzman and of the lady of the house."

"The lady has left, some time ago," replied Carreguy, who had sunk into a deep reverie, from the time that he had kissed the lady's hand. "But I still see her, like a vision."

"Caramba," said the Castilian, "if the Holy Trinity had favoured me with so lovely a wife as this lady, my face would not wear Don Guzman's gloomy expression. He has not spoken one friendly word, throughout the evening, to his wife, who seems to have been weeping!"

"They looked," added José Carreguy with a sigh, "as if they were not only perfectly strange to one another, but even at enmity."

"Compadre Sierro," said a gentle voice, while a hand was laid lightly on Carreguy's arm "You have forgotten to order wine."

A richly attired and handsome servant bent over the combatants, and took hold of the long-necked bottle of Alicante.

"We have been most hospitably entertained," said Carreguy. "There are the fruits and cakes, which prove that we have done our duty."

"Oh! that concerns eating, but I refer to drinking. Every cause has its rights. I might find some help on the way, and here every-one serves himself, as if he were in his own garden. Come with me, my young comrade, I will bring you a fresh bottle, and you must not consider me impolite, if I ask you to carry it hither."

"Canario!" exclaimed Sancho Montez, "the Tarabé is beginning, and we must hear what verses the knights and squires will improvise. Still, one more bottle; but I must confess to you, that in my day I have preferred drinking Xeres to Alicante."

"You have only to command," said the servant, while he hurried away.

"Do not keep too close to me, Compadre," murmured the laquay, as he wound his way through the groups of dancers. "But do not lose sight of me."

The servant went from the illuminated part of the garden to the dark terrace, where the evening wind was stirring the heavy branches of the cypress.

"Are you here? Ah! you are here, Compadre. My eyes are not the best, look carefully round, has any-one followed us?"

"I see no-one near," replied the Matador.

"Then come close to me, I have something very important to say to you. A Matador is a hero, that cannot be questioned. Therefore you will not shrink from an adventure, which will present danger in another form than in the horned head of an animal."

"My friend," said Carreguy, "I do not know what answer to give you. It is my calling to defy the horns of these wild beasts, but I am not so well prepared in matters which do not concern me."

"Perhaps the matter to which I refer, does concern you," continued the servant. "Did you know a knight, called Don Juan de Cadalgo, one of the king's Marshals; the same, who, during the meetings of the templars, lived at the corner of the street of 'los Angeles?'"

"I remember him well, but I was only a boy, when the Marshall died."

"Do you remember the name of his only daughter?" enquired the servant.

"Her name was Mencia, and she always had melons, or nuts, and chestnuts for us," exclaimed Carreguy. "Indeed, I was blind not to see it directly! She is Donna Mencia, the wife of Don Guzman; I have kissed her hand to-day."

"It is she, and she recognised you at once as her play-fellow. But the lady is not Don Guzman's wife, she is the widow of his brother, Don Gaspar de Melar. Donna Mencia requires a service of you."

"This lady can desire nothing from me, which would be opposed to my honour and conscience," replied Carreguy after long thought, "If she is in difficulty, tell her that I am at her service."

"The Saints will bless you for that word," replied the servant with emotion. "Donna Mencia must fly from here in haste, even should she find her refuge in the roughest valley of the Sierra Morena. The threatened danger concerns her little son, Gaspar; his life is menaced."

"By whom is it menaced?"

"That Donna Mencia may tell you herself, Compadre," muttered the servant.

"Speak out, my friend, do not force me into suspicions, which may be mistaken."

"Don Guzman himself is the source of danger," whispered the servant. "The little Don Gaspar is the heir of the estates, and the vassal of the king, one thrust through this delicate thread of life, and Don Guzman will reach the goal of his ambition and of his covetousness."

"And what have I to do?" enquired the young Matador, in great excitement.

"Donna Mencia begs that you will accompany her on her flight. I, Lazaro, will provide horses, no-one besides yourself will attend the lady, the rest is in your hands! We have no more time to parley.—Shall I tell Donna Mencia, that you are ready to appear before her to receive her orders for the expedition?"

"Tell her that I am ready," replied Carreguy, without hesitation.

"The Holy Virgin will bless you for your resolution," said Lazaro. "Find your way back alone, and do not forget to come to-morrow evening to the little gate of this palace. I shall be ready at ten o'clock, to let you in."

The Matador was suddenly overwhelmed by a flood of thoughts. Carreguy saw the pretty childish Mencia de Cadalgo, looking with her head of fair curls over the garden wall, and giving him apricots, plums, or fragrant melons, which he divided with his sick mother. Then he saw the other Donna Mencia, in her mourning dress, with the little bright-eyed boy and at her side the dark, the threatening figure of Don Guzman, leering, like a wolf of prey, upon the little Don Gaspar.

As if in a waking dream, Carreguy returned to his comrade, whom he found provided with wine.

"Well, Compadre," said Sancho Montez, "where have you been? The guests are beginning to depart, and I am sitting here like a wild beast, on whom men have gazed until they are tired. Our duty is to come to display our brilliancy, and then to disappear."

"The old Lazaro took me into the cellar, and then sent me back alone with my bottle," muttered Carreguy, "and I had to search every corner of the old palace, before I could find the way out."

"Good heavens!" muttered Sancho, crossing himself. "I was angry with you, but I see that there was more reason for pity. This old stone-nest! How many sighs of the condemned and groans on the tortured cling to its grey walls! Do you know, Carreguy, that here, on the site of this singing and dancing, in this garden many hundreds of men have been executed?"

"As a native of Seville, I know it well," said Carreguy sadly, "but the reality of the brilliant present eclipses the gloomy past. Let us go, Sancho, I have an uneasy feeling, not favourable to our work on the morrow."

The two men wandered over the Guadalquiver-bridge, and reached an inn, surrounded by a thick hedge of olive-trees, near which the animals were confined, within a strong enclosure. Before the inn, groups were enthusiastically occupied in dancing country-dances, and the guitars and castanettes accompanied the merry songs which were performed with some artistic skill.

Sancho Montez passed quickly between the dancers, who begged him to take the guitars into his hand instead of the sword in honour of the knights of Seville. He wrapped himself in his mantle, and approached the flickering fire in the interior of the inn, before which the landlady was stationed, occupied in preparing a large flat cake; while the scent of oil and garlic issued through the half-opened door in a thick cloud of smoke.

José Carreguy was not so fortunate as his comrade. Amongst the dancers was more than one strapping youth, who called him by his name. They were old acquaintances, who claimed intimacy on the ground of the early legends of the street "los angelos". Carreguy was obliged to take up the guitar; and while the old wine from the hills around Seville sparkled from leathern bottles, the former art licentiate recalled the maids of Olympus, and sang his verses with a wit and art, worthy of a follower of Anacreon.

At last the moon rose, and illumined the river in silver streaks. One pair of dancers after another disappeared, the knights wrapped themselves in their capes and cloaks, and José Carreguy repaired to the place, where Sancho Montez was resting in sound sleep, his head leaning on the pack-saddle of a mule. The young Matador took a hurried bath in the silver stream of the Guadalquiver, which flowed just beyond the olive hedge, anointed himself with oil, and then made use of the ancient strigilis, in order to impart vigour to his skin and muscles, took another spring into the rushing stream, and sought his couch.

Sancho Montez, meanwhile, had disappeared. The fire on the hearth was dying out, and a long row of mule-drivers were snoring on the side of the shepherds. After a deep sigh, the young Matadore stretched himself upon the coverlid, making use of the saddle as his pillow. Sancho Montez' place remained empty. He, meanwhile, was wandering far away from the inn, along the shore of the stream, occupied in earnest conversation with a man, who, in spite of his tightly drawn hood, might be recognised as the governor, Don Guzman.

"I do not yet understand what you require of me, Don Guzman," the Castilian said, in a rough, repelling tone.

"That can soon be explained to you," replied Don Guzman. "We will first speak of the art, of which you are so complete a master. You have a comrade there, José Carreguy, "do you consider him an accomplished Matador?"

"Your Grace," replied Montez, with some discontent, "José Carreguy is better able to tell you himself what he is, and what he can do."

"Then you have some reason for not wishing to pronounce a judgment upon him," continued the Count. "Are his performances too ordinary, or too superior, Sennor Montez?"

"Your Highness," Sancho replied sullenly, and almost indignantly, "Seville understands the games of the arena too well, for me to be willing to risk my fame, by entering the fight at the side of a blunderer. José Carreguy is my pupil, and a master in my profession, I never instructed a better."

"You mean to say, that the youth is equal to yourself; that you consider him a rival, who even to-morrow may dispute the palm with you?"

"Every fight has its own character," the Matador replied, with perfect self-composure. "However often the Matador may have fought, he adopts a new course of action with every animal. Who can know to whom the most important part may fall in any struggle? That is decided by fortune, and by the Holy Evangelist, St. Luke."

"And if José Carreguy should surpass you? If this brilliant deed should fall to his share: if you fight with inferior animals; or if your leading thrust should fail, what then?"

"Don Guzman, you see how steadily the moon progresses onward, and our conversation is revolving in a circle, like the horse of a Picadore. Yet politeness requires that I should answer you. If José surpasses me, I shall be no longer the first, but only the second in the arena, and I shall have my patron Saint to thank for it. But if José should perform the most *brilliant* deeds, perhaps the most *daring* will fall to my lot, and thus my renown will be the same. We have no inferior animals, Don Guzman, I can answer for that. The pious father, who blessed them before their departure from the Sierra Morena, compared them to the bulls of Bashan, and even in Bashan, in whatever part of Spain that district may be, there cannot be stronger and more ferocious antagonists than those which José and myself are prepared to oppose. But in conclusion, your Grace, if my leading thrust should fail, and if the animal should not immediately return the attack, I hold in my hand enough leading thrusts to overwhelm a whole herd of bulls Farewell, your Grace, you cannot require a longer good-night from me."

"No, brave Sancho, and I know all that I require to know," said Don Guzman. "What are your colours?"

"Red and gold, as becomes a Castilian," replied Herrera.

"Good, Sennor Montez, then I shall wear no rosette of red and gold upon my breast, but I shall chose José Carregny's colours; white and blue; all the circle of ladies, whom you saw with your companion, have decided in favour of José's colours. The colours which I select as the governor, must bear the certain reversion of the first prize. How can I wear the colours of Sennor Montez, when he does not believe that he will be the first Matador in Spain to-morrow evening?"

Sancho was silent for some moments. He then began to speak in a sorrowful tone.

Don Guzman, look around you. Here is the stream, with its rocky shore, and the misty "meadows; there slumbering Seville. We are alone here; one man as good as another, the Mata-

dor worth as much as the Count. As you resolved to search for me, with the sole aim of wounding my pride and of injuring me, did you not remember that Sancho Montez, were he but the feeblest Matador, could level you to the ground with ease?"

Don Guzman drew back a few steps.

"Oh, Sir knight, you shall not escape me, but shall give me an answer to my question. What is the aim of your visit? To palm off your tales upon me, as if you did not know whether to decide on red and gold, or on blue and white rosettes. Out with your confession!"

"Yet, Sennor Montez, it is so!" replied Don Guzman, in low suppressed tone. "If you were only the weight of a melon-pip more confident, by my patron Saint, I would wear your colours, even were no-one but yourself decked in red and gold! I hate this José Carreguy like mortal sin, heresy, and witchcraft!"

"What crime has he committed against you?"

"That is my secret, Sennor. But I have no enemy, who threatens to be more dangerous than your comrade. Either he must die, or my life is at an end!"

Although these last words were only murmured, Montez heard them distinctly.

"I never heard that José knew or had seen you," Montez said in an under-tone.

"He must die!" exclaimed Don Guzman in shrill, wild tones. "And you will say the same to-morrow evening, when José's fame is proclaimed by thousands, and you, the old Montez, will lie humbled on the field with the consciousness, that for the future you must regard your pupil as your Lord and Master."

"I am not old yet, Don Guzman," answered the Matador, in trembling tones. "My father died at sixty, and I am not yet forty. José may be more fortunate than I; but he shall not thrust me aside as undeserving of honour. I need only say one word to the stewards of the Sierra Morena, and José Carreguy will never again dare to tread the arena."

"What connections have the peasants of the Sierra with the fight, Sennor?" asked Don Guzman, astonished.

"Much, your Highness! They provide the animals, and they have the right of appointing for every animal the Matador who pleases them. And we Matadores, what were we originally? Shepherds! The Matador is only a shepherd, who, like a knight, has learnt to use his mantle and dagger. How could a man, who had not been a shepherd, like myself and José Carreguy venture to face a bull?"

"Then the stewards are the masters, and the Matadores the servants?"

"Your Grace, it is so, because the Matador always remains a poor man," said Montez. "If we were rich, we should buy our animals where we find them, and should keep the heavy tribute in our pockets which we now pay to the shepherds and drovers, from the projects of a work in which they risk nothing, but we risk our all."

"Sennor Montez, consider how rich you might become," Don Guzman exclaimed, in a more cheerful tone. "Seville pays sixty-five doubloons for the animals. I will give you as your own property five hundred doubloons, but José Carreguy must be dead in three days."

"Five hundred doubloons!" muttered the Matador, and he gasped for breath.

"You have only to stretch out your hand, and the money is yours. Accomplish my wishes in whatever way you choose, in your trade there must be a hundred opportunities for getting rid of a person without causing any disturbance. Good-night, Sennor Montez, if you come to me, you can receive half the sum at once, but watch your tongue in the presence of the holy

Hermadad, the brotherhood, and the Alguazils, and put your own hand to the work; one incautious word, which should reflect on me, would open to you the doors of an everlasting prison."

Don Guzman went quickly towards the town, while Sancho Montez watched his retreating figure, as he hurried over the bridge.

Montez sat as if petrified on a rocky prominence, by the shore, and gazed absently on the glowing stream. When at last he stood up, he seemed to see nothing but doubloons in the air around him. He remained a few moments by the enclosure in which the animals were confined, and thought of himself as the possessor of the magnificent beasts. Instead of returning to the inn, and seeking his couch, he remained seated in the garden, under a low mulberry tree, and here, drawing his mantle over his head, he laid himself down to sleep. He did not dare to approach José Carreguy, for he had resolved to become the possessor of Don Guzman's doubloons, and to gain the money by the blood of his comrade.

Montez was absent, when, early the next morning, José Carreguy, with the whole troop of shepherds, went in a long procession to the cathedral, to confess, and to receive, with the absolution, a preparatory blessing on their perilous work. He had slipped away to the old chapel of "St. Ignacio of the redemption," where day and night one father of the Society read a silent mass, and another was ready to hear confessions. Although the Matador crept timidly into the gorgeously decorated little chapel, he issued forth from it in a state of proud self-confidence, as if he had just performed a deed of daring before the eyes of a thousand applauding spectators.

The palace of the Governor was close by. When he had given his name to the old servant, Montez learnt with astonishment that Don Guzman was not at that moment in Seville, being at a Mount Calvary in the neighbourhood; but that the Matador could gain the information he wanted, if he would go to Saint Aquario, an ancient Carmelite-monk, who lived in a stone hut on a rocky island in the Guadalquivir, and according to popular belief was sustained only by the water, to which his blessing imparted a peculiar power.

Sancho Montez, who now felt in its full force the peculiar power exercised over him by the promised gold of Don Guzman, ran for more than an hour along a rough stone path by the side of the stream, waded through the water to Saint Aquario, and received a leathern, well-filled sack, the weight of which left him in no doubt as to its contents.

The old monk, although almost deaf, understood as much as that he had a Matador before him, and that the bull-fight would begin on that day; Montez received his blessing, and if the words of the recluse had any power, they promised success to the Matador. The monk of Mount Carmel did not certainly suspect the dark thoughts which clouded the mind of Montez.

On his return he buried his treasure, and remained a long time near the place of concealment, in order to be sure of again finding the spot at night. Then his thoughts reverted exclusively to his dark commission, and brooding over his plans, he again trod the noisy streets of Seville.

The Matadors had ended their toilettes. The Picadores were seated on horseback, the Banderillos, richly attired, held their ribboned arrows, and José Carreguy stood prepared, wearing his plumed felt-hat, and the dress of the knights of Castille, black from head to foot, with a short gold-embroidered mantle thrown over his left shoulder. He greeted Sancho with an outburst of joy, having feared that he must have fallen into the hands of a band of assassins, who

had recently plied their trade in the vicinity of Seville. These men were iron-headed Galicians, little concerned at the capture or execution of their comrades.

"I had made a vow, to confess to the monk of the Guadalquivir," muttered Sancho Montez and hastened to put on his gala attire. José Carréguy wore a large ribbon rosette with ends of white and blue on his right shoulder, while Sancho was decorated with a brilliant red and yellow scarf. A wild chorus of Moorish music was heard as the procession, ending with the Matadores, proceeded towards the Plaza Mayor. Here it was joined by the brotherhoods with their insignias, and the dignitaries of the numerous cloisters in Seville, whilst behind followed a troop of beggars, poor women and children, whose homes were to be found on the streets or under the portal of churches and cloisters.

The immense arena was already surrounded by thousands of gaily-attired spectators. The Picadores rode in, and displayed their horsemanship. Then, after this greeting to the spectators, and especially to the dignitaries of the Church and the State, the Matadores all entered the enclosure, in which only the Picadores remained, while the Banderilleros took their places round it, either sitting or standing, an old Franciscan marched across the red and white sand, with two choristers, sprinkling holy-water. The spectators awaited the arrival of the first animal in breathless anxiety.

The most distinguished personages amongst the company then entered the king's box, the side seats of which were occupied by a number of grave old men in dark dresses, amongst whom was the Governor.

Don Guzman entered in a magnificent brown costume, trimmed with a narrow border of yellow silk, glittering chains around his neck, and long feathers were hanging from his velvet hat. He also wore a regal crimson mantle. By his side was the Nuncio at the court of Madrid, a distinguished Italian, dressed in a broad red scapulary, white robes, and a red cap, and holding his heavy Jesuit's hat in his hand, on account of the heat. Although the Nuncio had selected this hat, out of respect to the powerful disciples of Loyola he had the right to wear another, namely the Cardinal's. He was Cardinal Dezio Azzolini, a man of about forty-two years of age, and his presence at the games showed that it was not considered advisable at Rome to deny the faithful, of a pleasure, although Papal decrees had been issued against bull-fights.

Behind the two dignitaries, Donna Mencia, with her little boy, appeared in mourning. She kept her eyes steadily directed towards the palace gates through which the Matadores would enter the enclosure. She was followed by a troop of gaily dressed ladies, who had only just taken their places on the carpeted seats, when a magnificent animal, covered with large black patches, dashed into the arena amidst the deafening roar of music. The animal chased the Picadores, raced round the arena with the horses, and leapt high in the air; but at once assumed a different character, when it felt the first touch of an arrow, and the lances of the Picadores. It dashed away with gigantic springs, its head erect in the air, not until this decisive moment did it first attack its antagonists with its horns. Three horses fell to the ground amid pools of blood, and an unhappy Banderillero, thrust through the breast, lay motionless on his back, in the arena. The spectators no longer shouted and applauded, as at the commencement of the drama; but sat quiet and silent, when the bull, springing forward like a lion, struck a horse in the breast, so that a red stream issued forth like a spring.

"Montez! Montez!" echoed the cries of the spectators.

The Governor lifted a golden staff, and then let it fall—a wild shout of joy was the response,

José Carreguy, quick as an arrow, was in the centre of the arena. The bull, which had hitherto shown great skill, in preventing the exit of its successive antagonists from the arena, now turned in full fury upon the Matador, who raised his left arm, with the fluttering red scarf. Immediately the animal was beside him—the Matador's weapon glared, and the assailant sank heavily upon its knees, then turned round a few times from the force of the fall, before its limbs stiffened.

The applause was indescribable. From every side blue and white ribbands were held out to the victor, and were then attached to his breast, not to his shoulder. The Governor and Donna Mencía stood up, as they offered this homage to Carreguy.

The boards were washed, and sand was sprinkled over the marks of blood, before the second bull was led in—a vicious, short-headed, black animal, energetic in its attacks, and, in spite of all the Bandilleros, at its side, and the numerous lance-thrusts which it received, uttered not a sound of anger. Its horns, however, were too short, to be dangerous; but by the strength of its broad forehead, it threw the Picadores and the arrow-bearers over the barriers. When the scene ceased to afford any novelty, Montez himself came forward, with slow and stately steps scarcely making any response to the shout of welcome which greeted him.

The animal approached him, and he allowed it to pass his arm twice, without attacking it. The bull meanwhile raised one of its short horns, and laid its head on its shoulder blade, on the side turned towards the Matador, thus presenting a very difficult point of attack. For a third time the animal turned round—Montez made his thrust under the mantle, which the bull carried away on its horns,—the Matador quickly retreated five or six steps, and crouched on the ground, while the bull the dagger still buried in its shoulder to the depth of the hilt, led a wild chase around the arena. The knife-bearer then appeared, ran for a few moments by the side of the bull, then made a deep gash through the veins of its neck, and gave the last thrust to the expiring animal, as it fell to the ground. Montez had disappeared.

After a long pause, a bull dashed into the arena, bellowing frightfully, and tossing its head. It rushed on so wildly, that the spectators held their breath in dismay, while in savage fury, it threw down one Picadore after another, and then raged on in its wild course, without stopping to trample on its prey. It foamed at the mouth, and made a desperate attempt to over-leap the barriers.

"Montez!" exclaimed the crowd, "Montez!"

José Carreguy appeared in the arena.

"Montez," they exclaimed again, "that is a good sheath for his dagger. Montez owes us the last trust. Montez!"

Sancho ran forward into the middle of the arena. His eyes rolled, he held his dagger lifted, as if he were uttering a savage threat to the community. After a few moments the raging beast perceived him. It approached him in mad fury, and overthrew the Matador, who first vainly attempted to rise, but lay extended on the ground. At some distance from him was his glittering dagger.

The animal had received two arrows, and two lance thrusts in his back. Sancho had not touched it with his dagger. Thus it was in full force. As the bellowing of the colossal animal continued to increase, Don Guzman again dropped his staff.

José Carreguy entered.

At this moment the bull dashed against the barriers, just at the point where the carpets of the king's box hung almost to the ground. The projecting box rested upon a row of slender

piers. The animal attacked the corner post, which it broke; it then made a fresh assault, and the second post, which had been uncovered by the rent in the carpet, was shattered—Consequently the box gave way, and the spectators fell through into the arena. The animal stood in the midst of them. Its powerful head was surrounded by a cloud of foam, which had issued from its extended nostrils. It seemed half stunned by the frightful crash, which it had occasioned, for it remained standing quietly, with its front legs outstretched, whilst the people around struggled to their feet, and then took flight. Then it shook its powerful head, gave a long wild bellow, and again swang its tail through the air.

A cry echoed from a thousand voices—after the animal had vainly sought some object to seize with its horns, a small child, dressed in black, was thrown into the air. Donna Mencia rushed towards the bull, with outstretched arms, as if to tear her child from it.

But the moment that the child reached the ground, it had been again uplifted on the horns of the animal. Thus carrying the child, the bull rushed wildly around the arena, quite heedless of the Cardinal Azzolini, who stood, lifting in his hand the cross which hung to his long golden chain, as if to stem the fury of the animal.

The child was again tossed in the air, but the Punterillo, with his knife was close to the bull. The animal attempted to pierce its enemy, but failed, the knifesman slipped between the horns, and was thrown into the air with such force, that he fell stunned at the distance of a few feet.

The same scene of confusion which had summoned the Puntillero, brought José Carreguy, only a few steps behind him. He made one spring forward, and plunged his dagger to the hilt between the neck and shoulders. The animal fell like a dead mass on the ground.

The Matador glanced around the battle-field. In addition to himself and the child, no-one remained on it, except Montez, the knifesman, seated upright on the ground, and Donna Mencia, who lay unconscious. The little Gaspero Juan stood erect, astonished and stunned, but he was uninjured, and with a few quick steps, he hastened for shelter to the first person he saw, the Matador.

As soon as the bull had fallen, the arena became filled with people, who crowded around Donna Mencia and her little son, and who, relieved from their fright, examined every detail of the field, which they had abandoned to the raging bull.

José Carreguy held the child in his arms, and it was from him that Donna Mencia, as soon as she recovered, received her boy, who had escaped from this terrible danger without the slightest injury. The Puntillero also rose from the ground, and limped towards the bull, in order to accomplish his share in its slaughter.

Thus a dark deed was accomplished.

"It was Sancho Herrera," exclaimed the Puntillero, in his broken dialect, "who commenced the struggle with the bull, before it was driven into the arena."

The severely wounded Montez meanwhile was unable to answer for himself. He had been carried out of the arena into the walled paved court, in which the horses, killed in the struggle, were laying.

Supported by two Banderilleros, Montez sat on the pavement, whilst before him knelt Cardinal Azzolini, summoned at the request of the dying man, and unmindful of his costly white dress. The eye of the Matador had a strange glare, and he spoke rapidly, as if he had not a moment to lose.

"It is you, your Eminence, I recognise you by your red cap—the animal too, always catches sight of the red. It was dishonoured by the first opponent, and the second completed my fall. The fault lay with José Carreguy, and, by all the Saints, if the red bull had attacked him, he would lie here instead of me."

"My son," said the Cardinal, laying his hand in blessing on Sancho's dusty and clotted hair, "collect your thoughts, in order that you may find the way to eternal happiness. Confess your sin, that you may be forgiven."

"Oh! I shall not die so quickly, my legs are dead, and my arms, but death reaches the heart slowly," answered Sancho Montez, "who slew the bull, was it not the Punterillero?"

"José Carreguy," answered one of the Punterilleros, in a low tone.

"By the holy Virgin!—He. Well, she had resolved to protect him, and to ruin me! for I had neglected her, and had placed myself in the hands of St. Anthony of Padua, and St. Ignacio."

"Do not blaspheme, unhappy man," exclaimed the Cardinal, sternly, while he raised his golden cross. "This cross contains the hair of St. Anthony, and with this cross the raging animal was controlled, as by a miracle, so that it could do no further harm. But you, a sinner, are abandoned by St. Anthony!"

Sancho desired to kiss the cross, and Monsignore Dezio granted his request.

"I am not the most to blame," he murmured. The Governor came to the inn, and offered me money, if I would undertake to compass the death of José Carreguy. But it was not until I received the bag of gold from St. Aquario in the Guadalquivir that my resolution became fixed and unalterable, for, in case of José's destruction, a still larger sum was to be paid.

The Capuchin appeared with all the preparations for the last unction.

"Ah!" exclaimed Sancho, "there is father Jago, with the holy oil, now I feel as free from fear, as if I were standing on the arena, with my blade in my hand."

"You have not confessed your own sins," said the Cardinal, "but have only accused another man, who, by virtue of the law, stands above all suspicion."

"He is the guilty person, Don Guzman," repeated the Matador, growing weaker. "I should never have thought of attempting the life of a brother Matador, and especially of José Carreguy, whom I had trained myself. No, I was never such a wretch. But when I was sure of the Judas money, I thrust the combustibles into the nostrils of the bull, without a moment's hesitation. I was sure that the animal must spread ruin and destruction around it. I lie here, to prove that. Do your work quickly, your Eminence, my eyes are growing dim, and I see strange horrors around me."

He began to repeat his "credo" and "salvo" with great rapidity.

"Where is my José?" asked the dying man, starting up, when his nails had been moistened with the oil.

"My son, where can you obtain remission of your sins? Think how necessary are the intercession of the Saints and the sacrifice of the mass for your poor soul."

Sancho shook his head.

"The money may rust, where I hid it—in the cleft of a rock, by the side of the stream. Good night.

The Cardinal's blessing quickly followed, and Sancho was carried away dead.

At the wish of the Cardinal, the remaining games were postponed. Don Guzman was no-where to be found. There were traces in his rooms, of his having gone away without the

intention of returning. His money-boxes were empty, his collection of precious stones and ornaments had disappeared, and an Auto-da-Fé had taken place on the hearth, as was evident from the fragments of half-burnt papers and documents, which lay strewn about. But he had used no horse, no mule, and no litter—how had he gone?"

It required some time to trace the connection between Don Guzman and Sancho Montez and to discover what interest the noble duke could have had in the death of José Carreguy, and the affair was not explained until a maid-servant confessed that she had overheard the conversation of the young Matador, with the grey-headed lacquay and Donna Mencia. The object had been to hinder the flight of Donna Mencia, to secure possession of the young heir to the Dukedom, in order to consign him to a dark fate. From the day of the games, the fame of St. Anthony of Padua increased rapidly in Seville. Until then, no especial altar had been devoted to him in the Cathedral—now Dezio Azzolini presented the cross, which had wrought such wonders, and adorned a chapel in honour of the saint, which had previously been used only by drovers and fruitsellers, who had been accustomed to offer their petitions for fine weather before a half-effaced picture of the Virgin.

The altar-piece was painted by Bartholomé Esteban Murillo, on the commission of Donna Mencia, and she herself chose the vision of the saint from the table-lands of Sharon as the subject of the picture. The legend ran that, one day, when the Saint had fallen asleep in the midst of his self-castigations, he was transported into the land of Judea, where a sunny landscape lay extended before him, in which a few solitary olive-trees and dark terabinths stood out above the glowing fields. Thorny cactuses fell over the road, but suddenly the mountainous country was covered with fresh green, and carpeted with flowers. Fragrant and evergreen filly-flowers and tulips, with white and red roses, filled the valley, and around the astonished Saint white lilies grew with their fragrant cups. Out of these cups came cherubs, while from the finest lily came forth a beaming boy, so beautiful that St. Anthony approached with bended knee, took the boy in his arms, and kissed his pure forehead. Then the child raised his hands in blessing, and ascended with all the angels to the rosy clouds, whilst the song re-echoed, as from the notes of nightingales: Glory to God in the Highest! Then St. Anthony fell on his knees, in thanksgiving, because he had been accounted worthy to carry the Saviour of the world in his arms.

Gaspero Juan, the son of Donna Mencia, grew up in safety. He was watched over by José Carreguy, whom the lady had honoured by choosing as her husband. It was not for some years that any tidings of Don Guzman reached Seville—he had floated down the river in a covered barge, had reached Tunis, had become an apostate, and had competed in cruelty with his new companions in faith. The history of this bull-fight furnished materials for romances and novels for more than one poet of Seville.

Dr. G.

THE LACEMAKER.

Within the memory of the inhabitants of Leyden, there had never been a more lovely Easter day than that of 1662. The gabled roofs of the stately burgher houses were steeped in a glorious spring sunshine, which also penetrated into the streets, and shone through the windows, opened everywhere as in the height of summer. In the narrow gardens in front of the houses, tulips, hyacinths, lilies, and mayflowers vied with each other in beauty, while here and there a slender stem supported a splendid crown of early roses. The devout were at church, but the principal streets were still thronged with foot passengers enjoying the sunshine, as was seldom the case on ordinary Sundays.

Presently the church bells began to toll, a sign that the service was over, and groups of students, with plumed caps, many coloured mantles, and long-swords, appeared, wending their way towards the principal church (which was also the university church) in order to take up a position on either side of the wide path through the church-yard, for the purpose of seeing the lovely young girls who had been displaying their best clothes in church. Scarcely less enterprising than the students were the merchants' clerks. These were dressed in dark suits, but, like the students, they were provided with rapiers, and had lovely nosegays either in their hands or stuck in their hats.

Then came the art students in groups of twos and threes, a pleasant thoughtful set of men, not so noisy as the other students, and more elegant in their bright costumes.

The glass-painters placed themselves next to the merchants, and after them the panel-painters.

The boys and girls of the choir, followed by their teachers, now came pouring out of church; as they passed, they tried to snatch nosegays from the bystanders, but were seldom successful. At this moment a small party of panel-painters appeared and placed themselves near the great stone columns on either side of the church-yard gate. They were the pupils of Master Gerard Dow, and their appearance was as distinguished as that of the great painter himself.

Franz van Mieris, the eldest of them, had already numbered eight and twenty years, but his slender, supple figure, his merry laugh, and his luxuriant growth of dark brown hair made him appear younger. He wore a suit of brown satin, with white silk puffings coming through the slashed sleeves, while the finest ostrich feathers which he had been able to procure in Leyden on the previous day, waved in his large cap.

By the side of this distinguished student stood Caspar Netcher, a young man of three and twenty, with long hair and a slender graceful figure; he was dressed in black, and looked around him with an air of friendliness. Next to him towered the warrior-like form of Schalken van

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THE LACEMAKER.

Doutrecht, a broad-shouldered giant, who talked in a loud voice, and twisted his moutaches. He had on a red waistcoat with white puffings, of an old Friesland fashion, reaching to the sword, which hung at his side. The other painters wore shoes, and silk stockings, but Schalken's feet were encased in riding boots, while a pair of long spurs bore witness to the fact of his being the possessor of an old Walloon steed, which had so fiery a temperament—according to Schalken—that he was obliged to feed it on straw instead of oats. A fourth student was Peter van Slingeland, a gentle looking youth, with a slight form, a girlish face, and a profusion of long dark curls. He was about twenty-two years old, and was older than Schalken, to whom, however, he appeared to defer. Slingeland wore a plain suit of brown cloth, and had no ornament but the small scarlet feather in his cap. He was gifted with a deep feeling for his art, which he pursued with almost too much earnestness and assiduity, but his spirit was crushed by poverty. It was easy to see that he would rather have been in any other place than at this Church-yard gate where he had to appear before a number of people, who were only too well acquainted with his family circumstances, as the friend and companion of a gay and extravagant set of young men. Peter also carried a nosegay, but he seemed more inclined to give it to one of the little school girls, than to offer it, in token of homage, to one of the Leyden belles.

The most important person in the various groups we have left till the last. This was Lukas van Mangold, a corpulent young man, whose upturned beardless face was illumined by a pair of bold bright eyes. He wore the dress of a merchant, and a massive gold-chain hung round his neck. Lukas spoke to the painters in the tone of a patron and superior, to which even Schalken appeared to take no exception. He had been successively a scholar and an art-student, but having no special talent for either of these callings, he was ultimately employed by his father, a rich grocer, in the manufacture of bags, to hold pepper and cloves. He had so far profited by his former studies as to know that a shrewd understanding might become confused by learning and painting, and he therefore took great pains to keep his artist friends as far as possible from the subject of art. He succeeded admirably with Mieris and Schalken, but he had more difficulty in dealing with Netcher, whilst on Peter van Slingeland the most eloquent panegyric on a newly tapped cask of wine made no impression whatever.

Slingeland perceived a neatly but poorly clad girl of about fifteen, passing timidly between the ranks of the young men. The bright looking maidens, by whom she was preceded and followed attracted admiration, and to each a nosegay was thrown, but no notice was taken of this child, though she was perhaps more beautiful than her companions, with her dark blue eyes and her cluster of golden curls. When she was a few steps from Slingeland, she raised her eyes. Peter glanced shyly at Mangold, and then stepped forward and presented her which his nosegay which she accepted with a singularly sweet smile.

The Élite of the Leyden damsels now made their appearance, and Mangold was only busy in deciding who should receive a nosegay, and who only an ironical bow, but the presentation of the bouquet to the girl with the black dress and the white tucker did not escape his notice.

"By Jove, my friends!" he exclaimed, in a tone of astonishment, "what in the world is our bashful Peter about? The nosegay which cost me five pence is gone; that funereal looking maiden is carrying it away. What did you do that for, Slingeland? I distinctly told you your bouquet was intended for Elleken Schyles."

"I told you, Mynheer van Mangold, that you were not to rely on my giving it to her. How could I venture to offer my nosegay to the Rector's daughter, whom I scarcely know by sight."

"What did that signify?" replied Mangold angrily. "I wanted Elleken to get a bouquet worth only five pence, whilst Jacobäa Sulten, who is sure to be near her, will receive this nosegay, which cost a golden ducat."

"You did not care much whether my part in the affair was honourable or not, Mynheer van Mangold," said Slingeland.

"Oh, that is not the question, Peter. We all understand each other. Elleken was to be annoyed—that was all."

"Then why would *you* not give the young lady the less costly bouquet," replied Slingeland.

"Hoho! you wanted to cut an important figure with this nosegay," said Lukas, holding up his roses and lilies.

"I never try to cut an important figure, Herr Mangold," said Peter, "and when I claim respect and consideration, I can usually justify my demands."

"Come, come," said Schalken, "our beloved brown Peter seems to be in a very unpleasant mood this Easter."

"Oh! never mind," said Mangold, "you all know quite well that I don't care about Easter nosegays. Here, Slingeland," he continued, "you may have my roses if you like, to give to whomsoever you please, only try to choose the most elegant lady."

"In that case Peter must look out for your cousin Gesha Mangold," said Schalken.

"That haughty looking young lady, with her silks and laces," said Mangold, "but we will let the dandy make his own choice."

"I should like your cousin to give me a dozen sittings in full dress," said Netcher.

"Oh! Burgemaster Albert van Mangold does not like his goose to approach foxes," said Mieris. "I made an onslaught once, but was repulsed with decision."

"I shall offer the lady my nosegay," said Netcher, "and she may accept it, or not."

"And I will look on in a proper manner," said Mangold, "Do you know I would give something to play my cousin a trick. Netcher, if you will make her a declaration of love, when you present her with the flowers, I will give you a bottle of the best burgundy."

"A pretty fool I should make of myself," replied Netcher. "She would treat me like a mulatto."

"Well, I have no objection to your asking her for a kiss. You shall have the wine for that also," said Mangold.

"Bah! that would be worse still, she would justly consider herself most grossly insulted."

"Well, we want to put her into a rage," answered Mangold, "but the fact is you are afraid, Netcher, come, I offer a hundred ducats; will you ask Gescha for a kiss for that? make haste, she is just coming out of the church."

"No, no, Lukas."

"Five hundred, then."

"No," answered Netcher decidedly.

Slingeland drew nearer to Mangold.

"Will you pay me five hundred ducats if I ask Gescha v. Mangold for a kiss?" he said, while a burning blush spread over his face.

"You! No. I will give *you* double the sum, for I am quite certain you would never earn it."

"But," continued Slingeland, "suppose Mistress Gescha were to consent to give me a kiss?"

"What, here in the church-yard before everybody!" cried Schalken laughing.

"Oh, let Peter alone," said Mieris, "who knows what trick the rogue is up to."

"If Gescha Mangold kisses you here," said Lukas, "I will, half an hour hence, pay you five thousand gold ducats in good coin. Here comes the lady, now, master Peter."

Two young ladies in gala attire approached. They bowed repeatedly to the right and to the left to express their thanks, and their refusal of the nosegays which the young men proffered to them with uncovered heads. Up to this moment they had not accepted any flowers. One of them was a buxom, fair-haired beauty, with a roguish expression, wearing a blue silk dress and a black hat with a red feather. The other was tall and slender, her dress was of black silk with yellow puffings, and a lace veil was thrown over her black hat. This was Gescha van Mangold; her beauty was of a severe, thoughtful type, and there was no little self-consciousness in her bearing. She looked at the painters and her cousin with quiet gravity, ready to return their greeting; when Slingeland came forward, holding out his flowers.

"Honoured lady," he said in a trembling voice, "excuse the liberty I take in offering you this Easter-nose-gay."

"Thank you, Sir," she replied, and was about to proceed, when Slingeland, stepping before her, said, "I have a far greater favour to ask of you, lady, than that of accepting my bouquet."

"Mynheer, I do not know you, be so kind as to let us pass," she answered.

"My name is Peter van Slingeland," he continued, "I am a native of Leyden, and a pupil of Gerard Dow, but hitherto my life has been one of distress and hardship."

"But, Mynheer van Slingeland, you have no right to address yourself to me because you have a favour to ask of my father; this conversation is already attractive," she said in a tone of irritation.

"Your father cannot give me what I need, to make me in one moment the happiest of men," answered Slingeland in great excitement, "and not I alone shall be made happy, but also my poor old mother and my young sister."

"What do you desire then?" said Gescha.

"Mynheer Lukas van Mangold has promised me, before these witnesses, five thousand gold ducats, if you can be prevailed upon to give me a kiss, here on the spot."

Gescha gave a start, and Lukas took off his cap, and laughed ironically.

"Did Herr van Mangold really make such a promise?" asked Gescha van Mangold, raising her voice.

"On my word of honour, he did," said Schalken, laying his hand on his broad chest.

Gescha's eyes sparkled. She looked quickly round—a crowd of inquisitive listeners had collected. "What do you say, Elsa?" she asked, turning to her companion.

"Oh! if only it were not to be here, and at this moment," murmured her friend with an air of confusion.

"I shall never again have the opportunity now given me of helping a fellow creature in distress," answered Gescha, drawing herself up majestically, and looking round with the air of a victor. "Come nearer, Mynheer van Slingeland, a well-meant kiss none should take amiss;" and, putting her hand on the young man's shoulders, she impressed a hearty kiss on his lips, then taking the nosegay, she walked proudly out of the church-yard, leaving the spectators of this scene in a state of the greatest astonishment. Lukas van Mangold and the artists were more surprised than any-one.

"What a lucky dog," cried Schalken, taking Slingeland by the arm, and turning him round, "all the events of my life fade into insignificance by the side of this grand adventure."

"Now that is pure spite and malice on the part of my proud cousin," said Lukas, looking very foolish. "However this story of the kiss will do her no good, and we will have a good laugh at Jeoffrouw Gescha over our bottle of Burgundy. Even the prudent hen sometimes lays her eggs amongst the nettles."

"All right," said Schalken, "I suppose we shall drink the wine at the golden Cod, but before doing so, you must pay Slingeland the five thousand ducats."

"But, confound it!" cried Mangold, "it was all a joke, pure nonsense; you don't really suppose I meant to pay the five thousand ducats!"

"Hoho, Mynheer van Mangold," said Franz Mieris, "do you take Peter van Slingeland, and us, his friends and colleagues, for fools, we are men, and will show you that we are both willing and able to keep you to your word. You are a merchant, your father's partner, and the law can take hold of you, if Slingeland seeks justice, and cites us as witnesses."

Lukas now sought to compromise the matter, but Slingeland's three companions were not to be moved from their purpose.

"I have been out-witted," he exclaimed.

"No," said Slingeland, "had I not believed you would pay, I should not have appeared before Jeoffrouw van Mangold in the character of a beggar."

Lukas went away, and the painters repaired to the golden Cod, where Slingeland was forced to take a solemn vow that he would not let the merchant off one penny of the promised sum.

In the afternoon, when Peter entered the little house in which his mother lived, the fair-haired girl to whom he had given the flowers in the church-yard came forward to meet him, with the nosegay stuck in her bosom. She was his sister Ursula. How pleased she had been to get a pretty bouquet, and to feel that her brother was not ashamed to notice his little Ursula in the presence of his fine friends and all the people coming from church. His mother also appeared, limping. She had been obliged to perform her devotions, and to offer up her prayer for her children at home; for her legs had been unsteady for some time.

Peter related his story, and tried to make it as palatable as possible to his listeners, but he could not conceal the fact that Géscha van Mangold had given him a kiss before all the people assembled in the church-yard. His mother clasped her hands together, and broke out into lamentations; "it will be our ruin!" she exclaimed.

"But, mother, I have done no wrong," said Peter.

"Gescha acted very thoughtlessly," she continued, "what will people say? they think that she and you are on very intimate terms; they will believe it in spite of the absurdity of the idea, and as for the money, we shall never get it."

"I am of a different opinion," replied her son.

The old woman's alarm was not altogether groundless. During the Easter holidays nothing was heard of Lukas van Mangold, and Mieris maintained that he had been sent to Rotterdam on business by his father. On Wednesday, however, there was a great excitement in the street in which Myvrouw van Slingeland lived.

A powerful man wearing a green coat with silver fringe, and a large plumed hat, and carrying a long staff, also a short sword, buckled to his side, made his appearance, followed at a respectful distance by the inquisitive youths of the district. This personage, who was a messenger of the council—an officer of the magistracy—stopped before the little house of the widow

Slingeland, and, after tapping three times on the door with the end of his staff, as was customary on such occasions, he stepped inside.

"Are you Myvrouw van Slingeland?" he asked of the widow, "and have you a son named Peter van Slingeland, a pupil of Master Gerard Dow?"

"Oh! Merciful Father!" cried the dame, wringing her hands. "This is what I dreamed of. Misfortune has been hanging like a sword over my head for the last two days, and now the hour has come. Have mercy on my child," she supplicated, "there is no better son in Leyden than my Peter."

"The delinquent must first be judged, and then it will be time to talk of mercy," said the messenger with dignity.

"You have come to take my child to prison, Mynheer," said the widow.

"I have not received orders to that effect to-day," he answered, "but one cannot tell how the affair may end. I see you are aware of the offence Peter van Slingeland has committed."

"Yes, oh yes!"

"Well, we had better not speak of the ugly story, which had spread like wild fire through Leyden. It is not a small thing to insult an honourable young lady, the only daughter of so important a person as his worship the Burgomaster, in public, and on Easter Sunday too, of all days."

"Oh, but it was all done in innocence."

"I question that," said the messenger. "For a long time past the painters have been worse than the students, and we must make an example of one of them. Your son ought to have taken care in time that he was not the one to be led as a scape-goat to the pillory."

"He will be taken to the pillory!" screamed the widow. "Bring me some water, Ursula, I shall faint."

"Come, do not make the worst of it," said the officer. "It is not a matter of life and death, but I am ordered to cite Peter van Slingeland to appear this afternoon before his worship the Burgomaster, Albert van Mangold, in the Town-hall."

"Peter is in Master Dow's studio," said Ursula, "but I will run and fetch him."

"Do so," said her mother, and then, turning towards the messenger. "Pray, do not go to the studio and make a commotion there, as you have done here. Let my son be spared the shame, and Master Dow the annoyance, which such a proceeding could cause them."

"I am not an executioner, but a messenger of the state," replied the official proudly. "Many gentlemen of position have been invited by me to honour the burgomaster and the senate with their presence."

"You spoke however of arrest and imprisonment," said the widow.

"Well, my opinion is that it might come to that, if your son does not obey orders; will you take care that the hare-brained young fellow appears in the Town-hall this afternoon?"

"I promise you he shall, and my word is as good as an oath," answered the old woman.

"Very well, then I can spare myself the trouble of going to Master Gerard Dow," said the giant, standing up to go.

"You are going away, and I have not a drop of anything to offer you in token of hospitality," said the widow in a hesitating manner, while she rummaged in her glass-cupboard.

"Oh! thank you for your good will."

"If I felt certain that you would not be offended," she continued, "I would beg you to take this gold ducat, and to treat yourself to something with it later."

The officer took the piece of money and turned it about in his hand. "It is a very old coin," he said, "but it is pure gold and looks as bright as if it had just been issued from the mint of the States General."

"It is the last piece of my marriage portion," replied the widow, "and it has been lying in the drawer nearly twenty-six years."

"I will drink your health in a bottle of Pontac with it," said the messenger, "and as regards the other matter, you may rely on my putting in a good word for your son if I can."

"Oh! then I am relieved of half my anxiety, Mynheer."

Accompanied by the widow, the officer walked to the door; on taking leave of her outside, he gave her his hand, so that all the curious spectators were convinced that he was on the most friendly footing with Myvrrouw van Slingeland. In the meantime Ursula got ready to carry the unhappy news to her brother.

Contrary to his sister's expectation, Peter was not much disturbed by the summons; he settled with her that it would be better he should go straight from the studio to the Town-hall to avoid a fresh outburst of lamentations from his mother; so he took off his working dress, made himself clean and walked away quickly in that direction. On arriving at the temple of Justice, however, he found that the Burgomaster had already quitted it, but had left word that Peter was to follow him to his house. Little by little the young man's fortitude forsook him. He had been in the best possible frame of mind for self-defence when he reached the Town-hall, if he could only have been heard then, but now his courage seemed to diminish with every step. There was no help for him, however. The palatial residence of the Burgomaster was before him, and he had to ascend the flight of steps, ring at the bell, and announce himself to the corpulent butler, whose face, when he heard his name, gave Slingeland a foretaste of what such a sinner as he might expect from the Burgomaster.

By and bye a bell rang sharply, Peter was conducted into the Burgomaster's study, a small room crowded with books, and found himself in the presence of a portly man, attired in a brocaded dressing-gown with a white pointed cap on his head, and a large clay-pipe in his hand. In front of Albert van Mangold was a large mirror, in which he took note of all persons entering his room. He was writing when Slingeland entered, and did not turn round, but, after a sharp glance in the mirror, went on writing, with a darkened mien. Peter felt as if he were standing on live coals: the only thing that gave him any consolation, was a picture by his master, Gerard Dow, representing two men smoking, for which Mangold had given four thousand ducats.

At last the Burgomaster turned himself round on the upper part of his chair. His piercing grey eyes were almost hidden by his bushy white eye-brows, and there was a bull-dog look on his rubicund face. "So, you are the libertine who thinks it a joke to destroy the reputation of honourable maidens," he said; "be silent until I question you," he continued. "If this matter concerned not my daughter, but some other innocent girl, I would have you lodged in the town jail, until the affair was settled, no matter how long it might be, but, as the injured and insulted lady is my daughter, I consider myself bound in duty to proceed with the utmost mildness, and only to have recourse to harsh measures when I find that gentle treatment is of no avail. Tell me who were present at the scene in the church-yard besides the painters Netcher, Mieris, and Schalken, and the spice-dealer, Lukas van Mangold."

"A few spectators had assembled," replied Slingeland in a low voice.

"A great many probably," said the Burgomaster, "but I want to know who were the accomplices who had any share, either large or small, in your mean, despicable trick."

"Indeed, Mynheer, it was no preconceived plan. Mangold gave me a nosegay, wishing me to present it to Gescha van Mangold."

"Oh! yes! that was to induce her to stop, else you could not have carried out your wretched game. Do you deny that you had laid a plot to make my daughter kiss you, a man hitherto unknown to her, in the public street?"

"Mynheer, Mangold, my fellow artists and I had certainly been talking together, but our conversation did not refer to Gescha van Mangold. Our attention was first directed to that lady when she and her companion appeared at the church door which is only a few steps from the gate where we were standing, so there was little time for constructing a plot; and I have already said that nothing of the kind existed."

"Go on, Mr. Schuffler," commanded the Burgomaster.

"Do not insult me, Mynheer," said Peter.

"Take what you deserve, yo on!"

"Indeed I have not much more to tell, Mynheer, I cannot myself recall where the conversation took the turn which induced Lukas van Mangold to promise that he would give me five thousand ducats if I could obtain a kiss from Gescha in the public street; he only meant that it was an impossibility."

The Burgomaster wrote down what Peter had told him, and again bid him proceed.

"All of a sudden it struck me," continued Slingeland, "that if the lady knew that by giving me a kiss she could win five thousand ducats for me, and thus in one moment relieve me and my mother and sister from the burden of poverty, she would perhaps consent to do a pious act on Easter Sunday, and would give me the kiss on which all depended."

"Yes, certainly, all depended on the kiss," said Albert van Mangold, "that is the only true thing you have said; the rest is a tissue of lies. The disgraceful part of the business is that Mangold never intended to pay you the five thousand ducats, and that you knew he did not; but you took advantage of the offer to make Gescha think she would be performing a Christian act if she yielded to your desire. Because she has a noble spirit, you were able to impose upon her with your beggarly story and to make a laughing stock of her. It is enough to make one crazy to think of this silly school-boy trick."

"Mynheer," answered Peter van Slingeland, "if your surmise were correct, no judgment could be too severe for me, and no words too harsh; but it is not. The only thing I must admit is that Mangold probably never intended to give me the money, or, to speak more correctly, never imagined that he could by any possibility be called upon to fulfil his word. I am of a timid disposition, and, I know, if you were to ask Mangold, he would tell you that he was certain I could not even muster courage to present the nosegay to Jeoffrouw Gescha."

"Has Lukas van Mangold paid the money?" asked the Burgomaster without taking much notice of the above speech.

"No, not yet."

"Oh, there are ways of making him do so," murmured the Burgomaster.

"He has left Leyden I hear," said Slingeland, "and I believe he went away to prevent my taking proceedings against him."

"And who will come forward to support your claim?"

"My brother artists Netcher, Schalken, and Mieris, who distinctly heard the promise made: but Master Dow thinks that I should not win, if I brought an action against Lukas van Mangold."

"If the case be exactly as you state it, Slingeland, every lawyer will tell you that Mangold must pay the money; he carries on a business of his own, and has the full control of large property," continued the Burgomaster, looking for the first time almost kindly at the young man, whom he had hitherto seemed to disdain.—"You may go now, but take care that you make no mention of what has passed here. We may perhaps be able to arrange the matter in some way that Gescha shall have *"Reparationem honoris."*

Peter bowed, and was about to go when the Burgomaster called him back. "Stop, one word more," he said, "and this time it behoves you more than ever to tell the truth. Had you ever seen my daughter before that scene took place in the church-yard?"

"Yes, several times, and yet not so very often, for on week days I work at my Master's studio, and on sundays, after I have been to church with my sister, I stay at home to read the Postille to my mother."

"Does there happen to be a shield and a wreath on your church?" asked the Burgomaster.

"I seldom go to the Public house," replied Peter, "but sometimes, when my friends press me very much, I am obliged to yield, and to go with them."

"There is nothing to be ashamed of in that, Mynheer Slingeland," said the Burgomaster, in a tone that was almost pleasant. "So you have seen Gescha often?"

"Yes, an artist could not help being struck by her appearance; but it was only when Mangold mentioned her name as she came out of the church that I knew who the distinguished looking lady was."

"You never spoke to Gescha before?"

"No, never."

"Sometimes," said the dignitary, rapping with the ruler on his paper, "people whose lives are not spent in hard work, but in some more agreeable pursuit—such people as poets and artists for instance—are apt to live a good deal in their imaginations, and especially to indulge in a passion for some lady who is not even conscious of their existence."

"I understand what you imply, Mynheer," said Slingeland.

"Do you? I consider that a good sign."

"I have never been in a humour to let my mind run on young ladies," continued Peter. "If any girl is often, nay constantly, in my thoughts, it is my sister Ursula."

The Burgomaster looked him full in the face.

"I shall not be able to help thinking often of Gescha van Mangold in the future," added Slingeland.

"Indeed! but you may leave that alone, my friend."

"How can I? She is associated with the most important event in my life. I should be an ungrateful wretch if I ever forgot that Jeoffrouw Gescha was willing to do me a kindness, at a great cost to herself. Lukas van Mangold may have made use of me to play his cousin an ill-natured trick, but the guilt of his intention cannot be imparted to me. I told the lady honourably and truly of the power which Providence, rather than an insolent whim had placed in her hands, of influencing the future to myself and my relations, and, viewing the matter in this light, it would have been no disgrace to the wife of the Stattholder herself, to have acted as did Gescha van Mangold."

Peter was of a stout heart, but his mother could not help feeling anxious. In the morning, when her son had gone to Master Dow's studio, she and Ursula, who was not less uneasy, held a consultation, at which they decided that some extraordinary step ought to be taken to appease the Burgomaster's anger. They thought it most important that Gescha herself should put in a good word for Peter, but how could they find an opportunity to ask her.

In Leyden no inferior could present himself before a person of quality, without bringing some conciliatory opening, but the widow had nothing left, excepting her earrings, and her mourning ring.

An idea struck Ursula. She led her mother into the small yard at the back of the house, where a little colony of fowls were busy picking the last grains of their feed of corn out of the dust. Among them was a splendid cock which, on seeing Ursula, set up a joyful cry, and ran towards her. The unfortunate bird was immediately seized by the widow, and vainly struggled to escape, while Ursula ran away with her hand over her eyes. Ten minutes later the cock was lost to his companions for ever, and lay like a hero on the old woman's table. Having put on her best dress, and carefully concealed the dead fowl under her white apron, on account of the neighbours, Dame Slingeland set forth on her errand, accompanied by Ursula's good wishes. With care and the help of her stick, she found she could get away much better than she had expected. It was a long way to the Burgomaster's house, but its imposing flight of steps and bright windows were reached at last.

One of the windows on the ground floor was open, and the widow could see into the room.

There was Gescha herself, looking very blooming, in a rich morning gown, skilfully plying her white fingers in the manufacture of lace. Having satisfied herself that the lady was alone, the old woman addressed her.

"I beg your pardon, my Lady, but is his worship the Burgomaster at home?"

"No, my good woman, he is at the town-hall, and you will find him there, if you do not delay too long on the way."

"Ah! Miss, I only wanted to give his worship something. He knows all about it, and if you would not mind, I have the creature here; it is young and fat, I assure you," and without more ado the widow produced the cock from under her apron and held it out to Gescha through the window.

"Oh, poor thing, what a beautiful bird!" cried the young lady in a tone of pity. "What does it cost, and where does it come from?"

"Alas, Jeoffrouw van Mangold," sighed the widow. "I shall be quite satisfied if the creature affords a moment's pleasure to his worship, your father. I am the mother of poor Peter Slingeland."

Gescha gave a cry of astonishment and drew back; but there lay the fowl on the table, and the widow had disappeared.

It appeared, however, that the Burgomaster was very kindly disposed to the Slingelands, for he sent for Master Dow, appointed him Peter's guardian, and recommended him a good lawyer to conduct the lawsuit for breach of contract against Lukas van Mangold.

The Burgomaster's chief consideration was to free Gescha from the slur cast upon her by the fact that any-one should have ventured to make her the subject of a joke. When Lukas discovered the matter had been taken up seriously, he paid the five thousand ducats and the costs, giving vent to his feelings in bitter invectives against the Burgomaster's official zeal. He

was also obliged to spend a fortnight in the town jail, a penalty which had never before been imposed on a member of the proud guild of Grocers.

Half the money was set aside by Slingeland for the dowry of Ursula, who, by a singular stroke of fortune, became two years later the wife of Lukas van Mangold.

This marriage was an unfortunate circumstance for Peter. He had fallen in love—he hardly knew how—with the beautiful Gescha, and the Burgomaster had to make all sorts of conditions, in order to evade for the moment his daughter's wish to marry her modest and handsome admirer. He decided that there should be no question of marriage between Gescha and Peter, until Dow had given the youth a testimonial of perfect mastership. It was probable that Slingeland would never be able to support himself by his art like Dow and other great artists, for he was a very elaborate painter, and spent an immense time over his pictures. The picture of Gescha, making lace, while his mother is handing her the cock through the window, occupied him for eight months, and yet it was only twelve inches broad, and fifteen inches in height.

Lukas van Mangold was not the man to deliberate long, when Ursula, in the prime of her beauty, came in his way. He speedily concluded his marriage with her in spite of the Burgomaster's opposition, but Peter received his dismissal from Gescha. The picture of Gescha was for a long time in the possession of the Mangold family, a gem still bright and fresh long after the artist and the original of the picture were in their graves.



THE VIRGIN MARY SEATED WITH THE CHRIST CHILD AND TWO ANGELS.

LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE.

BY RAPHAEL.

It was a cold night in February, and the rough wintry wind blew in stormy gusts, with occasional sprinklings of fine rain. There were but few passengers on the road which led from the inner Town to the "Wieden," one of the suburbs of Vienna, as the ninth hour of evening had already arrived. On the broad, half-ruined square in front of the Church of St. Charles Borroméo, a few isolated lanterns pointed towards the road leading to the "Wieden" suburb, while the lamps of those "fiacres" which were still plying to and fro, flitted out like will-o'-the-wisps.

A small man, wrapped in a blue cloak, was vigorously battling against the storm, which blew over the meadows, and vented its fury on the ancient bulwarks of Vienna. He directed his steps towards the Church of St. Charles, the two towers of which were dimly lighted up by the uncertain gleam of four lanterns.

"This is no genuine 'Vienna night!' remarked the wanderer, standing still, and looking up to the towers of the Church. "If the church were not here, and if we had a few bushes on the other side, instead of the small houses, which look like ruinous booths, this would be quite a night for Ossian, and the flickering lights on the bastion might represent beautiful stars, paling before the rough wind, and yet always to be seen shining over the moon. Listen, the wind is expending all its fury upon me. But, by St. Joseph! why do I stand here, and chatter such nonsense to myself!—I have long ago convinced myself that the shadow yonder cannot be that of Mayrhofer. Why was I so obstinately determined to leave the 'Red Cross.'"

"My friends are still seated comfortably in the corner at the 'Gates of heaven,' and are celebrating a glorious 'Schubertiade' without me!"

"But I have a strange feeling, as if the words still echoed from my Piano at home: Franzl, I have been waiting for you long, have you quite forgotten me?"

The man hummed a tune which was intended to imitate the storm, and entered the house next to the Church, where, with the certainty of one at home, he directed his steps upstairs, and, after passing through a passage on the upper story, he reached a lighted corridor.

"That Olea is a wonderful being," he said. "She recognised my step, and placed the lighted candle for my use."

A short stout woman, about the same height and size as the man who had just entered, came out of one of the doors which opened on the corridor, and approached him with hasty steps.

"It is so indeed," he continued, touching his hat. "I must pay you my most respectful compliments. When you refused this morning to give me a second cup of black coffee, I compared you to one of the wicked aunts of Orestes."

"But I never had a nephew, whose name was Mr. Orestes, as you know, and I must plead my innocence, Herr Schubert," said the lady.

"Well, I said before that I had utterly misjudged you, and the light of the candle has convinced me of my mistake. As you did not wish me to fall upon my nose and make it still flatter than it is already, you came out of your oil shop, and placed your portable lantern at my disposal."

"But, indeed, I was not thinking of you."

"And you did not intend to bring the light for me?"

"I beg your pardon, Herr Schubert."

"Well, my good Frau Frühwirth, then leave it there for me," said Schubert, taking out his key to open or rather to unlock his door.

"But if the matter is of great importance, Herr Schubert?"

"What then, it cannot be of importance to me, if you refuse to lend me your light. What do you want from me, Madam?"

"Some visitors have enquired for you, Herr Schubert. But, begging your pardon, why do you always turn your back upon a woman? I can never see what you are thinking about."

"That is an original idea, my good woman. What are my thoughts to you? Other people, with the exception of a few friends, have not the slightest desire to discover my ideas, and always confine themselves to their own; meanwhile, I write what I choose, and Cappel, and Diabelli, and Artaria, and other publishers with such inspiring names, as Sauer and Leidesdorf will print as much as paper will hold!"

Frau Frühwirth seemed to repent of her good temper, and said gloomily, "Oh, you are too impolite! I should not have uttered a word, if the person in question were not so charming, and so unhappy."

Herr Schubert had taken off his cloak and thrown it over his arm.

He seemed astonished. "Well," he exclaimed, "if I had not heard that speech myself, I should not have believed it from your worst enemy. I charming, I unhappy; and you wish to play the part of a Christian comforter? We should make a curious pair, to act in a farce!"

Frau Frühwirth looked at Herr Schubert, who stood, shrugging his shoulders, in his blue coat and yellow waistcoat. He was young, and his eyes were dark and expressive. But his large head, placed upon his small round body, his long black hair hanging in wild profusion of cork-screw locks, gave him much more the aspect of an Ethiopian than of a Greek Eros. The lady herself with her red cheeks and the high artificial hair on each side of her face possessed few relics of her youth, except a row of faultless teeth, which she constantly displayed, as if by chance.

After some moments of astonished silence, she broke out into a hearty laughter.

"Well, your reverence, this is too comic, and I must tell Father Frühwirth, who has been very hypochondriacal of late. I did not speak of you, but of a young lady, and she is truly beautiful, and as unhappy as she is fair."

"Is that the person of whom you spoke?" asked Schubert, much puzzled.

"Certainly, why did I come up here, and leave my whole establishment downstairs in the charge of Nannerl?"

"Tell me at once who the lady is."

"Oh! there are two."

"Now, in the name of Heaven, who are they?" cried Schubert.

"I only wish I could discover that; but you will tell me afterwards. Such an old customer as you, Herr Schubert, must know very well that I shall not misuse any knowledge which may concern the affairs of my lodgers."

"Frau Frühwirth," said Schubert, opening his eyes wide behind his spectacles, and standing on the points of his toes. "My confidence in you must depend upon the severe test of your conduct towards me. What did the unknown Princesses require of me?"

"Oh, they only wept, and enquired after you and waited for you with great eagerness."

"They may be acquaintances from Steyer, or from Linz or Graz. When will the ladies return?"

"By St. Anthony, did I not tell you? They are here in the room which commands the square, and they are still waiting."

Schubert seemed to feel an electric shock through his whole body. He spread out his cloak with both hands, and looked at his landlady with an expression of great alarm.

"What do you say? Can the strangers have heard me?" he whispered. "Be kind enough to tell them, my return home is so uncertain that it would be better for them to go away."

"No, Herr Schubert, no," said Frau Frühwirth; "those words shall never pass my lips."

Frau Frühwirth hastened to prepare the reading lamp, and with the corner of her apron she dusted an old piano, a walnut-wood cabinet, the chairs, and a bundle of papers, which were heaped up on a table, as in a waste paper shop. The floor round the piano was covered with smaller bundles of paper and loose sheets.

"The room is so untidy near the piano," remarked the landlady, bending down.

"Stop, I will not have it touched," cried Schubert, stretching out both hands, as if to frighten back the over-assiduous woman.

"And the sofa, that cannot be offered to a lady."

"Waldl Mayrhofer sleeps on nothing better, when he stays with me," murmured Schubert, "and it is not so bad, after all."

Frau Frühwirth cast a despairing glance at the unattractive collection of pipes hanging on the wall, and came to the conclusion that the room must remain as it was, because nothing could be done to alter it.

A sudden thought seemed to flash upon Schubert's mind.

"But," he whispered, "why need you groan and grumble? if there is nothing else to be done, let me come into your room."

"Oh, that was my first idea, because I knew the state of this room, but I did not think it was so bad as this. The ladies, however, being your supplicants, have refused to grant you an audience there. Shall I bring them here?"

"Yes," answered Schubert, decidedly, sitting down on his music stool, and swinging his short legs quickly to and fro, while he hummed to himself the following lines:

"On a rocky point I stood
Far up the barren height,
While o'er the dark pine wood
The crescent moon shone bright."

The rustle of silk dresses was heard outside, and, as a refreshing aromatic odour precedes an approaching storm, so the entrance of the ladies was heralded by a delicate fragrance, not exactly in accordance with the usual atmosphere of the apartment. Schubert had barely descended from his "rocky point" and "mountain height," when they stood in the room, whilst Frau Fröhwrth still waited at the door, with eager eyes, in order to watch the first scene of the mysterious drama.

The ladies were closely veiled. They seemed to have left their mantles in the landlady's room.

"We have the honour of addressing Herr Schubert," began one of them, in a trembling voice.

"Yes, I am Schubert, you are right. But tell me at once, who has sent you to me, that I may be relieved of my embarrassment."

"We bear a greeting from the Countess of Weissenwolf," was the answer, "and we should also have brought a letter, had we not been compelled to travel in such haste that we were unable to call upon the Countess. We live at a distance of three hours from Styreck, and it is not etiquette to pay a visit without giving notice beforehand. This must be our excuse for bringing no written papers with us."

"Oh, as you come from Steyr, which I consider the home of my happiness, you are welcome guests. May I request you, however, to remove your veils, in order that I may regain my composure!"

"Herr Schubert, the happiness of a human being is at stake," answered the lady. "It is not probable, that you remember meeting us at Steyreck, although we had the pleasure of hearing you and Herr Vogl play, in the Countess Weissenwolf's garden saloon. We should therefore have no objection to remove our veils, as you would not know us. But we consider it our duty to tell you our names. If we are so happy as to obtain your promise, that you will grant the request, on the fulfilment of which depend all our hopes of deliverance, we will consent to unveil ourselves and to reveal our names, but otherwise our honour will compel us to withdraw without allowing you to see our faces."

"What can I do, ladies?" exclaimed Schubert, rubbing together his fat white hands. "Do you want me to write some music? that is the only thing I understand, and I cannot serve my friends in any other way. I may as well add, that I do not know beforehand, whether I can write music to order. Notes are always at command, but I can make no engagement to write music."

"Indeed, Herr Schubert, our business relates to a piece of music, and if that piece is your composition we may be certain of obtaining powerful protection against a threatening evil, you have granted our petition."

"Certainly, certainly. But I cannot pledge myself as to how the music will turn out."

"It will bear the stamp of your genius."

With this the elder lady threw back her veil, and Schubert saw before him the delicate countenance of a lady of about forty years of age; her eyes retained their youthful energy, whilst her smile imparted a sweet expression to her features. She was entirely unknown to him.

As the other lady removed her veil, Schubert felt as though a ray of light had burst into the apartment. She was young and beautiful, and her soft, expressive eyes were overshadowed by long dark eye-lashes.

"I am the Baroness of Liechtenstern, and this is my only daughter and child, Maria," said the older lady, restraining her tears.

Schubert bowed mechanically, while his eyes were still fixed upon the younger lady. The

guests took their places upon the sofa, whilst Schubert seated himself upon his music stool, opposite to Maria von Liechtenstern.

"I have often had the honour of seeing the Baron. I have met him at the Castle of Ochsenburg, the residence of the Bishop of Dankesreithner. The Baron is a friend and connoisseur of music; his compositions far surpass those of an amateur."

"He raves about Beethoven and Franz Schubert," answered the lady. "Your works are all in his musical library, Herr Schubert."

The musician cast an involuntary glance in the direction of his scattered heaps of manuscript, and heaved a deep sigh.

"You possess an influence over the Baron enjoyed by no-one else," continued the older lady. "Our position may be explained in a few words. Last year, in Venice, my husband made acquaintance with a Marquis de Apertemonte, a wealthy man, entirely devoted to the study of music. My husband was quite captivated by him. The two men, having never met before this time, came, as bosom friends, to the Castle of Liechtenstern, pursued their studies together, and erected a chapel, which was esteemed by connoisseurs as an excellent work of art."

"Oh, I know, Madam. I was informed by Count Troyer that my Octett for stringed and wind instruments was faultlessly performed at Liechtenstern. I must confess that I should like to have heard it."

"The Marquis," concluded the Baroness, "discovered that my daughter Maria had a good soprano voice, and took an interest in her musical education. He maintained that there had never been such a singer as Maria would become in a short time. This opinion may account for his passionate love for her."

The young Baroness still sat by, her face being covered with blushes.

"What is to be done?" cried the mother, raising her hands in despair.

"Is the Italian a monster?" asked Schubert.

"By no means, as far as outward appearance is concerned. He is about six and thirty, and has a fine figure, and most attractive manners. But there is a certain sinister mystery surrounding him. It seems as if every passion had raged fiercely within him, and had left traces behind. I am convinced that he was not attracted to Liechtenstern by music, but by a little medallion, containing Maria's portrait, which my husband always carries about him. There is something demoniacal about this cavalier, who now strives to win the mastery over Maria's heart, having completely conquered that of my husband. I am convinced that it was the Marquis who, in a fit of cruel jealousy, fired a shot, which happily, in part, missed its aim, at a young cavalier in our neighbourhood."

"Ah, that is Max Thurn," cried Schubert much excited. "He received a ball in his forehead one night, in front of St. Polten. One inch nearer the temple would have been fatal. The Marquis must be like a bravo in an Italian story!"

"And Maria is to be betrothed to him in accordance with her father's wishes!" said the Baroness. "We have come here on the pretext of making purchases for the trousseau. We were compelled to use stratagem to rid ourselves of the company of the Marquis. We took advantage of his temporary absence to travel to Vienna, and the real and only object of our journey was to speak to you!"

"My gracious lady, you are trusting to a feeble reed," said Schubert, in a tone which seemed to come from his very heart, "you wish me to annul the influence exercised by a powerful per-

sonage over the will of a father. Ah! Madam, music can do much, but it has never had a harder task before it. The aim of my music is in itself. When, as in the opera, I have set an ulterior object before me, I have always found myself the weakest."

"I am not a learned connoisseur in music," answered the mother, "but I have always had a feeling that music may be compared with prayer. Prayer accomplishes its end in itself, and yet it also works upon outward objects. When we have not sufficient power and eloquence to pray with the conviction that we shall be heard, we turn to the Saints. An artist, and especially a musician, has a holy mission!"

A solemn pause ensued.

"I now understand you, Madam," answered Schubert, with emotion. "You do not know what to ask of me, and I cannot imagine how I can be useful to you."

"The Holy Spirit of art will give the necessary inspiration," said the Baroness with upturned gaze. "Our speech is too powerless to move the heart of the Baron, but he will not be able to withstand yours. My noble husband, whose soul was moved to its inmost depths by your Mignon songs, cannot remain insensible to the tones which you will place in the lips of a young lady in the unfortunate position of my daughter Maria."

Schubert stood beside the window, gazing through the dim light, at the two ladies, but particularly at Maria von Liechtenstern, while, at the same time, he began wiping his spectacles.

"There is something more in composition," he said, in a stifled voice, "than the mere writing of notes. The waves of true art are overwhelming and powerful. It has sometimes seemed to me as if I gave to my hearers only a few flowers and frippery, suited to pass an idle hour. But, Madam, you are proving to me that it is not so, that in the moroseness which sometimes takes possession of me, I have misjudged others, whose inner life resembles your own. Rest assured, that I shall never forget this evening. Fortune," he added, with a childlike smile, "has not been over profuse in her gifts to me. I shall find that which from this time forward, I shall seek with all my heart. You may depend upon it!"

The ladies took their leave with a feeling of relief as though a bright star had suddenly arisen to point out a way of escape from their dreary wanderings.

The landlady appeared, to announce that the ladies had left in a splendid carriage, which, probably to avoid observation, had stopped at the opposite corner of the street.

After pacing restlessly up and down the room, Schubert had found the way to his old piano, when heavy steps were heard in the corridor, and two men, with their hats on their heads, and wrapped in large cloaks, entered the room.

"What do you want at this hour?" asked Schubert impatiently.

"Firstly, to wish you a good evening," answered one of the visitors, a slight young man, with a bright expression, large eyes, and long light hair, and dressed in a coat cut after the old German fashion; "and, secondly, we hope that you will give us quarters for the night, and that you will do your best to make us forget the disagreeable Nuszdorfer, who is ruling to-night at the 'Red Cross.'"

The second guest had laid aside his hat and cloak. He was short and broad-shouldered, with a large head, and closely cut hair. His shaven face with its wide nose and large mouth was far from being aristocratic, but the deep set, expressive eyes betrayed a thinker, capable of poetic inspiration. Though he was still young, his expression was grave and almost gloomy, while his black dress resembled that of a priest.

His quiet appearance rendered it the more surprising when this determined person suddenly seized his umbrella with both hands, as if it were a bayoneted gun, and exclaimed in a thundering voice to Schubert, who had retired into a corner.

"I don't know—What should keep me from it?"

Schubert held up his hands, and said in the exorcising tone of a conjuror:

"Waldl, wild Waldl, will you be quiet?"

"This time," exclaimed Waldl, brandishing his weapon in a threatening manner; "this time I shall disappear. But beware—of disturbing Waldl again. Give me that pipe, as you are close to it."

Waldl threw himself upon the sofa, while his friend filled two pipes, brought one to the brooding Waldl, and taking the other himself, began to pace up and down the room.

"I beg, Moritz, that you will not recommence your incessant ambulations," interposed Schubert.

"Moritz Schwind, sit down, or it will be to your cost," said Waldl in a threatening tone. Schwind seated himself. "It is now time, my friends, to enquire after the Schubertiade, which our musician will perform to-night alone, without wine, and without our assistance."

"Well, there shall be a Schubertiade," answered Schubert, "on condition that you do your duty as it besseems you. I have chosen a very fertile subject. Mayrhofer shall make verses and declaim, and you, Moritz, shall paint what he dictates, and I shall adorn your productions with a musical fancy. My theme has the one great recommendation of being taken from life."

"Aha," said Mayrhofer, "now we may expect an attack upon the composers of the words of Schubert's operas! Well! I shall console myself with the thought that the public has not yet decided whether my opera of the 'Friends of Salamanca' or Franz von Schober's 'Alfonso and Estrella' or Joseph Kupelwieser's abortive 'Fierrabras' best deserves the prize of folly. It is about ten years since you composed the music to my effusion, which now lies in your three-legged desk, a place of concealment for manuscripts. You then considered me a great poet, and I was no wiser myself, while to-day I humbly confess that you could have written a much more sensible 'Libretto' than I."

"Oh, Waldl, do not slander yourself," cried Schubert. "Your opera has numerous beauties."

"Beauties are a poor compensation for beauty," remarked Mayrhofer, with a dry ironical laugh. "But now for your theme from life, which, as I hope, may be reduced to a moral discourse from your Olea."

"The Olea does play a part in it," observed Schubert. "But you must know that what I have to say is no fit subject for your raillery. I can assure you, that I was never in such a solemn frame of mind as at that moment, when you burst in, and broke the charm which surrounded me."

"You see, Schwind, we two poor fellows have again arrived just in time to destroy an immortal work," muttered Mayrhofer between his teeth. "My compositions are worthless. My ideas, instead of becoming compressed into verse, diffuse themselves as widely as possible, and at last dissolve into an intangible gas, like the spirits which in the 'Thousand and one Nights,' rise out of the enchanted bottles. As far as you are concerned, Schwind, your principal talent seems to consist in painting pictures with words. And you, a painter, have now reached a spiritless moment, in which the whole power of lyrical dynamics is exhausted. Your 'Marriage of Figaro,' in spite of its many characteristic external beauties, is animated by no electric battery of psychical power. Franz possesses, in his art, all that we need. I cannot regard myself as a

poet, or you as a painter, when we see only our own works before us. But I am a poet, and you a painter, when Schubert's music reveals to us that inward consciousness, which we had sought in vain to comprehend. Schubert's Psyche possesses wings, and brings undying treasures, while ours only flutter upon the scene, and hinder the work of the immortal goddess."

"My dear friends, do not quarrel for the chickens before the eggs are laid," said Schubert, as he sat down to the piano. "But I have not even the shadow of a musical idea. I have only a theme, which is as wide as heaven. I must discover a point, in which I can concentrate all the radii of an intangible circle, and in this you can help me. Two ladies were here just now."

"What?" cried Moritz, in an excited tone.

"Noble ladies."

"Indeed?"

"The Esterhazys?"

"Oh no, the days of Telesz are over," answered Schubert. "You will not guess their names. It will be enough for you to know that one lady (the older was her mother) seemed to me the embodiment of all that my wavering dreams had pictured in the face of the holy Virgin."

"Well Franz, as you have now apparently entered upon your Gregorian catholic period, we shall expect a new Mass," said the painter, ironically.

"No, I shall write no more Masses," said Schubert, very gravely; "I have once made the attempt, but shall never do so again."

"If it is not a Mass, it will be a *Salve Regina*," continued Mayrhofer, in his caustic tone. "Ah! Waldl, it was not the Queen of Heaven, who was sitting where you are now, although it would be impossible to conceive of any more beautiful '*Regina coeli*.' If Moritz had only been here! I now remember that I was unable to remove my eyes from the lady. But my faculty does not lie in sight. It seems to me as if the image passed through my eyes to fix itself on my mind, and as if, in this transformation, all visible memory were effaced and destroyed."

"You must present us with a musical picture of this earthly Madonna, that will be the surest means of describing her aright," remarked Schwind. Schubert struck a few bars from Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, representing the brilliancy of May-day shining over the fields and woods, and then gave himself up to his own conception of spotless purity and fervent longing.

"That is she," murmured Mayrhofer, bending his head. "How wonderful!"

Franz broke off, and turned round on his music stool.

"The lady has a father," he said without further preface, "who is resolved to sacrifice this woodland flower to an Italian villain. I wish to find some means of expression which may reach the heart of the deluded father, so that I may rescue the lady, whom Mayrhofer has called an earthly Madonna, from impending destruction. That is the theme to which I alluded."

"Waldl must write a poem, and you shall compose the music, which, I am certain, will be irresistible," said Moritz Schwind.

"Schwind might compose a picture of a nun, throwing herself into the Danube, in order to intimate that the bride has sought refuge in the church against her will, and will yet succumb to despair at the destruction of her happiness."

"That is a very ordinary device," said Mayrhofer. "Follow out your own imagination, Schubert; which would have suggested all that you require, if, as I repeat, we had not come in with our nailed boots, to trample upon your elfin dance."

"I can do nothing without words," said Schubert. "Schwind is right. Thought, in its

distinctness and individuality, needs language, which again must be expressed in melodious sound. The air must be a music adapted to the words, while the accompaniment must belong to the darker side of the composition, and penetrate into the region of hidden feeling. A poem is the first requisite."

"Give me a pen," said Mayrhofer, "and I will write a few verses. If I can do nothing more, I can at least produce a poem which may serve as a specimen of what Franz requires."

Mayrhofer then jotted down, in letters resembling spear shafts and arrows, the following lines:

"The barren rock here skirts a mighty range,
Lifting its pointed summits to the clouds,
And far around extends a desert land,
A dreary waste of stone, with lava fields.
While toward the North is seen a boundless sea,
Which bears the ice-bergs on its stormy waves,
And dashes o'er the solid wall of rock,
To beat, with powerless fury, into spray.
Here is the ill-starred port, where fate prepares
A lot for me, like that of old assigned
In Caucasus to great Prometheus,
Around my breast is bound the clanking chain,
Forged to secure the victim for the grasp
Of that great monster which awaits its prey."

"Andromeda," said Schwind. "I protest against the transformation of the Madonna-like bride into a Grecian heroine."

"What right have you to protest? I have not yet finished the poem," said Mayrhofer.

"That does not affect the question! It will be difficult, even for Schubert, to construct a bridge over the sea of the monster to the Father's heart. The shortest way is the best, to attain results."

"You think then that the Father should be apostrophized! That idea would only suit a painter, Schwind."

"Does not the 'Andromeda' suggest inspiring thoughts, Schubert?"

"No, Waldl; I cannot give up the association with the Holy Virgin, for I feel that it is only by means of this composition that I can gain any insight into the soul of the lady, to whom my music applies."

"I have found the key," exclaimed Schwind, springing up, and pacing the room in triumph. "For Mayrhofer as well as for you, Franz."

"Well?" asked the Poet, in great excitement.

"You shall not find out my secret this evening," said Schwind. "It must be a surprise to you in order that you may set to work with the freshness of a new sensation. But so much I will tell you; you will be compelled to acknowledge that both in power and depth of expression, painting deserves to rank with the proud sisters of sound: Music and Poetry."

Mayrhofer's caustic wit and Schubert's entreaties were all in vain. Schwind, still persisting in his refusal to divulge the secret, laid himself down for the night on the sofa, while Schubert and Mayrhofer retired to bed in the adjoining room.

The next morning Moritz Schwind challenged his friends to a "grand tour." He was engaged in copying a "Titian" in the Belvedere, and asked them to accompany him thither.

"But what shall we do at eight o'clock in the Belvedere?" asked Mayrhofer. "I have always regarded visits to saloons, hung with pictures, as most depressing and confusing. It is not desirable to see more than a few pictures at once, and even these must be connected together by some spiritual harmony or contrast."

"At all events I require a sacrifice from you, for which you shall receive a higher reward than the breakfast I shall give you on the Rennweg."

"The wine must not be Austrian, but Bordeaux," muttered Mayrhofer.

"Well, you shall have French wine, if Italian wine is not to be had."

"What reminds you of Italian wine, Schwind?" asked Schubert in astonishment.

"Because we shall see an Italian."

"A singer? then leave me out of the question, Schwind," remarked Schubert.

"He sings well, certainly, though not in loud tones."

"But what is the secret of which you spoke last night?" asked Mayrhofer, looking through the paper containing the beginning of the poem on Andromeda, which still lay between Olea's coffee cups.

"That will be divulged in time," remarked Schubert.

The friends started on the road leading from the Church of St. Charles to the Belvedere, and soon reached that majestic edifice. They passed by the guard of Hungarian Grenadiers, and came to the Upper Belvedere, where Schwind led the way to the copying room which was situated behind the Sculpture Hall. He bestowed a whispered greeting on the old Gallery official, who went by the name of Denner on account of his striking resemblance to a miniature portrait by that artist.

"Why not?" replied the 'Denner.' "But the gallery will soon be swept, and the gentlemen will be obliged to retire before the brooms and the dust."

"The fact is, that you will have to open the door of the Italian pictures for us, Denner, and here is the gulden."

Denner at first hesitated to accept the gulden, protesting that he did not like to treat a painter like a stranger, but at last he took the coin, and slipped it into his waistcoat pocket.

The three friends now stood in the temple of painting beneath the inspiring influence of treasures of art, the legacy of centuries.

"I feel under the influence of a supernatural power," said Schubert, casting timid glances towards the paintings. "It seems as if he who would examine and enjoy a picture, must first silence his own individuality."

"Certainly," said Moritz Schwind, "the mind must be open to the reception of impressions from without, and must not yield to any self-created fancies which would mar the effect of the picture. We stand, with receptive spirits, before the embodied ideals of form, colour, and light, and in the contemplation of these ideals, we learn the laws which regulate their creation and the conceptions which give them life. I think that the emotional effect of a picture must depend upon the degree of self-forgetfulness in the beholder."

"Oh, it is otherwise with music," remarked Schubert, and he seemed to speak the word with delight. "I can surrender myself with perfect resignation to music, while, at the same time, my vital powers are quickened, and I feel the inspiring impulse of an increased mental activity."

"That requires no explanation," replied Mayrhofer, "we need only to understand our inward

being, as an explanation of the different effects produced upon us by seeing or by hearing a work of art. The nerve of sight ends in the centre of the brain, which is incontestably admitted to be the seat of feeling; thus the image perceived by the mind is recognized at once by inward consciousness. The ear, however, is connected with the hinder part of the brain, which is the seat of the will, and the impressions made upon it reach the soul by a different channel. This side of our being should therefore be approached only by those influences intended to rouse it to activity."

"My mind is open only to the influence of music," said Schubert, in a low and almost solemn voice, "and therefore those pictures which can be touched with the hand, seem strange and incomprehensible to me."

"There is, however, a parallel between your art and that of Moritz," continued Mayrhofer; "the language of pure sentiment, which in painting is expressed by form, grouping, and local colour, is embodied in music by a variety of instruments. Night reigns around, and undeveloped feeling can find no utterance, when the glorious light bursts in upon the scene, and gives form and being to spiritual conception. Melody is the embodiment of music, while the human voice is its illuminating power."

"We conversed yesterday evening about the subject, which touches the inmost depths of thought and feeling, and embraces a series of wonderful mysteries, undiscoverable, perhaps, because they lie so near to us."

"Listen, Waldl," answered Schwind, "although you have devoted yourself with most unexceptional assiduity, to your cruel office of Censor."

"Now, do not let us have a repetition of an appeal," remarked Mayrhofer.

"In spite of all this," continued Schwind, "there is much of the true poet left in you. You have shown how painting is able to direct the musician into her sphere. Our friend Schubert has a task to accomplish, which, perhaps for the first time in his life, has caused him difficulty. He wishes to find music to express the feelings of a Madonna. He was so fortunate yesterday as to see an earthly Madonna, a privilege never granted to me! He must look around him here, and seek out a Madonna, who may justly claim to belong to the celestial spheres."

"Oh, Moritz, if she makes any claim of that kind, she is not the Madonna whom I seek," Schubert said eagerly.

"Well, you may choose between many Madonnas."

"I see," said Mayrhofer to Schwind, "you were thinking of the Urbinese maiden, Raphael's 'Belle Jardinière.'"

Schwind nodded assent, and pointed to a little picture, of such quiet colouring that it seemed quite outshone by the pictures surrounding it.

"Schubert must have known that picture a long time," observed Mayrhofer, putting back his spectacles.

"No, I have often looked for it; but I have always missed it," answered Schubert, as he reverently approached the work of the boldest and most spiritual of artists, his two friends standing by in silence.

He remained for a long time in contemplation of the Virgin, who was represented seated in the midst of green fields surrounded by a peaceful landscape, and watching with heavenly satisfaction, the movements of the Infant Christ and of John.

Schubert at last turned round, with moistened eyes.

"It is she, Moritz! I said so yesterday. It is the landscape of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, which I played to you. And I have the music ready in my head; my Madonna must pray to the Madonna here represented, and all will be accomplished."

"Then the Spirit has led you far away from my Andromeda, who was to be devoured by the sea monster," said Mayrhofer, casting a look of admiration at his younger friend.

"But where shall we find the prayer? Wild Waldl must lend his aid."

As if by common consent, the three friends then left the Gallery, without looking at another picture.

"It is wonderful," said Schubert to himself. "This picture represents a spirit of exalted power, a soul of childlike innocence, and without any striking characteristic calculated to lay affect on the mind, the whole is pervaded by a sacred mystery, while the most powerful element of the work is its holy peace, and calm bliss."

"He is right," murmured Mayrhofer, "he errs a little in his words, as in his music."

"If you are speaking of me, I must tell you that I can never find the right words to express all that I feel for Schubert. The range of musical speech is too high and too deep, and of too great power and splendour."

"You see, Schwind, that is always the end of the song when our friend begins to make confessions," remarked Mayrhofer. "But who would not be a musician like Schubert?"

"Well, Waldl," answered Schubert with emotion, "I am only a poor Franz, whose music would long ago have been forgotten, if he had not had such friends as you, and Vogl, Schober, Spaun and Schönstein. My tears and laughter lie too near together. I looked up at the Raphael as at one of the high mountains in Steyermark, where all is majestic, godlike peace. Find words for me, Waldl, in which my music may have utterance; for my heart is oppressed."

Truly the Master might have reason to look back with a troubled gaze on his short, but most eventful career. In his eighteenth year, Schubert had published the 'Erlkönig,' drawing from Goethe's songs the inspiration of a true master, since that time, he had devoted himself to arduous work in every department of music, and especially in the development of German song, he had achieved more eminent success than even Beethoven and Mozart; yet the world had accorded him but sparing acknowledgement. His true patrons were a select circle of friends, and even these were unable to predict the exalted fame which was to attend his works after his premature death. How different was his lot to that of Raphael of Urbino, the Prince of Italian Painters!

The friends were conveyed back to Town in a 'fiacre,' which had just set down some students before the great door of the Upper Belvedere, they stopped the vehicle in the Ungarstrasse, in the immediate neighbourhood of a small, clean-looking restaurant. The landlord bore an Italian name, and Schwind thought that he saw in the windows some bottles of Falerner wine.

A minute later, the three were seated before their glasses, enjoying the beverage so highly esteemed by the artists of Rome. Mayrhofer proposed the health of the painter of the 'Belle Jardinière,' and the next moment, he sank into one of his fits brooding melancholy, to which he was subject, and which some years afterwards induced him to throw away the life which was a burden to him. For some time, he seemed unconscious of the clinking of glasses around him, but at length he suddenly stood up, and took his cloak.

"Where are you going, Waldl?" said the two others in surprise.

"You must remain here till I return," said Waldl, in a decided tone.

"Oh! and if you forget that we are waiting for you here, what then?"

"Remain here," repeated Waldl, and disappeared.

Half an hour after, a fiacre drove up at full speed, and set down Waldl upon the pavement. He held in his hand a little book, a sheet of paper, and a pencil. He had left his hat in the carriage, and seemed in a very excited state of mind. "I shall soon have finished it, dear friends," he said, throwing himself down before a table in the far corner of the room, and beginning to read and write with great energy, while his friends gazed at him in astonishment.

After a short time he rose, vainly attempted to shake back his hair from his forehead, made a sign to the landlord to be silent (there were no other guests present), and then read in a melodious voice:

Ave Maria! Maiden mild!

Listen to a maiden's prayer!

Thou canst hear, though from the wild,

Thou canst save amid despair.

Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,

Though banish'd, outcast, and reviled, —

Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer!

Mother, hear a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!

The flinty couch we now must share,

Shall seem with down of eider piled,

If thy protection hover there.

The murky cavern's heavy air

Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;

Then, Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer!

Mother, list a suppliant child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Stainless styled!

Foul demons of the earth and air,

From this their wonted haunt exiled,

Shall flee before thy presence fair.

We bow us to our lot of care,

Beneath thy guidance reconciled,

Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer!

And for a father hear a child!

Ave Maria!

Schubert stood motionless, gazing at Mayrhofer with wide open eyes.

"Will that do?" asked Waldl solemnly.

"It is just what I want," said Schubert.

"It is your most beautiful poem!" exclaimed Schwind.

"What a pity that it is not my own composition;" answered Waldl, shrugging his shoulders, and giving the paper to Schubert, who stretched out his hand to receive it.

"One greater than I is the true author of the poem—Walter Scott! While in the Belvedere, I was haunted by an indistinct recollection of an English hymn to the Virgin, until without any effort of my own, the whole suddenly flashed upon my memory. I hastened to Prandl, and fetched Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' and I then translated the beautiful song as well as my rough Austrian dialect permitted.

Schubert was standing with his back to the window, and rapidly writing down notes in his pocket-book. He slowly shut the book, and then gazed vacantly before him, apparently unconscious of any external object.

"Have you succeeded in setting the hymn to music?" asked Mayrhofer. "You shut your pocket-book with such a forbidding gesture."

"The prayer is finished," answered Schubert. "And I was thinking how perfectly the two 'Marias' correspond with each other, although a striking contrast exists between the Urbinese Maiden, in her idyllic landscape, and the suppliant in the wild rocky gorge. If we rise upwards to the living mother of God, she seems far beyond our reach, but her relation to the suppliant

does not cease! It is wonderful, and Waldl has indeed been favoured with one of his moments of poetic insight. We shall soon see how I have turned his vision into harmony!"

"Well! said Schwind, "as we spent yesterday evening and also the early morning, in each other's company, I do not see what should hinder us from passing the rest of the day together. We will go to Olea's head quarters, and order breakfast, and then drink coffee, and put off our dinner until the evening, at the 'Red Cross.' Schubert shall favour us with a performance, and first of all, he shall play his Hymn to the Virgin."

"That I certainly shall not do," answered Schubert.

"Why not?" asked Mayrhofer, brandishing his umbrella with a threatening gesture.

"Waldl, you know that I cannot remember the melody afterwards."

"When? Why? After what? Have you forgotten all your logic? We must put an end to this."

"The music I heard with my outward ear, overpowers the music within, which I can recall only at uncertain and disconnected periods," said Schubert, evidently striving, with difficulty, to express his meaning.

"Oh, he will play to us in Olea's cavern! He can let loose the Egyptian Conqueror who solves riddles in the Prater."

"Now I have found you out, Waldl," cried Schubert. "You talk of your poetic inspiration, and by St. Francis, you have to-day given a convincing proof of it. But tell me, why should not I have the same inspiration for music as you have for poetry?"

"But besides the gift of hearing, you possess that of speaking, in a language which none but yourself can understand."

"Well," exclaimed Schubert, "before I can write down music of my kind, there comes a moment in which I seem to hear the whole piece, from beginning to end, at once, and then I have no rest till it is set down on paper. The writing is a purely mechanical art. If my hand did not sometimes err, I could cover whole sheets with notes, without being obliged to make one correction. The rough copy affords me a pleasure which is difficult to describe. But when I have once heard the piece played, the conception fades away to be replaced by a memory of the performance."

"I can also bear witness," answered Schwind, "that the conception of a painting awakens feelings which the finished work but feebly recalls."

"On the whole, Schubert has excused himself very well for denying us the pleasure of hearing Scott's 'Ave Maria.'"

Schubert drove to the Wieden, and did his best to satisfy his friends. In spite, however, of Waldl's threatening gestures, he did not play Scott's 'Ave Maria.'

For a few days, Schubert evidently avoided speaking of the 'Ave Maria.' Mayrhofer prepared three other translations from the 'Lady of the Lake,' Ellen's two songs 'the lay of Norman,' and of 'the Imprisoned Huntsman,' and Schubert insisted on setting these poems to music, as if to compensate for the 'Ave Maria,' when Schwind reported that Schubert had spent a long time in the Belvedere, gazing at Raphael's 'Belle Jardinière.'

But the Musician had a still greater surprise in store for his friends, a few days afterwards Mayrhofer announced to them, with a gloomy countenance, that Schubert had vanished, no one knew whither. After a series of conjectures, they came to the conclusion that the mysterious ladies, for whom he had written the 'Ave Maria,' must have something to do with his disappearance.

This was really the case. Schubert had gone to Gmunden, the residence of the singer Vogl,

who had advised the ladies to apply to him. He accompanied Vogl to the house of Count Weissenwolf in Steyreck, which became during his short residence there a rallying point for the whole musical world.

One evening, the family of Liechtenstern arrived in a travelling carriage with four horses, —the Baron, the two ladies, and Maria von Liechtenstern's future husband, whom Schubert regarded with a kind of horror. The Marquis had indeed a most repellant expression. Maria had become very pale, but retained her beauty. The Baron of Liechtenstern was quite absorbed in musical enthusiasm.

Schubert was at the piano. Few performers could exceed him in expression, although his style was far from being scientific. The music had lasted for half an hour, when Maria von Liechtenstern, conducted with much ceremony by the Countess of Weissenwolf, advanced to the piano, and, after the harplike prelude was over, sang, with silvery voice, the 'Ave Maria.'

The effect produced by the prayer cannot be described in words. The Baron began gradually to comprehend that its object was to induce him to recall the death warrant which he had passed upon his daughter.

When, on finishing the song, Maria perceived her father, she cast an imploring look at him. Liechtenstern sprang up, and received her in his arms, just as she was on the point of losing consciousness. The family remained invisible for the rest of the evening; but the report was circulated through the company that something important had happened. It was said that the whole family were about to start for Italy, where the wedding would be celebrated on the Marquis's estate.

During a pause of the music, Schubert was sent for; he found himself in the presence of the two ladies who had visited him at the Wieden, and received a hearty embrace from the young Countess.

"He deserves it," said the Baroness. "He has given you more than life, Herr Schubert, at certain critical moments, words can have no power. We cannot thank you, for the expression of our thanks is insufficient to convey the feelings of our hearts. But we shall ever remember you with gratitude. The Marquis has been refused and is already on his way to his native land."

"Do not thank me," answered Schubert, with emotion. "If thanks must be rendered at all, they are due, not so much to me as to Raphael's picture of '*La Belle Jardinière*' at Vienna!"

THE EMPTY TANKARD.

BY GERARD HONTHORST.

It was a winter evening of the year 1650, when two men, on horseback, appeared before the Hôtel "Young Negro" in Utrecht, and requested accommodation for the night. The landlord, Mynheer Jens van Trielen, although a councillor of the city of Utrecht, did not consider it beneath his dignity, to hold a stable lantern, while the ostler relieved the two powerful horses of the travellers from their heavy weight of saddles, halters, and travelling-bags. The strangers watched in silence, and then, themselves carrying their bags and cloaks, requested the landlord, to show them to a separate room.

The landlord meanwhile, had made his observations on his guests, and had convinced himself of their distinguished origin, although they had no servant in attendance.

Mynheer van Trielen, on entering the house, did not turn to the left, where, in the front part of a large kitchen, the seats, tables, and jugs were arranged for the ordinary evening guests, but opened the door of a small room on the right hand, which was approached by a few steps.

Trielen placed the lantern on the table; thus effecting a wonderful illumination of the small room. In the midst of the deep shadows reflected on the walls, a bright ray of light piercing through the horny sides of the lantern fell with such brilliancy on the two men, and on Jens van Trielen, that they looked like the three captives in the fiery furnace at Babylon.

"This room does not please me," muttered one of the guests, "I could imagine danger and crime here. It looks like a prison."

"Oh! noble Sir," replied the other, also in German, "the room is warm, although I see no fire in the stove. You indeed look as if you were streaked with blood from head to foot, but a pair of good wax-lights or a friendly lamp would soon disperse this lantern freak."

"Sir," said van Trielen, who began to busy himself at the fire, and really succeeded in digging out live coals from amongst the ashes, "I wish to inform you that I am well acquainted with German, I should not like to become spy, and to hear remarks not intended for my ear."

"You are an honest fellow," replied one of the strangers.

The fire burnt up in the grate, whilst Herr van Trielen quickly lighted an old-fashioned, three-cornered hanging lamp from the flame, and placed the old black lantern behind the door. In a case protected by glass hung gay tankards, awaiting thirsty throats. Trielen took out two of the most handsome of these, and turned an enquiring glance towards his guests.

The gentlemen had taken off their mantles. One was tall and thin, and handsome in figure



with a short, black beard, and dark long hair. He wore a black dress, and red and white scarf, from which hung a long dagger. His black hat was adorned with a red and white feather, whilst a deep white collar was crossed over his breast. Pride and intelligence beamed from the sparkling eyes of the young man, who was treated with deferential respect by the other guest.

"You look so enquiringly at me," began the cavalier, turning towards his host, "that I am much mistaken, if you do not feel great anxiety, to know who we are."

"Mynheer, I ask your pardon; I made no enquiries," said van Trielen, holding his cap in his hand. "I only wish to know whether you are satisfied with these tankards, or if you prefer to drink from glasses."

"I will consider that subject later," said the guest.

"Your appearance inspires me with confidence."

Trielen raised his heavy head, with its crimson cheeks, and bright crafty eyes, and looked down with complacency upon the green apron, which covered his powerful frame.

"It is possible, that we may take you into our confidence on an important subject," continued the guest. "We will therefore begin with full explanations. We come from East-Friesland, and indeed from the residence of her Grace, the Countess Regent Juliane, the widow of Count Ulrich the 2nd. I, Mynheer van Trielen, am the Baron von Warenholz, a councillor of East Friesland, and this cavalier is a Hessian Captain, belonging to the body-guard of her grand-ducal highness."

Trielen bent low, and uncovered his bald head. He then pointed towards the side of the room which was decorated with wood carving, and on which hung a series of portraits in gilded frames, representing middle aged men.

"My Lord," said Trielen, "the 'Young Negro' painted on my signboard, has displayed his art this evening, by detaining the distinguished strangers, who are visiting the good city of Utrecht. My chief pride is in my "golden book," which will to-day receive the names of the first cavaliers in the rich province of East Friesland. All the portraits which you see there from the hands of our Utrecht artists, represent gentlemen of Utrecht, who were guests at the "Young Negro," some of whom indeed played the part of master of the house here."

Von Warenholz examined some of the fine portraits.

"This is William of Orange," exclaimed Ehrentreuter, pointing to the portrait of a fair haired young man in steel armour; "the ancestor of our young count Enno Lewis."

"Look at these portraits more closely," observed Trielen, "that is Count Rudolph Christian of East Friesland, who was treacherously stabbed at Berum, in 1627, by the Imperial general Gallas. The Count was quartered here, when I first became master of the "Young Negro." That portrait of Mansfeld was painted by my father. It is strange, how much the Count resembles the general Ehrentreuter."

The landlord was right: Ehrentreuter possessed the bold, keen eye of the Mansfelds, also the stiff, curling hair, distended nostrils, and massive cheek-bones.

"Utrecht is still rich in painters," continued Trielen. "Our master Honthorst is known all over the world. On the other side of the Alps he has received the distinguishing title of "dalle notte," because he is unequalled in torch and candle-light scenes. But he is also a good portrait painter. All the Professors, who hang there, were painted by Master Gerard, who often honours me by a visit. I have been obliged to send for the wine of Montefiascone for him, as he likes neither Burgundy nor Spanish wine."

"Some good Pontac would not come amiss to us," observed the Captain, tapping the rim of his tankard.

"But I will not anticipate your orders, Marenholz."

"Now, Ehrentreuter, you have undertaken the management of our commissariat, and must give the orders," replied Marenholz, laughing. "Herr van Trielen will provide the meal, and will give us the pleasure of his company for an hour."

"My noble Sir," said Trielen, "I am indeed a town-councillor, and yet it does not seem suitable for me to drink with you."

"But it is my special desire; we need advice from you, and we should have difficulty in finding any man in Utrecht better able to assist us than yourself."

"My gracious Lords, you are the guests, and I the host, and it is my duty to obey. I will return in a few moments."

A graceful girl, who, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, was still adorned with the finely wrought gold ornaments, which the maidens of Utrecht are accustomed to wear around their temples, entered, and laid the round table. She was followed by van Trielen, carrying a silver jug of wine, and two silver tankards, with covers. These he placed before his guests, whilst he contented himself with a pewter tankard. A large silver bowl was placed at the corner of the table. It was filled with tabacco, and on it were laid three long white pipes. The guests praised the quality of the wine, and said that no Pontac could excel it. The Councillor enquired after the most important members of the university, and after the heads of parties, who had become conspicuous during the internal struggles in the states, all his questions showing that the East Friesland noble was intimately acquainted with the affairs of the country.

"And what is your opinion here in the states of your old fatherland, East Friesland?" enquired Marenholz, finally, when the pipes were lighted.

"Oh! we know very little of the disturbances there," answered van Trielen. "But the Hessian invasion of your land with seven thousand foot-soldiers, and three thousand cavalry, embittered all faithful hearts in the countries. It seems to me that the Hessian general Melander made great havoc in your country. And the Hessians are still masters there."

The two guests looked at each other, and a smile played around the mouth of Marenholz, while Ehrentreuter burst into a loud laugh. Mynheer van Trielen looked at them in amazement.

"No doubt, the Hessians are still in East Friesland," said Ehrentreuter, "and I have the honour of being one of them. If we were to march off, what would become of the Countess Regent and her 'gouvernement'?"

"You had better add, dear Captain," replied Marenholz with feeling, "what would become of the inhabitants of the country? The East Frisians have always displayed but one quality, that of quarrelling, and of murdering one another. Whoever reads the Chronicles of East Friesland, is distracted by scenes of blood and rapine. The peasant against the nobles, the nobles against the peasant, the cities against the nobility, and the strong, ambitious inhabitants of Emden against all. That is the picture of East Friesland. Were it not so fertile by nature, it would long ago have been made a desert by its inhabitants."

Trielen's jovial expression had changed to one of thoughtful earnestness.

"Noble Sirs," he said, "I have been more than once in West Friesland, and even as far as Emden, yet I do not consider myself competent to form any opinion respecting the circumstances

of your country. Still in my opinion it is indisputable, that a country which requires foreign rule for its own peace, is on the road to destruction."

"You are thinking of your foreigners, the Spaniards," said Ehrentreuter. "They simply wanted to plunder you, and to give over your souls to the Dominicans and Jesuits. We Hessians wish to protect the rightful ruler of the land, a prince's daughter, in her rights."

"And to watch over the young presumptive heir, until he is old enough to assume the government," added Marenholz. "Then the Hessian soldiers will be no longer required."

"Then the East Frieslanders have worse intentions than we supposed," said van Trielen.

"Say, Mynheer, that their tricks never cease," exclaimed Marenholz. "At this very moment the states are planning to supplant the Countess Regent by her own son, Lewis, the heir to the Earldom, and it is only by accident that they have not yet discovered the young Count, and carried him away by force to Emden."

"Then the young Count has concealed himself," enquired Trielen, whose attention was roused.

"He is abroad, on a journey, and even his mother does not know where he is concealed, since he left London secretly," replied Marenholz, and then, looking fixedly at Ehrentreuter, he paused.

"Your Excellence," said Ehrentreuter, whose tankard had just been refilled by the host. "I think we may trust Mynheer van Trielen. I will answer for him as for this wine."

"Now, Mynheer," said Marenholz, "the object of our expedition is to seek our lost heir. At the Hague we received distinct information, that the Count had repaired to Utrecht. This city is not large; we therefore think that the young man cannot escape us, if he is here, and if we are assisted in our search by a competent person like yourself."

"How old is the Count?" enquired Trielen, in evident excitement.

"Nineteen years!" replied Marenholz.

"I know for certain," said Trielen, "that no student here bears the name of Count of East Friesland. I have a large room above, which is the resort of all the students belonging to the higher families, but the hereditary count of East Friesland has not even been named."

"Oh! the Count will not write his real name on his hat," remarked Ehrentreuter.

"Noble Sir, I am acquainted with students and their manners," said van Trielen, "their weakest point is their difficulty in keeping a secret."

"Are many Germans studying here?" enquired Marenholz.

"Oh, the times are past, when it was necessary to have studied in Utrecht, in order to be considered in Germany an accomplished student. The few Germans who are here now, belong nearly all to the theological faculty, and are poor devils."

"What is the state of the art school?" enquired Marenholz, turning to the pages of his note book.

"There are few masters here of any note, and these have no ateliers, like that of Peter Paul Rubens, with his thirty or forty pupils. Art students are scarcely noticed here, because they live a secluded life, like their masters. Our Master Honthorst, who moves hither and thither with his easel like the wandering Jew, has long refused all requests to take pupils. Now he has one pupil, whom he permits to study art with him. This young man happens to be a German."

"What is his name?" enquired Marenholz, apparently with indifference.

"Jennell," replied Trielen.

The two friends sprang from their seats as if by word of command.

"Jennell is a Frisian name," exclaimed Marenholz, while his eyes suddenly sparkled with excitement. "Only an East Frisian could have taken the name of Jennell, which is borne by the noble family of Knyphusen. Perhaps you can tell us the Christian name of this art student."

"Yes, my gracious Sir, it is Enno."

Ehrentreuter let his powerful fist fall with an air of triumph on the table.

"Enno!—your Excellence, we have our man," he exclaimed.

"Not so quickly," observed Marenholz, in a warning tone. "Have you seen Enno Jennell? what is he like?"

"He is a thin man, with a thin face, aquilane nose, and dark eyes," reported van Trielen.

"He is gentle and intelligent, sings Italian and French songs the whole day long, and takes real pleasure in playing the lute."

"Good!" replied Marenholz in great excitement. "The Count was long enough in Italy and Paris, to acquire both French and Italian. How old is this Jennell?"

"Nineteen or twenty."

"And has the young man much money?" enquired Marenholz further.

"No, my gracious Sirs," replied van Trielen, sighing. "I can assure you, that since the first ten or twelve gold pieces, which he paid to me during the first week after his arrival, I have not seen a farthing in his possession, and have even been forced to lend to him. I am depending on Master Honthorst, who comforts me in my complaint that (including the ready money which I have lent him), Master Jennell's account has reached eight hundred golden gulden during the last six weeks."

"That looks very like a Count!" said Ehrentreuter, laughing

"But has your art student been surrounded by a band of usurers, that he has contrived to spend so much money?"

"Alas! a lady singer and performer on the lute has produced this effect on the excitable youth!" said Trielen. "She is a mistress in her art, the daughter of Petrel, the leader of the choir of St. Gudule at Brussels. Have you never heard of the beautiful Jacobea, who sang before the Emperor Ferdinand III. in Vienna, and bore away the palm before all other prima donnas in the Italian theatres?"

"I have not, indeed!" replied Marenholz.

"She is also called Jacqueline la Brabançonne."

"Ah! the Brabançonne sang a few years ago at the Courts of Celle and Hannover;" exclaimed Ehrentreuter, "but she cannot possibly be still very young."

"Fully twenty-eight years!" replied van Trielen, "but that is the age at which ladies are most dangerous to young men. It is a happiness for Mynheer Jennell, that the Brabançonne is rich herself, and is not covetous, otherwise she might ruin the young man, even if, as I hope, he is the count of East Friesland. Jennel spends every moment which he can spare from Master Honthorst's atelier, in the little house at Ostendeep, where Jacqueline lives with her only servant."

"We must carefully consider our course of action," observed Marenholz to the captain. "The circumstances seem more favourable to us than we had expected. Mynheer van Trielen may reckon upon the immediate opportunity of obtaining a heavy purse, containing East Frisian golden ducats, and with perhaps even a golden chain of honour, from the Countess

Regent, who is now distracted with maternal anxiety, that is if he will hold fast to our side Where shall we find the youth, whom you call Jennel?"

"Have I not told you?" exclaimed van Trielen. "He lives here in my house, and has my best corner room."

The strangers seemed surprised to find themselves so near the beginning of their enterprise.

"I think it will be well, honoured host," remarked Marenholz, "if we endeavour to make sure of the Brabançonne. The Count's family have been famed for obstinacy since the time of Edgard, their earliest ancestor. In spite of his youth, Enno Lewis has shown such determination in remaining absent from his home, that probably a direct attack would have no effect upon him."

"Your Excellence," said Trielen, refilling the tankards, "allow me to drink to the success of your undertaking, which has my best wishes. And then I must beg for further details respecting your aim."

"I reply to the toast with a merry 'Hurrah,' answered Marenholz. "And we have no wish to conceal our aim from you: it is to keep the young Count as far as possible away from East Friesland. As long as the States remain in their present obstinate attitude."

"Oh!" exclaimed Trielen, with delight, "If, as I do not doubt, Mynheer Jennel is your Count Enno Cirksema, your mind may be at rest, for the Brabançonne will not let him go easily."

"That is my hope also, as long as the singer does not know, who Enno Jennel is. But if he once says to her: I am the Count of East Friesland: come with me to Aurich, or to Wittmund—in spite of my mother you shall be mistress of the rich country—how then?"

"Oh! young as he is, Count Enno must be aware that the Hessian muskets and swords are the real arbiters in these matters!" exclaimed Ehrentreuter, who was already heated with wine: while the young noble, who had kept pace with him in drinking, became gradually more thoughtful and quiet.

"We might interrogate Master Honthorst," said Marenholz. "Perhaps he has some connection with Count Enno's friends in Vienna. In any case, the Count must not see us, until we have made enquiries on every hand."

At this moment a gay trilling tenor voice was heard outside, the door was quickly opened, and a well-grown young man entered, with clinging spurs, his mantle thrown back by his hand, which grasped a dagger, and a cap with white and red feathers on his head.

"Here is Mynheer Jennel!" said van Trielen, rising in perplexity, whilst the strangers also rose from their seats.

The young man looked at the strangers with evident astonishment. His eyes wandered from their faces to their red and white scarfs. He laid aside his mantle, and without further ceremony, took a chair, which he drew towards the table.

"Gentlemen, as Trielen has already introduced me, you will doubtless give him permission to tell me your names. We shall be merrier over our wine, if we know our company."

Marenholz had become deadly pale, and his hand, which was lying upon the cover of the tankard, trembled perceptibly.

"We have only just arrived here," Marenholz remarked evasively. "As we intend to stay here a few days, we shall esteem it an honour, if we may be permitted to make your acquaintance."

"With his permission," said Ehrentreuter, raising his voice, "we may be able to justify the confidence of this young cavalier, to-morrow or the following day."

"I am no Cavalier, but a plain burgher," replied Jennell, stooping down, and drinking with the manners of a practised toper.

"But you wear the golden spurs of a noble!" remarked the captain.

"That may be, he who has gold, carries it!"

"In East Friesland you would meet with a sharp reproof," replied Ehrentreuter. "But I have only half expressed my meaning," he continued, turning towards Marenholz. "We are asking for confidence, ought we not begin by placing confidence in this young gentleman?"

"You are right, captain," replied Marenholz. "My young Sir, as your name is Jennell, you are doubtless a native of East Friesland. We, who now offer you our greeting, intend to become East Frisians. Captain Ehrentreuter is indeed a Hessian by birth, but twelve years ago he marched into East Friesland under the banners of the landgrave William V., and may also lay claim to the title of East Frisian, on account of his command in the body-guard of the gracious countess regent Julian."

"You have yet to prove that," Jennell said, laughing. "But, Sir, considering that you are speaking to a plain art student, you observe great formality in your address."

"That can be explained! I am the Lord of Marenholz, the secret councillor of her grace, the Countess Juliane."

Jennell's face darkened for a few moments.

"Now," said Jennell, "as I am the only East Frisian present, I will drink alone to the health of free Friesland."

Marenholz seemed surprised, but he immediately drank with the Captain, and then remarked, after again lighting his pipe,

"Judging by your name, you must belong to the family of Knyphusen, the chieftains of Jennell. But although I know all the members of this noble family, I did not know that I should find a son of the race beyond the limits of East Friesland."

"You need not puzzle yourself, Sir," replied Marenholz, "why is it not possible to have the name of Jennell, without being a Knyphusen. Broeks there are in East Friesland, who have no connection with the family of Cirksema."

On the mention of the Cirksema family, Marenholz stood up and uncovered his head.

"Cirksema," exclaimed the noble, bending one knee. "That is the name which your ancestors bequeathed as a glorious inheritance. It has no connection with Jennell and Knyphausen. You are no other than Count Enno Lewis, our prince of East Friesland. God be praised that we two faithful men, the messengers of your anxious mother, have found you after a long search. Do not hesitate to accept our homage."

"And, gracious Count," continued Ehrentreuter with emphasis, "remember the heavy responsibility which you are incurring by closing your ear to the ruin of East Friesland, to the exhortations and entreaties which we bring you at your mother's command."

"What then has happened in East Friesland?" enquired the young man, motioning the two gentlemen to take seats.

"Much, much," exclaimed Marenholz. "You were too young when you were rescued by my delivering hand from the arts of the covetous Christian Lewis of Lüneburg, to have gained a clear insight into the affairs of East Friesland, and I have some difficulty in recognising in your face the features of the boy."

"If it cannot be helped," said the young man, "I will amuse myself for a change, by the recollection of the fact, that I am the Count of East Friesland. Did I understand you to say that my mother is suffering?"

"No, gracious Count," replied Marenholz. "The Countess Regent is strong and well, and is making active preparations against the enemy."

"But who are the enemies?" enquired Enno of East Friesland.

"Who else than the rebellious, envious States, and especially the cities, amongst which Emden takes the precedence in perversity," said Marenholz. "At the present time, the States have a great scheme in view; they threaten to declare the whole Regency of your gracious mother as null and void, and to invite you to return to Aurich on the loss of your estates."

"Oh! the states seem to have left the Emperor Ferdinand out of the question," said Enno, raising himself up with dignity. "The States can take nothing from me, which they have not already given me. My ancestors became masters in the land by means of the sword and spear."

"That is true, gracious Count," answered Marenholz. "But the States wish to get you into their power, in order to extort conditions from you, which they have not succeeded in obtaining, either by persuasion or power, from your mother, or from me, the head of the government. The States, with the ambitious Knyphausen at their head, discovered, as I have been informed, that you were in the Harz. They wished to tempt you to Amsterdam, and when there, to conduct you, if necessary, by force, to Emden, where you would be in the hands of your bitterest enemy."

Enno Lewis looked at the speaker in astonishment.

"It was for this reason that my brother and I started in order to tell you, that you are not safe here in the midst of the general-states, and that it would be desirable for you to seek an asylum at a safe distance, the choice of the situation to be left, by your mother's consent, to yourself, on the condition that you should hold no communication either friendly or adverse with the treacherous states, as this might result in misfortune to ourselves, your mother, and to our poor oppressed country."

The young Count stood up and took his cloak and dagger.

"Noble Sirs," he said, extending his hand to Marenholz and Ehrentreuter, "I thank you. You have come here at a fortunate time, for I cannot conceal the fact that I have felt great hesitation, as to whether I should return to Paris or Rome, or whether I should appear unexpectedly in East Friesland, and make a career there for myself. Supposing that I were to appear now in the midst of the land, to summon the peasants to arms, and to bring the Hessian soldiery into the struggle, do not you believe that the States might be overthrown in a moment?" As he spoke thus, Enno's eye gave token of his noble descent.

"What do you think, Captain?" asked Marenholz, shaking his head incredulously. "The young Count would not be the first Cirksena, who had ruined himself by giving vent to his courage in face of the calculating enemy."

"Rather speak of unavoidable misfortune," answered Ehrentreuter in stifled tones. "We have no battery which we could plant before the gates of Emden from October to the following April. What could we accomplish with the cross-bow and the arquebuse?"

"But my castles in Aurich and Wittum contain powerful siege artillery," observed Enno Lewis.

"Certainly, Your Grace," said the Captain. "Three years ago, during the long frost before Christmas, we also transported six very fine siege-guns to Emden, fired boldly into the nest, but the frost suddenly gave way, and we were forced to retire and to leave our guns in the mud to become the booty of our adversaries. Your enemies are not so easily mastered, Your Grace, or we should have overcome them long ere this."

"I perceive, gentlemen," answered Enno Lewis, with a sigh, "that I shall be wise in accepting your advice. I will consider this new turn of circumstances, and shall be ready to do whatever is most in accordance with my mother's wishes."

After saying this, he left the room, having politely, but firmly, declined any escort.

Jans Trielen had withdrawn some time before. He now returned.

"I have heard all from the ante-room," he observed.

"I think, gentlemen, that you are not sure of Jennell, or rather of your young Count. He makes his resolutions with great rapidity, and delights in surprising, and in astonishing his friends. I should not be surprised if he were to escape you to-morrow, and ride straight to East Friesland."

"Has he any horses?" enquired Ehrentreuter.

"Certainly; he has two excellent horses. If you follow my advice, you will bestow an apron-ful of gold on the Brabançonne, and will represent to her, that if she goes with the Count to Venice or Paris, she may reckon certainly on being acknowledged as his lawful wife, the Countess of East Friesland. But for this, no time must be lost."

"We have finished our work for to-day, Ehrentreuter," muttered Marenholz.

"Jans Trielen will show us our couches; his wine is stronger than I thought."

Whilst the two East Frisian Cavaliers were preparing for the night, three men were occupied in earnest conversation in a small house situated in the midst of one of the gardens by the outer canal.

The master of the house, with his wide academic gown, and his brown velvet cap surmounting his long grey hair, looked like the theological master of the High School, but his large clear eyes had a cunning expression, and beneath his spreading moustachios might be observed the cheerful smile of a man of the world. This was Master Gerard Honthorst, one of the best painters of Holland, incomparable in the art of representing figures and scenes with artistic expression. In the room stood several easels with partly finished pictures; for the master liked to work alternately on various subjects.

At the same table with him were seated two other men, who had nothing Dutch in their appearance, and who were apparently of the same class as the two strangers in Jans van Trielen's inn.

The first was a broad-shouldered man of about fifty, with yellow hair and beard, bushy eye-brows, and large, remarkably clear, blue eyes. His movements expressed pride, and even severity. This man was accustomed to command, and to suffer no contradiction. Although he wore a simple woven shirt, and a dark mantle, without the smallest ornament, it was evident that he was of noble birth. He was Dodo of Knyphusen, the Lord of Jennell, and belonged to one of the most ancient and renowned families in East Friesland.

The other guest of the painter was a young man, with short-cut brown hair, and a magnificent beard, a fine, intellectual countenance, and stately address. This was Thol van Lubben,

a Doctor in both branches of the law, and the syndic of the city of Emden, also Imperial referée in Weener, Hatzum, Leer, Emden, Hinte, Uttune, and Grothusen in East Friesland.

"Then you have kept a careful watch over Count Enno Lewis, and are certain, that no strangers have been either in his house, or at the house of the singer, with whom he wastes so much of his time," observed the Lord of Knyphausen.

"He lives at an inn where many strangers come and go, but I know for certain, that no-one has had a suspicion, who is hidden there under the name of Jennell. In spite of his great want of money, he has never given me the slightest hint that he possessed the means of quickly changing his position, and I may add, that the Count has treated me with the greatest confidence," replied Master Honthorst.

"And is this Jacqueline de la Brabançonne a respectable person?" enquired Knyphausen.

"It would not injure our honour to have dealings with her?"

"Certainly not, my Lord," replied the painter. "Were it otherwise, the Burghermaster and the Rector of the University would not permit her residence in the town."

"But it is too late to see the lady this evening?"

"As your business is so pressing, why do you wait until to-morrow?" answered Honthorst. "But it is possible that you may meet your young Count there."

"We must see him some time, and our game is no secret, Master. Doctor Thol, notwithstanding your loud complaints of fatigue, you must once more gird on your dagger, and start on your wandering with me."

"I should have thought it more desirable to reconnoitre the ground before we go," remarked the lawyer.

"We will leave that for the present. And if you think that I am too rapid and Frisian in my course of action, you may undertake the command, and carry on the work according to your own discretion."

An old servant, who, with his natural wig, and his Apostle's beard often sat as a model to the master, now entered as guide, carrying a lantern at the end of a long pole.

It was a heavy march, half round the outer fortifications of the town, and over fallen trees and stiles, before the house was reached, in which the Brabançonne lived. There was still a light in the basement, and a most artistic hand was playing the lute, without any accompaniment of song. "We have reached our goal," whispered Knyphausen. "Have you considered what proposition you will make, Doctor?"

"Fully, my Lord."

After overcoming a few difficulties, raised by the old housekeeper, the East Frisians reached the room, in which the lute was being played. A lady, past the first prime of youth, was seated upon a rich couch, holding an instrument in her hand, whilst her delicate fingers ran so rapidly over its numerous strings, that the eye could scarcely follow their movements. The beauty wore a morning dress, which did not obscure the exquisite symmetry of her figure, and not the Doctor alone, but also the iron Knyphausen, was forced to confess that she might be a dangerous rival for others besides an infatuated youth.

Her surroundings showed that the singer had a taste for study; for the books which she had recently been reading were heaped up around her, whilst a costly globe showed that the Brabançonne did not shrink from severer studies.

She looked at the strangers as they entered without the slightest surprise, and with an inquisitive gaze, which seemed to expect some entertainment or amusement.

"Most gracious Lady," said the Doctor, "the importance of the communication which we have to make to you, must excuse our disturbing you at this late hour."

"That is a formal commencement," exclaimed Jacqueline, laying down her lute.

"The continuation is yet more important," continued the lawyer. "But we hope that it will not be at all unpleasant to you."

The singer replied, "Who could have expected such elegant phrases from grave men like yourselves? Be seated, gentlemen." Then, turning to a maid who was peering into the room through a half-opened door. "Sibletto, fetch some wine, to welcome these gentlemen."

The syndic bowed and then continued:

"We come from East Friesland."

"Truly, you speak Dutch with the same accent as Enno Jennell, who is a fellow-countryman of yours," exclaimed Jacqueline in animated tones.

"It is on this young man's account that we are here," said the Doctor. "You need not assume a threatening aspect, Madam, we know that you are loved by him, whom you call Jennell, and we have no desire to blame your intercourse with him."

The Brabançonne seemed surprised.

"Are you relations of Mynheer Jennell?" she enquired after a pause.

"No; but we are perhaps more sacredly engaged, to watch over the fate of this youth, than if we were his relations."

"Mynheer, I confess that you are beginning to make me very uneasy," exclaimed the singer. "Tell me your secret at once, or I shall work myself into a fever of anxiety."

"He who loves you, cannot have concealed his real name and rank from you!"

"I know absolutely nothing excepting that Enno Jennell is an East Frisian, a painter, and a pupil of Master Gerard," exclaimed Jacqueline.

"He is Enno Lewis Cirksema, the Count and reigning Lord of East Friesland!" said Thol van Lubben with emphasis. The Brabançonne stood up and clasped her hands.

"Count of East Friesland—the Prince of the land!" she exclaimed. "What distressing tidings! With these few words Jennell is placed at such a distance from me, that I shall never be in a position to approach him again."

"You must hear me to the end," interposed the syndic. "Did I not tell you that I was the bearer of unpleasant tidings?"

"These tidings are fearful, Mynheer—you need only to add your well-considered reasons, why I should prevail on Jennell to leave me. I assure you that it would be a heavy blow to him, possibly more than he could bear!"

"Madam, you are drawing conclusions, without listening to me, and thus they have no connection with the subject in hand. We have no objection to offer, if you wish to follow the Count. We are not here to decide whether you can become his wife, but we also are not here for the purpose of raising objections to such a union."

Knyphausen cleared his throat.

"We have not yet heard of any engagement or promise of marriage," muttered the noble.

"I should be miserable, if Jennell were separated from me for ever," whispered Jacqueline.

"Then make your preparations, to travel with us and the Count, to-morrow to East-Friesland."

"Have you asked the Count, whether he will accompany you?"

These words were uttered by a clear voice as Count Enno Lewis entered the little room.

"Has all East Friesland risen in arms, to enslave me against my will?"

"It is he!" exclaimed Knyphausen.

"Gracious Lord, we salute you. I am Dodo of Knyphausen, and my friend is the Imperial councillor and city syndic of your faithful city of Emden, Dr. Thol of Lübben.—We come as legates, from the States, the nobles, and the free citizens of Emden, to invite you to return immediately to your country, and with the help of the States, to lay your hands upon the conspirators and rogues, who have usurped the rule there."

"My noble mother is the Regent, my Lord," replied Enno Lewis in a sharp, warning tone.

"Your reproaches touch one who stands in a far closer relation to me than your employers, the States."

"Come, and see for yourself, whether our report be not true, that the Countess Regent has made every effort in her power to stem the tide of misery, which the folly of her favourites is bringing upon our land," replied Knyphausen. "The Hessians have now been in the country for thirteen years, and have preyed upon it, until its resources are nearly exhausted. All justice has perished in East Friesland, ever since the Lord of Marenholz acts as though he were betrothed to the Countess Juliane, and thus rewarded by the Emperor with East Friesland."

"What do you dare to tell me?" exclaimed Enno, with glowing cheeks.

"The truth, my Lord," answered the noble.

"The Countess your mother is blinded by love for the Councillor von Marenholz, and she does not see that he and Captain Ehrentreuter are embezzling every penny from the people for their own enrichment."

"Then you, the cities, and the States are the good and true East Frisians?" enquired Enno Lewis sharply. "I know now that it is your object to tempt me to East Friesland, in order to treat me there as a prisoner, and to compel my resignation of those rights and privileges, which you have vainly sought to resist, even since Ulrich Cirksema has worn the crown of East-Friesland."

"Doctor," said Knyphausen, "Marenholz has been here before us!"

"Yes, I am warned, Herr von Knyphausen," replied Enno Lewis.

"Now, Doctor, it is your turn to defend both ourselves and our schemes," said Knyphausen, and threw himself upon a chair.

"Your Grace," said van Lübben, "may I know by what means Marenholz, or his delegates have proved their veracity?"

"He is here himself, and Captain Ehrentreuter."

Knyphausen uttered a curse.

"How can you prove your good intentions towards me?" enquired the young Count.

"Oh! it is only necessary to consider Marenholz's schemes, in order to see that there can be no comparison between him and ourselves. We are strongly interested in favour of having our Lord and Regent in our land, in order that he may retire to his castle at Aurich, and may be forced to forward the departure of the Hessians. Here is the document sent by the States, my Lord, to invite your presence."

The Syndic bent his knee and presented the parchment, sealed with the seals of the cities

and nobles. "And," added the Doctor, "Marenholz and his party may carry you away a thousand miles, for they know that they have forfeited their heads, if they ever have to submit to an enquiry into the outrages which they have committed in the name of the Countess Regent. May God guide you, my gracious Lord, in order that you may come to a right decision, and that you may see that accusations have been brought against ourselves and the States simply because no other cause could be assigned for keeping you away from East Friesland."

"If Marenholz and Ehrentreuter are here," said Knyphausen, with a frown, "they are at liberty to repeat their accusations against us in our presence."

"I like your proposal!" said Enno Lewis, "and shall expect you to-morrow at Jans van Trielen's inn."

"We will bring a competent arbiter with us, Your Grace, Master Honthorst, who has entertained us here. And now farewell!"

The following morning, the Lord of Marenholz paid a visit to the Brabançonne. He passed quickly over the other circumstances affecting the young Count, and attacked the main subject.

"Jeoffrouw," he said, "at this moment all is in your hands. I do not expect you to take an interest in my home and its concerns, but you cannot feel indifferent, when I tell you that Enno Lewis will enter on the road to death, if he undertakes the journey to East Friesland. I could prove it to you, that many of our best and finest young nobles have lost their lives by the murderer's hand. The States are on the watch for Enno Lewis, like a cat for the careless approach of a mouse. You are the only person who can induce the Count to fly, as rapidly as possible. The danger is imminent, for I have this morning learnt from the Count, that the treacherous States have sent two of the most determined enemies both of the Count and his mother to tempt him to East Friesland. Imprisonment and death will be his certain portion when there."

"The gentlemen were here yesterday evening, and they seemed to me grave and decided, but not villains," replied the singer.

"That depends on your definition of a villain," replied Marenholz. "Aristocratic villains are not recognised by their dishevelled hair, ragged garments, and wild looks. No, they play the part of censors and moralists, and frequently simulate benevolent men, in their pretended generosity towards their victims. Is it not true, that this dark Lord of Knyphausen and his companion, the crafty syndic of Emden, had no objection to your accompanying Enno Lewis to East Friesland?"

Jacqueline looked in astonishment at the noble.

"You are addressing me on very intimate terms, Mynheer," she said. "I am not accustomed to be spoken to by a stranger, as if I were his pupil."

"I ask your pardon, I never make circumlocutions," replied Marenholz. "But this must be a proof of my integrity. You may spare your answer, Jeoffrouw. In the Count's home all strangers are regarded with the strongest suspicion. If Enno Lewis were to appear in Aurich with a strange lady, not his wife, with you, whom he loves, you may be sure that the people would compel you to rapid flight, even if this led to an attack on the royal castle."

"The two legates," replied Jacqueline, with much excitement, "proposed to me to accompany Enno Lewis, and it is my opinion that they offered me a secure and comfortable dwelling in East Friesland."

Marenholz laughed.

"No doubt, these gentlemen were not very anxious to explain how they intended to rid

themselves of you. You would not be able to maintain your ground long amidst these stern East Frisians, and the States, for whom Knyphausen acts as representative, would be the first to give the signal to drive you away by force, in case you did not depart of your own will, and to kill both yourself and Enno Lewis, if you attempted any armed resistance."

"Good heavens," exclaimed Jacqueline, "why did not Jennell remain the poor painter, instead of becoming the Count of East Friesland? What shall, what can I do?"

"Whether you accept my advice or not," answered Marenholz, "your decision must be taken quickly. But I will tell you a test by which you may discover whether the legates are friendly or false to you and Enno? You do not need to leave this house, in order to know what awaits you in East Friesland."

"Well, my Lord," exclaimed the singer trembling.

"Tell Knyphausen, that you are willing to accompany the young Count to East Friesland on one condition, that Enno Lewis should be at once betrothed to you."

"I had never even thought of that," whispered Jacqueline. "It would be impossible, how should I be fit to become the wife of a ruler? My thoughts are distracted!"

"Tell Knyphausen and the Syndic, that you will go to East Friesland, after the betrothal, otherwise you and the Count will start to-morrow for Paris."

"And what should you say, my Lord, and the Countess, if I were to take up the idea of becoming the Count's wife?"

"Madam, I am the principal adviser of the Countess," replied Marenholz, "you may ask Knyphausen, whether I am not the real Regent of East Friesland, and whether the Countess does not obey me implicitly?"

"Then the Countess loves you, Sir," interposed Jacqueline.

"That is not the matter in hand," replied Marenholz gruffly. "Ask rather whether my brother-in-law, Ehrentreuter, has not the whole country in the power of his soldiers, notwithstanding the envious States. I will promise that the Countess will consent to your marriage with Enno Lewis, on the condition that you stay away from the country, until the East Frisians begin to regard their Prince's marriage as a settled thing, against which it would be folly to contend."

Jacqueline remained seated quietly for some time. Then she rose with dignity.

"My Lord," she said, "I am now beginning to see my way clearly. Whatever may be the intentions of the legates towards Enno and myself, so much is certain, that you have no honest intentions towards either of us! You are determined not to have him in the land. Can you deny it?"

"I have told you my reason. It is only for his own good that I wish him to remain away a short time longer until the States are subjected."

"He is not to go to East Friesland," said Jacqueline. "Your interest forbids it. And in order to banish Enno Lewis if possible, for ever, from his home and his heritage, you wish that he should make such a marriage, as will disinherit him in East Friesland."

"You are drawing a conclusion which is not warranted by my words," replied Marenholz, who seemed daunted by the piercing glances of the Brabançonne.

"Leave me, my Lord," she exclaimed. "God only knows what course I shall pursue, but I can assure you that it will not be that recommended by you. Away with you! away!"

The Lord of Marenholz stood a few moments as if stunned. Every word was superfluous here: he placed his hat on his head, and returned to his inn.

Here he found Jans van Trielen and the Captain engaged in earnest conversation with Master Honthorst. Marenholz was alarmed, for the Captain was proverbially careless in his conversation, especially when, as at present, he had drunk deeply of the wine-bottle.

"Come, my beloved Councillor," said Ehrentreuter, motioning to the arm-chair at his side, "will you preside here, and give our friend the painter some correct ideas respecting the young Count?"

"I have not that power over the young gentleman, which Mynheer van Trielen ascribes to me," said the painter. "But I confess that his connection with the Brabançonne has not pleased me. I should consider it a crime to deliver the young man into the singer's hands, and to send him forth with her into the wide world, even if provided with an exhaustible chest of gold. I am relying on the feelings which are natural to a father's heart."

"But," exclaimed Marenholz, "who imagines that this is our intention?" It will, no doubt, be difficult to separate the young man from the object of his affections, and whoever attempts the task, must not proclaim the end he has in view. The appearance of Enno Lewis in East Friesland at this moment would be the proclamation of a civil war. We have narrowly escaped a civil war for the last ten years, and have no wish to open a precipice before ourselves or the Count. He must go to Paris, or to some other university, or if he has no taste for study, and we cannot persuade him to this, he may travel to Venice, to amuse himself. But Enno Lewis must resolve that he will travel; and therefore it is desirable to let him believe, that he may take the Brabançonne with him. We will take care to separate their paths. We entreat you, Master Honthorst, to exert your powerful influence over the Count, for the execution of our scheme—may it prosper!" he added, after a short pause.

Honthorst took a deep draught, stroked his long beard, and stood up.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is not necessary to paint this subject in the blackest hues, middle tints are also possible."

"I do not understand you," replied Marenholz.

"The Count need not go either to Paris or East Friesland," continued the painter, looking at the strangers with his searching glance. "Since speaking with the Lord of Knyphausen, I have advised him to seek a place of safety."

"What is that?" enquired Marenholz, his face growing purple with excitement.

"Let the Count travel to Bremen or Osnabrück, where he would be perfectly safe from any treachery on the part of his subjects, and from thence he can observe the state of affairs. The favourable moment will certainly come, in which he can return to his home and take his part in the affairs of the country. God defend you, gentlemen!"

Honthorst had scarcely left the room, when Ehrentreuter aimed a heavy blow with his fist on the table, and Marenholz dropped his head. But they soon recommenced drinking, and sent Jans van Trielen, to fetch the Brabançonne's housekeeper.

The poor woman soon appeared, with an emaciated countenance, and carrying a dirty child on her arm. Marenholz looked at her from head to foot and appeared relieved.

"We have something very important to confide to you, good woman," he said, and as he stroked the child's head, a cold shudder seemed to pass through its frame.

"Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes, if there is nothing wrong in it," answered the widow.

"Certainly not! You can earn a hundred golden guldens, and have the money in your pocket to-day, if you will help us in a matter, which will be a trifle to you."

The woman's eyes sparkled, and her hands trembled.

"Mynheer Jennell, whom you know well, is thinking of forsaking the Brabançonne, and of wandering about over the world, incurring debts, to the sorrow of his friends. I am his guardian, and have no more ardent wish, than that he should marry Jeoffrouw Jacqueline. We must make use of some sympathetic means, to attach him to the girl; I have prepared the powder for a powerful love-drink, from the receipt of a renowned physician. Here! throw that into Jennell's wine, and your hundred guldens, fifty of which shall be paid immediately, are earned."

Jans van Trielen left the room, with a wondering expression on his face, whilst the Captain wiped away the drops, which suddenly trickled down his forehead.

"Sir!" he said in German, "I hope that this will not affect the Count's life?"

"I do not think so," said Marenholz. "But if Enno Lewis should die, it will be well with him, and better still with all our friends and brethren in East Friesland. As surely as I stand here, if Enno Lewis grasps the helm, under the advice of Knyphausen and the syndic, our lives will be endangered, and the Countess will be unable to afford us protection."

"These East Frisian hounds will not dare to do it," exclaimed Ehrentreuter. "We still have the swords of our Hessian troops, to chase away the gad-flies."

"Well, Captain," said Marenholz, "I will not display needless anxiety to save your life. But I hope you will not prevent me from securing my own from the misfortunes of fate. Here, good woman, take your fifty guldens, in token that you accept your commission, which you must execute secretly, as you love your life."

The poor woman took the money, and trembling held the small packet in her hand, which Marenholz had given her.

"Then Mynheer Jennell is to taste this powder," she enquired. "And shall I give any to the Brabançonne?"

"It will not hurt her any more than the young man," muttered Marenholz.

Meanwhile, from the moment when the old woman had left the tankard, Jans van Trielen seemed in a state of feverish excitement. He laid his hand a hundred times on the latch of the room, in which the grim East Frisians were, and yet did not dare to enter. He heard the strangers' rough calls for him; but he did not leave his place of concealment under the stairs, where he would have remained, even had his guests ridden off, without paying their bill.

Trielen's principal anxiety was, that Count Enno Lewis should not touch the tankard, without a warning from himself. He had only to mount the stairs, and knock at the door of the young man's room, but his courage was not equal to this exertion. At last Aart, the looper, was sent to ask admission for him, but returned with the message, that Mynheer Jennell was writing letters, and could not be disturbed for the guests from East Friesland, far less for Jans van Trielen.

The day passed on in anxious watching. The East Frisians were comforted by the news, that Jans van Trielen had been summoned to the death-bed of a brother. They paid their bill and ordered their horses to be led during the evening to the village of Bloemtje, on the outskirts of the city, whilst they quartered themselves for the night in an attic, giving directions to the stolid Aart, to tell all enquirers that they had left. It was clear to Jans van Trielen, that Enno's

two enemies were awaiting the result of their poisonous mixture. They had resolved, either to secure possession of the Count, or to be the bearers of the news of his death.

At last Trielen heard the young cavalier's spurs upon the stairs, and he could restrain himself no longer. He sprang forwards, seized the young Count, and dragging him into his parlour, recounted the entire scheme of the East Frisian nobles.

The Count became thoughtful for a few moments, but then observed: "They have no interest in poisoning me. And would they be so careless, as not to lay a deeper plan? Supposing that it were to succeed, would they not be certain of apprehension?"

"Not so certain as you think, gracious Sir," replied Jans, "they have made all preparations for flight."

Jans then recounted, how the strangers had arranged their affairs.

Then Enno gradually appeared to realize his danger, and promised the landlord to warn the Brabançonne and to extract the secret of the poison from the housekeeper, either by persuasion or force, after which he would give information respecting the traitors to the legal authorities. The Count then went to Jacqueline's house. He heard the sound of a lute as he approached. The Brabançonne was singing one of her playful Italian songs, and between the verses she improvised reproaches, addressed to an affectionate lover, who delays his arrival.

The servant brought wine, and approached with a haggard face, her child still in her arms, but she did not venture to touch the tankard, which she usually presented to the Count. Enno Lewis was sufficiently cheerful to laugh, when the old woman gave him the empty tankard with the request, that he would fill it himself with wine.

"Oh! I understand," said the Count, "You will be able to say afterwards, that the bottle of wine, which occasioned my death, was uncorked by myself, without your aid."

"Death!" stammered the woman.

"Yes, doubtless it is here," the Count said, laughing, holding the bottle up to the light.

The woman fell at his feet, and declared that the powder was only a love elixir, given her by the East Frisians.

Master Honthorst said, on examining the powder, that it contained arsenic, and the Lord of Knyphausen and the Syndic commenced the chase after the villains. But they must have suspected their danger, for not a trace was to be found of them in Trielen's house, although he aided in the search, whilst their equipped steeds had vanished from Bloemtje. Enno Lewis started for his home on the following day with the deputation from the States. Jacqueline had promised to accompany him; but at the last moment, she declared with determination and dignity, that no power would induce her to go, for fear of injuring the Count in the eyes of his strict fellow-country-men. Master Honthorst agreed with her, and Enno took his leave with tears, promising never to forget the Brabançonne.

Four days before the arrival of the Count with his companions, Marenholz and Ehrentreuter had reached the Castle of Wittmund. The Captain saw the threatening danger more clearly than Marenholz, who, relying on the Countess and on the Hessian troops, planned a struggle with Emden, which should reduce the enemy in the field. Ehrentreuter gathered the dispersed troops together, and declared that he only awaited orders, to go to the assistance of the Countess at Wittmund, with a strong body of cuirassiers. As no mandate arrived, he remained on the borders, and placed his troops on a war footing by heavy contributions levied on the land.

Meanwhile Talko Ubbens, the Captain of the Princess' body guard, had experienced a defeat, and had been led prisoner to Aurich.

Here Enno had arrived with Knyphausen, and the States, who had been assembled in haste, had declared him of age, and had placed the government of the country in his hands.

Enno at once marched on Wittmund, with 800 infantry, the well-armed burghers of Aurich Norden, and Emden, and seized the Lord of Marenholz, and notwithstanding the despair of the Countess-Regent he was condemned and executed in the castle of Wittmund. In terror, the Countess Juliane fled from the land, and took refuge at Herzberg with her sister, the widowed duchess, Anna Eleonore of Luneburg.

At the request of the celebrated Professor of Helmstedt, Hermann Coning, Enno Lewis was made a prince by the Emperor. Dodo of Knyphausen brought the imperial letter containing the honour from Vienna to Aurich on the 22nd of April, 1654. On the same day, Master Honthorst arrived from Holland, bringing his picture, representing Enno Lewis discovering the poison, in the presence of the Brabançonne. Jacqueline had gone to Italy, and lived to an old age in Milan.

Dr. A. G.

THE HERMIT.

PAINTED BY GERARD HONTHORST.

The great high-road between Mons and Paris, the traffic of which has now been almost entirely transferred to the railway, was already in existence in the year 1630, although certainly not in the admirable condition in which it appears at the present time.

In the rapidly increasing shades of a summer evening in the year above mentioned, two travellers of opposite sexes were observed urging their jaded steeds in the direction of the French capital, and the travel-stained and way-worn appearance both of the animals and their riders, showed plainly that their journey had been both long and hasty.

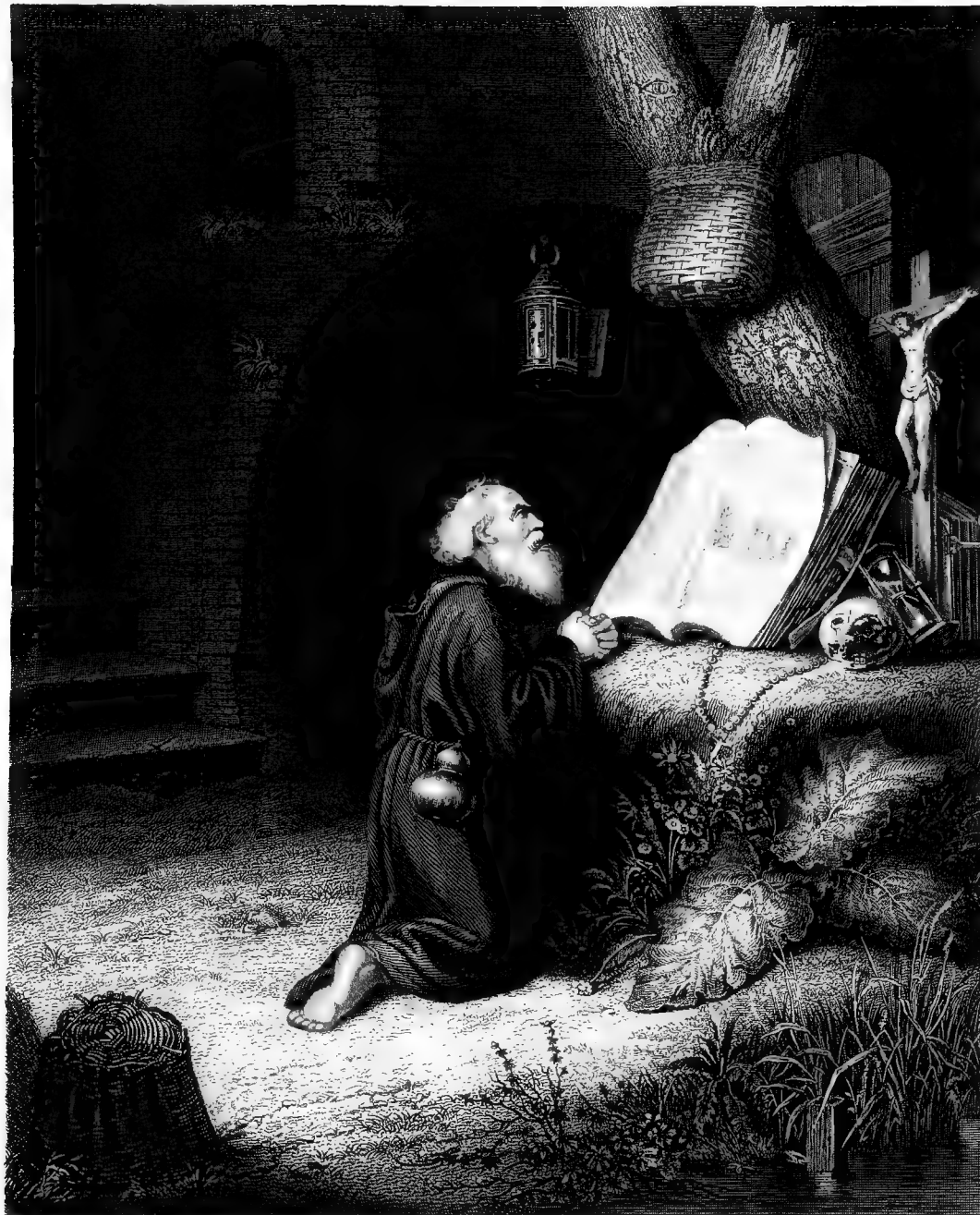
Both the travellers had the appearance of belonging to the higher classes of society. The Cavalier, a young man apparently not more than twenty-two years of age, although evidently suffering from the effects of fatigue, still held himself upright in the saddle, and strove to cheer his companion, a beautiful girl of nineteen, both by voice and example; and she, although scarcely able to keep her seat from exhaustion, fixed her eyes upon the handsome and determined countenance of the youth, as if to draw new strength and courage from the gaze.

The apparel of the travellers, although dusty and disordered, showed by its richness that the cause of the journey must have been so sudden, as not to have allowed them time to change what were evidently gala dresses, for others more suited to the road. The silken doublet of the Cavalier was heavy with silver embroidery, and the outer garment of sky-blue velvet was ornamented with pearls, while the long yellow boots with golden spurs, and the jewelled hilt of the sword, were better suited to the camp of some splendour-loving monarch than to the lonely road which the travellers were now traversing.

The dress of the lady was not less rich than that of her companion. Her hat of black beaver was decorated with an aigrette of diamonds, which glittered from under the shadow of a splendid plume of heron's feathers. She wore a costly hunting dress of green cloth, embroidered with gold, while from a baldric thickly strewn with seed pearls, hung a silver hunting horn of exquisite workmanship.

Both the stately charger of the Cavalier, and the elegant dappled-grey palfrey of the Lady, exhibited not less unequivocal signs of a long and hasty journey than their riders; the utmost exertions of whom were unable to drive the jaded animals into any more rapid pace than a miserable shambling trot; and any one who had met the young couple on this occasion and observed the anxious manner in which they endeavoured to stimulate their steeds to fresh

DRESDENER GALERIE



DER EREMIT.

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exertions, could not have failed to arrive at the conclusion that this was a case of elopement in its most decided form, and that he had before him two of the numerous victims of inexorable guardians or unrelenting papas.

On arriving at the summit of a gentle eminence which they had for some time been ascending, the young couple halted. and the Cavalier rising in his stirrups looked round him, apparently in the hope of perceiving some village in which they might procure shelter for the night.

Here a considerable extent of undulating country lay stretched before him like a map, through which in the twilight, the zig-zag course of the road seemed to wander like a gigantic serpent. On the one side lay a tract of level and apparently swampy land, the dreary expanse of which was only broken by numerous alder bushes or clumps of willows; but on the other side the country rose somewhat boldly, and at the distance of about a musket shot from the road were numerous single trees, the advanced guards as it were, of a large forest, whose heavy masses of foliage clothed the sides of the hills which rose terrace-like above each other as far as the eye could reach. Around lay the solemn silence which ever reigns in an uninhabited district, not a village, a farm-house, nor even the hut of a peasant were to be seen.

The lady who had reined up her steed close beside that of her lover, now laid her small white hand upon his shoulder, exclaiming as she did so:

"Oh, Henri! I see by your countenance that even you at length despair of our escape. Oh, why am I so weak, I feel that I can no longer endure the fatigue of the journey; already the landscape reels before my eyes, my senses seem to have deserted me, and I feel like one in a dream: when I involuntarily close my eyes, I see and hear unreal things—hunters and dancers; the sound of horns, and distant bells."

As she pronounced these words with a faltering voice, she leaned forward and would have fallen upon the neck of her horse, had not the youth passed his arm around her waist and pressed her to his bosom. No word escaped him, but he gazed with an air of indescribable anguish on the pale features of the lovely girl, who was evidently on the point of fainting.

"She is dying!" cried he at length, and horrified by this terrible thought, he the next moment called in a loud and anxious voice, "Therese! Therese!"

"I was dreaming!" murmured she as she languidly raised her eyes to those of her lover, and perceived that she was lying on his breast. This seemed to give her new strength; she raised herself slightly, laid her head upon his shoulder, and cried in a voice trembling with emotion:

"Oh, Henri! This alone was wanting—here is my place, my heart, my home."

Godlike, glorious youth! One moment sufficed to give these two loving hearts a new supply of hope, and strength, and courage: and at this moment, as if the angel of love had come to their aid, they both heard with as much rapture as surprise, the clear silver tones of a bell, which sounded from no great distance in the forest, and assured them that a resting place was at hand.

The lovers did not speak, but glanced at each other with looks which expressed the rapture of new born hope, mixed with regret that they had for a moment suffered despair to take possession of their minds.

Henri now dismounted and led the horses along a foot-path in the direction of the forest, the sound of the bell still continuing and assuring them by its increasing loudness that they were approaching the place from whence it proceeded. On entering the forest, the path became rugged and uneven, leading through dense thickets to the summit of a steep eminence, which the tired

animals climbed with difficulty, until at length a sudden turn of the road brought the travellers upon a scene which was at once peculiar and impressive.

On the level summit of the hill stood a hermitage, a small building of rough stone, the upper part of which formed a chapel, while the lower part contained the dwelling of the anchorite. Immediately before the arched entrance to this humble cell, was a natural elevation of the ground from which sprang the stem of a stately oak, the sturdy branches of which spread themselves with an air of lordly protection above the lowly dwelling.

At the moment in which the young couple arrived on the spot, this picturesque scene was sanctified by an act of devotion. The little hill beneath the oak was used as an altar by the lonely devotee, who was in the act of prayer. Beside the stem of the tree stood a large wooden crucifix of excellent workmanship, and near it several ancient volumes on devotional subjects. At the foot of the cross lay an hour-glass and a skull of glittering whiteness, the ponderous missal of the forest priest was placed against the root of the oak; and bending in silent devotion before it, knelt the Hermit himself.

He had laid his rosary aside, and lost in self-communion, did not notice the approach of the travellers, who had thus full leisure to observe his remarkable figure. He seemed to be at least seventy years of age; his thin grey hair wreathed itself in scanty curls about the back of his head, but an ample snow-white beard clothed the lower part of his reverend countenance, and descended low upon the breast. The feet of the anchorite were bare, and he wore the coarse and scanty garb of the order of St. Francis. He appeared to have but recently returned from begging provisions in the neighbouring villages, as a bottle containing milk still hung at his girdle, and the basket in which he carried the dole he received from the peasants, was suspended from an arm of the oak.

The two lovers stood gazing in respectful silence on the reverend priest, on whose countenance a thousand furrows indicated a life of sorrow and mortification, and showed but too plainly that he was bowed more beneath the weight of misfortunes than the load of years.

After the lapse of a few minutes the Hermit arose from his knees and cast a melancholy glance around him. He seemed in some measure surprised on perceiving the travellers whom he beckoned towards him, and on whom he bestowed his blessing with the sign of the cross; then without waiting for their greeting, he exclaimed:

"I offer you at once the humble hospitality which my cell affords, for I perceive that both yourselves and your horses are too fatigued to reach the nearest village. Added to which, a storm is approaching, and already the rustling of the trees proclaim that it is time to close our doors."

So saying, he took the horses by the bridle and led them to a wooden shed beside the hermitage, and busied himself in collecting them a meal from the grass and herbage which grew luxuriantly around. This done, he led the travellers into his cell, which consisted of a single vaulted apartment, lighted by a narrow casement. Here Henri who had noticed the movements of the Hermit with no small degree of curiosity could not help observing:

"Truly reverend father, you have for a churchman an admirable idea of handling a horse."

The Hermit looked stedfastly at the young man for a moment, but made no reply.

Father Jacobus (for such was the name of the anchorite) now spread an humble but plentiful repast upon board, and when that was concluded, endeavoured to obtain from his guests some account of the circumstances which had led to their taking shelter under his roof, and Henri who

saw no reasons for refusing to gratify the old man's curiosity, proceeded to relate his story, which was shortly as follows:

He was the last scion of an ancient Flemish family, his father had fallen in the Spanish wars, and his mother had survived her partner but a short time. He had consequently been brought up and educated in the house of his grandfather, his only surviving relative, and the stern old man had indicated with an iron hand the course he wished him to pursue. While his grandson was still almost a child, he had caused him to be betrothed to the daughter of a nobleman of great wealth, and who could trace his pedigree to the ancient counts of Brabant. Unfortunately for this scheme Henri became enamoured of Therese de Velnaer, the daughter of a wealthy merchant of Brussels. The grandfather of Henry stormed, and de Valnaer who was not less proud than the old nobleman, threatened to immure his daughter in a cloister in the event of her holding the slightest intercourse with her lover. The enamoured pair soon came to a decision; a grand hunt given by the patricians of Brussels afforded the desired opportunity, and Therese eloped with her lover. The young couple reached Mons in safety, but the fear of pursuit induced them to continue their journey until a fortunate chance conducted them to the hermitage of father Jacobus.

The good priest listened to this story with great attention. At its close he remarked—

"You have not yet told me your name?"

"I am called Henri Van der Palm!"

At these words a sudden paleness overspread the weather-beaten features of the Hermit, he rose hastily from his seat and seemed about to leave the apartment; but recovering himself in an instant, he reseated himself, and examined with eager eyes the countenance of his guest.

"Van der Palm!" murmured he after a long pause, "Be comforted, my children, perhaps father Jacobus can be of service to you."

He however offered no explanation of how this was to be effected, and a few minutes later Therese betook herself to repose in a small recess which contained the pallet of the Hermit. Henri wrapping himself in his cloak, slept on the steps of the altar in the chapel above; and father Jacobus in spite of the storm which now raged with some violence, walked muttering to himself, to and fro before the hermitage.

Exhausted by the fatigues of the previous day, Henri soon slept soundly; he had a dim idea of hearing in his slumber the howling of the wind and the splashing of the rain against the casement, but he was too tired to be easily disturbed, and soon all was still. Later he was awoken by the stamping and neighing of horses, and immediately afterwards two voices were heard in loud and angry discourse. He listened, and the words of the first speaker thrilled through his very marrow.

"I tell you that a shepherd has informed me that he saw them take this path," said a voice which Henri instantly recognised as that of his grandfather, "and I see that he was right, here are the horses of the fugitives. Where are these two fools? Woe to you priest if you conceal them, and still more if you have dared to unite them."

Henri now rose and approached the casement. The moon which was now struggling through the broken clouds showed him the form of old Van der Palm, who with his clothes dripping with rain, and his hand upon his sword, confronted the Hermit.

"Will you reply to my question, reverend father?" cried the old man impatiently.

Father Jacobus made no reply, but retiring into his cell, returned the next moment with a

long rapier in his left hand. With the air of a man well used to his weapon, he drew the glittering blade from the velvet scabbard, and placed himself in attitude of defence before the astonished Van der Palm.

"What, a murder?" cried the latter, whose blade was also bared in an instant.

"No, an honourable combat."

"Combat, and with a priest?" cried Van der Palm in a voice in which astonishment was mingled with indignation.

"With me, David! Your grandson and his bride Therese De Velnaer, are under my roof. The way to them lies only over my body. Fill the measure of your cruelty to the brim; Pieter Van Mool who has been dead to the world for more than forty years, stands before you."

Palm uttered an exclamation of surprise, and retired a few paces backwards.

"Forty years since," continued the Hermit, "I was your bosom friend and the lover of your sister; but because fortune had not given me the advantage of noble birth, you drove me from your house and imprisoned my Elizabeth in a cloister, in which she soon afterwards died of a broken heart. And now, when you already stand on the brink of the grave, you would repeat this act of cruelty upon the last heir of your name! Such a monster deserves not to live. Defend yourself, Palm, for by God's blood if you are as cowardly as cruel, I will lay you at my feet without crossing my sword with yours."

Palm advanced a couple of paces as if to engage his opponent, then suddenly dropping the point of his weapon, he returned it by a hasty movement to its scabbard; and folding his arms, gazed for some seconds in silence upon his monkish adversary.

"It is impossible!" cried he at length, "can it really be my old friend in person, or do the dead return to revenge the wrongs they have received on earth? Would that I had never come to this place!"

"Rather return thanks to an allwise providence," replied the Hermit, "which through me has warned you from a new act of tyranny and injustice."

"Leave me, I pray you!" cried Palm, placing his hands before his eyes, "Your presence oppresses me like the breath from a charnel house. Where is my grandson? Henri! come to your old grandfather, and if it must be so, bring your bride with you—but in heaven's name let us leave this hideous spot as soon as possible."

These words had the affect of arousing Henri from the stupor of astonishment into which he had been thrown by the scene above described. He hastily descended the steps, and would have thrown himself at the feet of his grandfather, but the latter prevented him. Therese also appeared at this moment, and the old man, after saluting her kindly, placed her hand in that of Henri. The lovers attempted to stammer some excuses for the step they had taken, but Palm hastily replied:

"Enough said, enough said! You might however have asked my consent before setting to work in this manner. Saddle the horse, Henri, we will contrive at all events to reach the next village."

Meanwhile the Hermit stood leaning against the oak, a silent observer of this scene of reconciliation and forgiveness. The storm had now ceased, and the moonbeams shone full upon the features of the reverend man, down whose cheeks tears rolled in rapid succession. Ere his guests departed however, David van der Palm approached and took the hand of the recluse.

"Pieter!" cried the old man with great emotion, "you have this night performed a part worthy of a Christian priest, and have repaid the evil I have done you, by a rough but useful lesson. The days that are gone cannot be recalled, nor is it possible to atone to you for my past conduct. I can but intreat your forgiveness, and if you will accept an asylum in my house—

"I thank you!" replied the Hermit in broken accents; "but here is the place of my last sleep."

"You will at least grant me one request," continued David, "the more so that it will convince you that your words have found an echo in my heart. Complete the work you have begun, by joining the hands of these fugitives."

A benignant smile passed over the features of the anchorite, he conducted his guests to the chapel, and having kindled the candles before the altar, Henri and Therese were speedily united by the indissoluble bonds of the Church. At the conclusion of the ceremony, all embraced the Hermit and took their departure, the young couple forgetting their past fatigues in their present happiness.

"We shall meet again ere long!" cried David as he mounted his horse:

"I trust in a better world!" murmured the Hermit.

The wish of father Jacobus was speedily fulfilled, a few weeks afterwards some peasants who visited the Hermitage, found the earthly remains of the anchorite still kneeling before the rustic altar beneath the oak: but the spirit had departed.

THE FORTUNE-TELLER.

PAINTED BY FRANZ VAN MIERIS.

In the year 1667, the Court of Charles the second, or rather that of his mistress, the infamous Countess of Portsmouth, was held at Whitehall in a style of reckless profusion and extravagance, that has probably never since been equalled.

At no period of her history has England been in greater peril, than at the time of which we are now speaking. The combined navies of France and Holland had swept the English fleet from the Channel, and the citizens of London looked forward with terror to the appearance of an hostile arament in the Thames. But the dangers of the country only afforded a source of amusement to the worthless minions of the Court; and the sums that should have been employed in equipping the fleet and preparing for the defence of the coast, were squandered by the profligate Charles or his still more profligate favourites and mistresses. We must state, however, in justice to the "merry monarch," that he on this occasion made a feeble attempt to overcome the difficulties by which he was surrounded. In order to gain time, he caused negociations with the Dutch to be commenced at Breda; and in the mean time applied to his Parliament for a large sum of money, to be applied to refitting the almost ruined navy. Although Parliament had been already a hundred times deceived by their Sovereign, they did not hesitate in this alarming state of affairs, to again place the necessary funds at his command.

A magnificent entertainment given by the Countess of Portsmouth, to the principal persons of the Court, drew near its close; at five in the morning the greater part of the guests, together with the Countess herself, had retired, and no one remained but the King and a few of his more intimate associates.

At this period Charles possessed a figure at once elegant and robust, but the naturally harsh expression of his features was increased by the pallor of habitual dissipation and the strong lines that passion had marked upon his countenance. On this occasion he was dressed in a suit of black velvet, and a hat of the same material decorated with a snow white feather, was drawn deeply over his brows; his countenance expressed the deepest gloom and despondency, and he walked silently to and fro, without paying the slightest attention to the witticisms of the cavalier on whose arm he leaned. This cavalier was the celebrated John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, whose wit, satire, atheism, and profligacy, together with his subsequent conversion, have made him at once notorious and renowned. At this time he was still young and handsome, and the total absence of beard gave his features an almost feminine style of beauty. The unsteadiness of his gait as well as the negligence of his magnificent dress of white and gold, showed that on the present occasion he had been indulging too freely in wine.



Die Wahrsagerin.

THE FORTUNETELLER.

By the side of Rochester, and leaning on the arm of Buckingham, was the celebrated Bishop Blond, while the Earl of Shaftsbury seated on a settee, surveyed the group with a most rueful countenance. As these gentlemen were seldom serious except when their pockets, or what was nearly the same thing, those of the King were empty; and as on this occasion the party were extremely so, it was evident that the royal exchequer was by no means in a flourishing condition.

"All is lost!" exclaimed Charles, turning to Rochester, whose business it was to supply the never failing wants of the King's privy purse; "we have nothing left but this diamond ring, and yet I must have money."

"The diamond box in which the citizens of London presented Your Majesty with the freedom of the City, may perhaps help us over the difficulty," said Rochester.

"Ah, that ridiculous idea of the Lord Mayor's was too comical," cried Charles. "We have given the box to her."

"To the Countess of Portsmouth?" said Rochester.

Charles nodded. Rochester shrugged his shoulders, and hummed part of the song commencing "Go away, my wealth and fortune."

"Do you know of how much you robbed me, during the last eight days, accursed vampires!" cried Charles, in a tone that showed his habitual good-humour had departed.

"King Charles," said Bishop Blond, who had obtained the greater part of the plunder, "I have fasted during the last four weeks."

"And is that the reason why you swallowed six thousand pounds at a meal yesterday!" said the King, "and I have paid your debts too," cried Charles, turning to Rochester, and "God's blood,"—what debts! and you too, Shaftsbury! The sums that your four Roman festivals in Ashley-House have cost me!—I believe you are the most scandalously extravagant person in our Kingdom."

"If your Majesty speaks only of such as are subjects," replied Shaftsbury, "I think it probable you are right, without however pretending to rival my Lord of Rochester, in that particular."

"And you, Buckingham!" continued the King, "you have lent me money, but you have cheated me in play; when I gave you up my cards for a few moments, you lost five hundred guineas to Blond on my account, that you might afterwards share the plunder with him. What can a King do when surrounded by such a shoal of Sharks! You deserve that I should clap you all into the Tower, or rather have you hung at Tyburn! I advise you for your own sakes to disgorge your plunder, or it may be the worse for you!—You have swallowed every farthing of the money given me by the Parliament for the arming of the fleet."

"The chaste, modest, and clever Charles is too moderate in his demands," said Rochester mischievously.

"England is defenceless!" cried the King, who had worked himself into a perfect fury, "and if Geand, Ruyter, and De Witt appear in the Thames, am I to send a gang of scoundrels like yourselves to drive them forth?—either give me money, or relieve me from these accursed Hollanders, or by God's life,"—

"Money shall be procured, and the Dutchman shall not come," said Rochester at length; "give me full power to treat, and the people of England shall see no Dutch flag floating on the Thames; but on the contrary, her Sovereign shall see a goodly number of broad Dutch ducats."

"Do you intend to go to Breda, to take part in the negotiations for Peace!" asked Charles

"God preserve me from mixing with that honourable company!" said Rochester, "I intend to go as your secret agent to Cornelius De Witt at the Hague, make him a few promises in your name, and borrow from him the money you require. It will only cost England a trumpery island or so, nothing more."

Hardened as Charles was, he did not consent to this shameful barter of the National possessions without a feeling of shame; pressed by his necessities, however, he did consent, and gave him the necessary powers under his hand and seal.

The extravagance of his scheme delighted Rochester, who declared he would not lose a moment in putting it into execution, and having bent his knee before his Sovereign was about to depart, when Charles, whose ill humour never lasted long, exclaimed, "Farewell, my lord of Rochester, you will still think on our *petits plaisirs* even when you are abroad?"

"Without doubt, your Majesty," replied he, "and as a proof of it I promise on my return to present you one of the finest women in Holland."

"We all know how you keep your word," said the King; "but I swear to you that if you do succeed in bringing Peace, Wealth, and Beauty, from Holland to Whitehall, I will bestow on you a rank only second to the princes of the blood."

"The affair begins to be interesting," said Buckingham, "and I will wager a thousand pounds, that so far from succeeding, he will ruin everything that it is possible to ruin."

"Well, we shall see! *Dieu et mon bonheur, pas mon droit!*" cried Rochester gaily, "as to King Charles's promises I of course hold them for nothing, but your thousand pounds are lost, like the soul of a Jew money lender! Farewell!"

Two days later, Rochester landed at the Hague, and betook himself at once to the residence of Cornelius de Witt.

The frigid Hollander could at first scarcely believe that a mere court butterfly like Rochester could be the agent employed to negotiate so secret and important a treaty. The latter, however, who, notwithstanding his extravagant life, really possessed some ability, soon found means to make De Witt attend to him.

Rochester represented to De Witt, that King Charles was willing to barter the Indian possessions of England to the Dutch, in consideration of an immediate cessation of hostilities, and the payment of a large sum of money. And as the possession of these colonies was of great importance to Holland, De Witt lent a ready ear to the proposal, and before they parted, the principal articles of a treaty of Peace had been agreed on. But an accident prevented these negotiations from ever being resumed. As Rochester left the presence of the Admiral, he paused a few moments to admire the paintings which decorated a gallery, through which he passed. While thus employed, a slight rustling of silk caused him to turn his head; when he beheld a Lady of such astounding beauty, that the susceptible Wilmot stood, as it were, fixed to the spot with astonishment. Minna De Witt, the daughter of the ancient Hero, for such was the lady who now stood before Rochester, was at this time in her twenty-second year, and was considered the most beautiful woman in Holland. Her tall and exquisitely proportioned figure, her brilliant complexion, her large blue eyes, her regular and expressive features, overshadowed by a profusion of auburn hair, formed indeed a picture, that few persons could look upon with indifference.

Minna De Witt gazed at the handsome Englishmen for a moment, and then with a slight smile and courtesy was about to pass on, when Rochester, murmuring a few words, threw him-

self at her feet, and seizing her hand, began to cover it with kisses. The lady astonished at this boldness, endeavoured to extricate herself, and not immediately succeeding, called aloud for her attendants. The next moment Cornelius was at her side; taking her by the arm, he released her from her assailant, and then turning to Rochester, he exclaimed in a voice of thunder: "you are no Cavalier but a scoundrel!—away with you instantly!—fellows of your stamp bring only infamy and disgrace!—remain in Holland more than twenty-four hours, and I will have you,—who call yourself the Earl of Rochester,—hanged."

This attack had the effect of speedily bringing Rochester to himself; he threw a kiss from the tips of his fingers to the lady, who had retreated to the other end of the gallery, and carelessly adjusting his sword-knot, he bowed to the irritated Dutchman, with a scornful laugh.

"I beg your pardon, my good friend," said he, "but I had forgotten that I was in the land of sea-dogs and Dutchmen, who are naturally no admirers of gallantry.—I assure you, however, that your threats of swords and halters will not prevent me from doing my best to amuse myself, while I remain here." So saying he turned on his heel, and left the house. On reaching his hotel, Rochester began seriously to reflect on the awkward results of this adventure. He had lost all hope either of concluding a peace, or obtaining money for his Sovereign; he resolved, however, to make an effort to fulfill the third part of his promise;—and it occurred to him, that if he could succeed in carrying off Minna De Witt, he would be able at once, to keep his word to the King, and gratify his revenge on the Admiral.

Sending for his landlady, he commenced questioning her concerning the principal persons residing at the Hague, and having at length adroitly turned the discourse on the family of De Witt, had the satisfaction of learning that Minna was in the habit of consulting a celebrated female fortune-teller, at that time residing in the suburbs of the city.

The same evening Rochester visited the Sybil in her lonely habitation; he found her surrounded by the usual paraphernalia of her art, and to his eager inquiries, she at first opposed a mysterious silence; but on the appearance of a well-filled purse, the Jewess (for such she was) soon found her tongue, and gave Rochester all the information he desired.

It appeared that an attachment had existed of a considerable time between Minna De Witt, and a brave and experienced naval officer named Brakel. The dislike which the Admiral had always felt towards Brakel, on account of his low origin and his poverty, was redoubled when the seaman ventured to raise his eyes towards his daughter. Prohibited from seeing each other in public, the lovers were in the habit of meeting at the house of Mara the fortune-teller, who to have a better opportunity of performing her office of go-between, was in the habit of frequently visiting Minna, under the pretence of telling her fortune on the cards.

Rochester was delighted with this information, he was not slow in perceiving how these circumstances could be turned to account; and the old Jewess, who would have sold her soul for money, was easily prevailed on to assist him. It was evening, and the charming Minna De Witt sat in her magnificent chamber, and amused herself by singing an Italian love-song, accompanying her voice, occasionally, by a few notes on the lute. The evening dress that Minna now wore was eminently calculated to set off her peculiar style of beauty, to the utmost. A short upper dress of blue, worn over a robe of white satin, allowed the dazzling whiteness of her neck and arms to be seen, and to contrast not unfavourably with the pearls that glittered in her hair. As her song concluded, she laid the lute on the table and sighed heavily;—at this moment a low tap was heard at the door, and in the next, Mara the fortune-teller stood before her. The old

Jewess handed Minna a small billet, and observed with a meaning smile, that her hand trembled as she endeavoured to break the seal;—"I shall see him to-night," cried Minna,—“and yet why are my spirits so depressed.—I feel as if some dreadful fate were hanging over me.”—"Show me your palm, beautiful, proud, and yet timid maiden!" said the Jewess, as she took Minna's left hand between her own. After observing it for some moments with attention, the sybil moved a step or two, so as to place herself on the opposite side of the table to Minna, who remained with her head leaning on her hand, in an attitude of deep thought. "Mark me! beautiful lady!" said the Jewess, "this fear and trembling must cease! You are the daughter of the bold De Witt, and must show yourself worthy of the race from which you have sprung; it is clearly written on your hand, that you will never be happy until you are united to the man of your choice; fly then with your lover, and your dream of love and marriage will be fulfilled!—Follow me at once, the captain expects you!" "To that I will never consent," exclaimed Minna, who nevertheless rose, wrapped herself in a mantle, and followed the fortune-teller. At the outer door she was received by Rochester in the disguise of a naval officer, and whom she did not consequently recognise—"Courage," said he, perceiving she trembled; "Captain Brakel and myself are comrades, he awaits you on the beach." Minna pressed the letter to her heart as if to draw courage from it, and silently followed her conductors.

On arriving at the beach, however, she was met, not by her lover, but by eight stout English sailors, who, at a signal from Rochester, seized her in their arms and hurried her into a boat that stood ready to receive them. Rochester sprang in after them, and in a few moments, Minna found herself in the cabin of an English Frigate, whose cable was immediately slipped, and the vessel put to sea.

Before day-break, however, a Dutch frigate hove in sight, and fired a gun as a signal, for the English vessel to lay to. This was done, and in a few moments a fine manly-looking officer hailed the English captain, but being answered in a satisfactory manner, the English vessel was allowed to resume her course. Minna had till this moment been sunk in the quietude of despair, she had armed herself with a poignard which she had found in the cabin, and had sworn to the Earl, that she would use it on herself, if he ventured to approach her. The bustle occasioned by the approach of the Dutch vessel had in some degree roused her from her lethargy; but how shall we describe her feelings, when she recognised in the voice of the Dutch captain, that of her lover, Moritz Brakel. Pushing Rochester on one side, she flew to the cabin window, and as the ships passed, extended her arms, and cried aloud—Moritz! Moritz! rescue me or I perish! Although Brakel only saw her for a moment, and did not distinctly understand what she had said, the instinct of love informed him at once of what had happened, and he called loudly to the English captain, again to shorten sail. It was however too late, the questions had been asked and answered, and the English frigate shot a-head under press of sail; and without regarding the cannon-shot fired by the Dutchman, stood towards the English coast.

Captain Brakel having communicated with the shore by signal, continued his pursuit of the English frigate, and came up with her in the mouth of the Thames in time to prevent her entering the harbour of Sheerness. As the Dutch vessel was very superior in force to the English one, Rochester and most of the crew abandoned her and succeeded in reaching the shore in the boats; leaving the ship and the lady as the prize of the bold Captain Brakel.

De Witt who had put to sea with six ships of War, the moment he heard of the abduction of his daughter, soon joined Brakel in the Thames, and that officer had the pleasure of restoring

Minna to her father, on his own quarter-deck. We need scarcely add that the gallantry of the Captain conquered the prejudices of the Admiral, and that Brakel and Minna were affianced from that moment.

It so happened that King Charles and his Court had visited Sheerness on this occasion, in order to inspect the fortifications; and as De Witt to revenge the insult offered to him, thought proper to throw a few shells into the town, the confusion of the royal party may easily be conceived. The King had already entered his carriage to depart, when Rochester presented himself.

"Is this the peace you bring me?" cried the King pointing to a bomb which at that moment described a beautiful arch over the heads of the party.

"Ah, the Devil!" cried Rochester.

"Or is this fellow loaded with ducats?" continued the King, as another burst at no great distance.

"Hear me, king Charles!" cried Rochester, whose impudence now fairly forsook him, while Buckingham laughed loudly at his distress.

"Where is the beauty of the Netherlands?" cried Charles,—*"Mercy, most gracious Sovereign!"* cried Rochester, *"had I succeeded in that point, I could have died content!"*—"Drive on, coachman!" said the King, and the carriage rolled away, leaving the unhappy Rochester on his knees in the dust.

In revenge for this reception, Rochester wrote the terrible satire called *"The Restoration"* or *"the History of Fools,"* and continued for a long time out of favour.

On the return of the Dutch fleet to Holland, the nuptials of Captain Brakel and Minna De Witt were celebrated with great magnificence, and the bride caused the scene to be painted, in which the prophecy took place, that met with so singular a fulfilment.

THE DEPARTURE FOR THE CHASE.

PAINTED BY PHILIPP WOUVERMAN.

The first grey dawn of an autumnal morning broke slowly over the proud towers and delicious gardens of the Chateau la Tour, one of the most magnificent hunting seats of the kings of France. The Sun had not yet risen, and the beautiful valley of the Adour, lay still slumbering in the holy twilight; thick wreaths of mist rising from the river obscured the distant landscape, but high above them, shooting upwards as it were into the expanse of heaven, bright streams of ruddy light, announced the coming of the God of day.

The deep silence that reigned over the scene, was suddenly broken; from one of the turrets of the Chateau, over which the banner of Henri of Navarre, heavy with morning dew, swung slowly in the breeze, a lively burst of sylvan music sounded the "reveillez" to the chase.

"Reveillez vous, preux Chevaliers,
Reveillez vous, Demoiselles."

Thus sounded the horns, according to the ancient melody of Provence, and the inhabitants of the Chateau hastened to obey the summons.

The grooms were soon seen hurrying along the wall of the park towards the stables in order to make the horses ready for the chase. Spruce pages in splendid liveries hastened to assist their masters at the toilette, or to offer them the first "dejeuné." Soon the great gates were thrown open, and a pack of noble hounds, gaping and snuffing the morning air, began to pace slowly to and fro on the open space before the Chateau, while the horses shook themselves and neighed lustily to each other, as the attendants busied themselves either in grooming them, or in arranging their gaily ornamented saddles and bridles.

Among the many beautiful steeds assembled on this occasion, none showed such absolute perfection of form, as an Andalusian horse that was at this moment brought out by the attendants; like many of its race, however, it seemed to be extremely vicious, and resisted all attempts on the part of the grooms to prepare it for the chase.

A tall handsome man, who appeared to fill the office of Master of the Horse, advanced to the spot, and exclaimed in a tone of ill-humour:

"What are you doing with that animal?"

"I am about to groom it," replied one of the attendants.

"Let it alone, Coquin! Sang de Dieu! if the Spanish hound will have his horse groomed, let it do it himself: away with it!"



AUFBRUCH ZUR JAGD.

DEPARTURE FOR HUNTING.

‘Tant mieux! My arms make you their most humble compliments on your decision, Monsieur Le Clou!’ replied the groom.

“Take care my fists do not return the compliment!” was the answer.

While the groom muttered in his beard something about the ‘Maitre’ having risen “with the wrong side foremost,” Le Clou giving vent to his ill humour in broken sentences, crossed the open space, and began with hasty steps to ascend the ivy-covered stair-case, which, according to the custom of the period, was on the outside of the building.

Here he was met by a charming little waiting maid, who on his approach turned from him with an air of mingled anxiety and aversion, and made way for him to pass. As Le Clou however stopped and laid his hand upon her arm, she appeared to be embarrassed for a moment, but recovering herself, said with some indignation:

“You will not detain me, Monsieur Le Clou.”

The countenance of the ‘Maitre’ assumed a most pathetic aspect.

“Ah! Mademoiselle Jeannette!”

“Eh bien!”

“If you could only love me a little!”

“Pity me!”—murmured Le Clou.

Jeannette seemed to be somewhat moved.

“What have you to do with the Spaniard!” exclaimed Le Clou. “He does not, and cannot love you, for such gloomy minds are only susceptible of hate. Why have my words ceased to have an echo in your heart! Why have you become so cold towards me, your most affectionate friend!”

“Ah! Monsieur Le Clou,” replied Jeannette archly, “you seem to be in an ill-humour this morning. Thank God, however, I do not belong to the people under your orders. Adieu!”

Le Clou struggled for a moment with his feelings, he seemed strongly inclined to put his arm round the slender waist of the maiden, and revenge himself with a kiss upon her ruby lips. Jeannette’s eyes, however, afforded no encouragement to his undertaking, and he replied with a most malicious air:

“Take care what you are about my pretty Demoiselle! you have set your inclinations on the arch-catholic scoundrel, who is perfectly capable of making use of you for his purposes, do you understand me? I warn you, not to allow yourself to be made the tool of the Guises. You are simple enough at the suggestion of your Spanish lover, or rather of his reverend patron, the Archbishop of Luron, to be made use of to poison the King and his gracious lady, as one would bane rats.”

During the latter part of this speech, Jeannette had clasped her hands with horror, and her face became as pale as marble.

“Recollect, Le Clou, that you are speaking to a huguenot,” stammered she.

“To a huguenot, who has a catholic lover, and that means a catholic heart,” retorted Le Clou.

“And if I have,” replied Jeannette, “it is no sin; the King himself has become a catholic.”

“But he received la belle France as his reward!”

“And if I receive a heart that is worth as much to me?”

“Ah bah!” exclaimed Le Clou, and passed hastily onward.

Jeannette looked after him for a moment, as if she was half inclined to recall him, pride however prevented her, and she descended the stairs, while Le Clou, with the swiftness of the wind, rushed in the opposite direction.

Arrived at the first gallery, or rather terrace, the master of the horse found himself in the presence of the worthy Archbishop, of whom he had just been speaking, and whose active exertions for the conversion of heretics, made him by no means a favourite with Monsieur Le Clou.

"Pax Vobiscum!" said the priest in a nasal tone.

Le Clou bowed, and muttered something which he possibly hoped might be taken for a compliment, although it certainly sounded very little like one.

As if everything combined against him, he had scarcely passed the priest, before he stumbled on his rival, Don Diego Lascara, the Spaniard. A single glance at this personage was sufficient to show that he was by no means a contemptible candidate for a lady's love. Though small in stature, he was lightly and elegantly formed, and his countenance, though swarthy, was impressive from the regularity of his features, and the unusual brilliancy of his large black eyes; while his beautifully formed mouth seemed made for laughter and kisses. Le Clou waited for a word from the Spaniard, in order to find an excuse for quarrelling with him, and, if possible, running him through the body. Lascara, however, gave him no such opportunity, but gazed as quietly on the irritated Frenchman, as though he had been one of the sandstone pillars of the portico. Le Clou seeing no hopes of quarrel, proceeded to wait upon the King; while Lascara joined company with the Archbishop.

"So early on foot, my son," said the Prelate, with a peculiarly searching glance at his companion, "I thought that we alone left soon the downy cushions of repose."

"Par la Madonna! do you jest with me," replied Lascara with a furious glance, "do you rejoice in having made me the thing I am? without rest either day or night, I tell you, priest, that the Hell you talk so glibly about, is child's play to what I suffer."

"Oh, these youngsters!" said the Archbishop, changing his watchful mien to a laugh, "but it is ever so in the days of youth."

"I am at present Don Diego de Lascara, but I shall assuredly not be so a single day longer, look you, my honoured lord Archbishop! human strength is limited! and mine, I confess, is nearly exhausted by this eternal suspense. I have now been here eleven days, and the cry is still to-morrow! to-morrow! I tell you, my strength is sufficient for my purpose, and your plans; this is all, however, I want all the strength I have, and have not a hundred times more than is necessary."

"What does this mean?" asked the Prelate.

"Famos Sennor! You know well what I mean. To speak more clearly, however, what is to take place, must take place to-day, or it will not occur through my means; for this simple reason, that by to-morrow this continual suspense will have left me neither courage, strength, nor will, to do the deed."

The Archbishop walked up and down the terrace several times, apparently in deep thought, he then drew the Spaniard towards him, and whispered a few words in his ear.

"You go at once?" asked the young man.

The Prelate nodded.

"And will bring me your commands and blessing?"

"Quien sabe?" muttered the Archbishop and shrugging his shoulders, withdrew from the terrace.

During this dialogue Jeannette had remained concealed by the ivy, within a few paces of the speakers. Her heart had at length compelled her to follow Le Clou, in order to speak a few words of comfort to him. Her feelings were in that state of uncertainty, that she could not

determine to which of her lovers her heart belonged, but she at least felt that it would give her great pain to lose Le Clou.

As the Spaniard re-ascended the stairs, and the Prelate entered a door leading from the terrace, she issued from her place of concealment pale and trembling, and ran with the speed of a hunted deer, in search of the master of the horse, whom she overtook in the anti-chamber of the King's apartments.

"Jacques!" whispered she, laying her hand without ceremony on his arm, and that in a very decided manner.

Le Clou looked at her with no little surprise.

"I have seen Lascara."

"Well!" said the master of the horse gloomily.

"And the Archbishop also—how shall I say it—I have heard nothing, and yet I could swear I have heard everything, remember what you said but now, Jacques, you were right. How infamous! how horrible!—Jacques, I tell you that if the King rides to-day to the chase, he is lost."

Le Clou seemed to be altogether bewildered by this unlooked for confirmation of his words.

"But what did you hear?"

"Nothing, and yet everything!—their looks spoke their meaning plainly, they meant murder! the murder of the King!"

"Very good," said Le Clou slowly, "very good, I could embrace you for your intelligence, if you had not sworn enmity to me."

"Ah, Jacques, that I could never do."

"Well then, prove it!"

Jeannette hastened away, holding her snow-white apron to her lips, which the kiss of Le Clou had made even redder than before.

As the master of the horse entered the apartment of the King, he caught a momentary glance of the white robe and whiter arm of the celebrated Gabriele D'Estrées, as he hastily left the room. Henri IV. was at this time in the prime of life, and on the present occasion in the best possible humour.

"Eh bien, Le Clou," cried the King, as the latter entered the apartment, "what news? I see by your eyes that my horse Omar is ill."

"On the contrary, my gracious liege, the noble steed was never in better condition."

"Ventre saint gris! What ails you then, Le Clou, the formality of your speech, and the solemnity of your looks, are altogether admirable."

"My gracious liege, I have the honour to announce that everything is ready for the chase. On me be the blame, if anything is wanting"

"Well, Le Clou! and now to the point."

"Your Majesty?"

"The point, the affair whatever it is, that sticks in your throat, out with it!" cried Henri somewhat impatiently.

Le Clou now began with much hesitation, and various turnings and windings, to relate the little he knew, and the great deal he suspected, until at length the opinions which both himself and Mademoiselle Jeannette held with regard to the Archbishop and Lascara, were fully laid before the King.

Henri with his hands folded over his knees, and his handsome countenance inclined towards the speaker, listened to the story with every appearance of attention. At its close, he tapped gently with the heel of his slipper on the floor with an air of ennui, and after a moment's pause said:

"And for these reasons you would have me stay at home this morning?"

This question was put with a very serious air, but Le Clou did not fail to perceive that the tone of voice in which it was spoken, conveyed a considerable amount of quiet irony. A moment's reflection sufficed to convince him that he had allowed a very trifling circumstance of suspicion against Lascara, to be greatly magnified by his own jealous feelings towards that individual; and he now stood before the King, with considerable confusion depicted on his countenance.

"Go, go, my son!" said Henri with great good humour, "and believe that I attribute this somewhat overweening care for my person, to your love and loyalty."

The master of the horse retired in silence, and at the same moment the Archbishop entered the apartment.

"My dear Luron," cried the King, as the Prelate bowed before him, "I seem to have made a great mistake."

"How so? your Majesty," said the priest with some surprise.

"I thought our Chateau of La Tour was a hunting-seat, a place devoted to the 'menu plaisirs,' but of late it has become a place of state secrets, and cabinet councils. Do me the pleasure to change your priestly garb for a green hunting suit, I am in no danger of forgetting that there is such a thing as Mass. Meanwhile green be the forests, green our hopes, and green our clothing!" The Prelate did not permit this heretical rhapsody to deprive him of his self-possession.

"Your Majesty," said he slowly and pointedly, "is not yet accustomed to the sight of the priestly garb."

Henri bit his lips at this retort, which derived its keenness from the circumstance of his having within the last fourteen days, changed his religion from protestant to catholic. The priest continued:

"I trust to see your Majesty fully reconciled to the sight of this dress; meanwhile I must again humbly intreat you, to listen to the prayers of your catholic subjects: that if all France is to be given up to the heretics, Paris at least may be purged from their presence."

"That means, that whoever is master of Paris, is master of the rest of France; does it not?"

"Your Majesty has shown that to be the case," replied the priest bowing, "but catholic France expects this act, as a proof of her Sovereign's conversion to the true faith."

"It is quite unnecessary, my dear Luron, no one would believe me. France knows as well as I do, that I shall never become a good catholic in this world; but, *Ventre saint gris!* here am I staying and conversing with your reverence, when I ought to be on my way to the forest."

"I pray your Majesty to pardon my importunity," replied the Prelate in a tone of intreaty, "but here is a petition from more than three hundred nobles of your realm, praying you to quiet the minds of your catholic subjects, by imposing some trifling restrictions on the protestants. This petition contains the prayers of fifteen millions of Frenchmen, at whose head are these names:"

Here the Archbishop drew from his bosom a roll of parchment.

"Not a word more," exclaimed the King, waving his hand with an air of authority, "I will not know the names of my enemies, bigots are they all—*Ventre saint gris!* and conspirators to boot. You are dismissed."

The Prelate bowed, and sullenly returned to his apartment, in which a kind of miniature altar indicated the residence of a churchman. After a moment's thought, he directed an attendant to summon the Spaniard to his presence.

"To-day!" cried Luron with flashing eyes, as Lascara entered the room.

"I wish you had said so yesterday," murmured the young man, as he knelt before the priest.

"Why so?" asked the latter, as he made the sign of the cross upon his forehead.

"Because I am no longer prepared to die! I love, reverend father, and am beloved again. Yesterday I could have shot Henry in the midst of his assembled court; since then, a single pressure from a soft hand, has shown me that life still has charms, and I am no longer ready to throw away my existence. To-day I must take measures for flight and personal security, which I should yesterday have disdained."

The Archbishop rubbed his hands anxiously.

"But, my son, where then are your solemn resolves, your awful vows of self-devotion, which resembled those of the holy martyrs; where is your holy inspiration to become the hero of the suffering church, and of the broken sanctuary?—are all these high resolves to be forsaken for a fleeting phantasy? all these vows broken for—I will not repeat the word."

"It is your fault if I have given way to phantasies," replied Lascara. "What will you have? you might as well reason with a somnambulist on the peculiarity of his habits. Enough that I feel hate enough in my breast for your purpose."

"*Dieu merci!*" muttered Luron

"Hate against this double-faced Henri of Bearn; this broken reed of Egypt, that wounds the hand of him who leans upon it. I have given you my word, and by the Madonna! I will keep it, that is, if I have a probable hope of escape."

The Archbishop shrugged his shoulders, he almost despaired of inducing Lascara to attempt the deed in his present state of excitement. Furiously he glanced at the small and well-formed hands of the Spaniard, which he had hoped were destined by fate, to work such a mighty change upon one of the greatest empires of the earth. Resolved to make one more effort, the priest pointed out to Lascara all the earthly and heavenly rewards which the perpetration of the act would secure to him, painted a vivid picture of the noble domain which should reward him if successful, and assured him of the crown of martyrdom if the attempt should cost him his life.

Lascara listened to the Prelate in silence, and then throwing himself again on his knees, he entreated his blessing and absolution; which having received, he hastily descended to the open space before the Chateau. As he passed along the terrace, he observed Jeannette leaning over the balustrade in company with one of her female companions, in the act of throwing an alms into the hat of a beggar who solicited her charity. Lascara would not run the risk of having his determination shaken by a discourse with his charmer, but the violence of the passion that filled his breast, was shown in the ardent gaze he bestowed upon her in passing.

His rival Le Clou was already mounted on horseback with his gun thrown over his arm, Lascara's Andalusian had also been made ready by an attendant, who now amused himself by

teazing the noble animal with a cane. Henri himself stood in the centre of the group formed by his attendants, and jested with one of his ancient servitors. Nevertheless it might be seen that since his conversation with Luron, a shade of anxiety had darkened his brow; and as his eye caught the form of the Spaniard, he bestowed on him a side glance, highly expressive of the mingled craft and resolution of his character.

"Couchez!" said he to a handsome spaniel that sprung upon him caressingly, while its four-footed companions stood in picturesque groups around, or sought the fountain in order to lick the drops of water from its margin.

"Couchez!" repeated David, the master of the hounds, with whom Henri was conversing. "It is a noble-hearted hound," continued the old Gascon, as Diana, in obedience to the command, laid herself at the feet of the King, and placing her head between her paws, only indicated her pleasure by a slight motion of the tail.

"My good David," said the King, so loudly that Lascara, who was examining his horse's girth, involuntarily looked up: "you know not half the good qualities of this noble hound, she has one in especial, that would be of great service to either my cousin of England, or his most catholic Majesty of Spain."

"And that is"—

"She barks at no one, except an assassin," said he pointedly.

Then addressing Lascara, he exclaimed, "I see that you intend to accompany us, Caballero!"

"I believe I had the honour to receive on the day before yesterday the most flattering praise from your Majesty?"

"It was well deserved! Your shot at the wild boar was most excellent."

"And your royal permission to join every following hunt, induced me to—"

"Point de faveur, Chevalier Lascara, you will join our party; but bring no fire arms with you, we intend to make acquaintance with some fugitive fair ones to-day, *Ventre saint gris!*"

"With your royal permission, I will hunt according to the Spanish method," replied Lascara.

"And this *manière singulière*, may we be curious concerning it, or must we wait to be surprised?"

"It would be more interesting to the King, if he saw it performed, without being, previously aware of the method."

Henri made a gesture of impatience.

"I understand your Majesty," said Lascara, whose page had just fastened a pair of holsters in front of his saddle-bow; "in the mountains of Biscay, it is the custom to ride full upon the boar, and shoot him down."

"With what?"

"With these!" said the Spaniard, and throwing open the holsters he showed a pair of long Spanish pistols.

This movement of the young nobleman was so sudden, that Diana which stood beside the King, shrunk back and began to bark furiously.

"Tranquille! this time you forget your part," said the King, "bethink thee, thou hast before thee one of the noblest knights of Spain."

Lascara made a deep reverence, and then busied himself in arranging his saddle cloth, in order to conceal the confusion with which this incident covered him.

Attended by old David, whose honourable office it was to hold the royal stirrup; Henri threw himself by a graceful effort into the saddle, in which he appeared to greater advantage than in any other situation, he having been undoubtedly one of the best horsemen of his time.

The cavalcade now set out; first went the piqueurs with the hounds, followed by the King and the principal persons of the court, among whom rode Lascara. They were followed by a number of sumpter horses and mules, the former loaded with arms and provisions, and the latter whose eyes were hoodwinked, were equipped with pack-saddles, in order to bring the expected booty home to the Chateau.

The cavalcade took its way along the banks of the beautiful Adour, the praises of which form the theme of so many songs of the Troubadours; until it reached a noble forest of chesnut trees, where the chase immediately commenced. The King fired unsuccessfully at a noble stag, and with his usual impetuosity threw away the firelock, and set off at full gallop in pursuit.

Le Clou who had marked with the most suspicious attention every movement, both of the King and his friend Lascara, followed the former as fast as his steed could carry him, he soon found, however, that his had little chance of competing with the gallant Arabian which the King bestrode, and in spite of all his efforts he soon lost sight of his Sovereign, who seemed to fly through the forest with the swiftness of the wind.

But there was one steed in company, that yielded not in fleetness, even to the light footed Omar; this was the Andalusian of Lascara, who saw in this sudden disappearance of the King, an indication that the hour had arrived for the perpetration of his design. After a gallop of twenty minutes, he perceived the milk-white horse of the King flying like an arrow through the trees, but a short distance in advance. He stopped and listened, the hunting horns sounded faintly in the distance, he and the King were alone; with a muttered prayer to the holy Virgin, he dashed through the brushwood that had hitherto concealed him from Henry, the latter had at this moment entered a large open space in the forest, and before him the stag stood at bay surrounded by the hounds; he had already grasped his bugle, and breathing deeply from the rapidity of his ride, had turned himself in the saddle to listen if any of his attendants were near.

Lascara rode directly towards the King, removing as he did so, the covers from his holsters.

One glance, however, of the eagle eyes of the Navarrese, was sufficient to show him the intention of the Spaniard, and his resolution was taken with the same rapidity as his glance; cracking his whip loudly in the air, he turned sharply upon Lascara, whose horse startled at the noise, reared and plunged with great violence.

"Morbleu!" cried he in his Gascon dialect, "what a horse you have, Chevalier, you have kept up with me, and he has scarcely turned a hair, while mine is covered with foam! Dismount, Chevalier, or if you will show off his paces, Ventre saint gris! I will admire them at my leisure!"

In an instant the King had dismounted and stood beside the assassin. Lascara was now in his power, for Henri had grasped with one hand the bridle of the horse, while he laid the other in a friendly manner on the splatterdashes of the rider.

Lascara losing all presence of mind by finding himself thus face to face with his intended victim, dismounted likewise; scarcely had his feet touched the earth, when Henri vaulted into the saddle, and after making the horse go through his paces as if in the menage, he drew forth the pistols of the Spaniard, fired them in the air, and threw them on the ground.

Then dismounting, he approached Lascara with a majestic, but at the same time indignant air, and returning him his horse, exclaimed:—

"Mount, Sir! and may God bless and strengthen the swiftness of your horse, which you will find necessary to your safety; but tell your friends to beware of the hug of the Bear of Bearn, if they again hunt him in this manner."

Lascara said not a word, but springing on his horse, he plunged his spurs into its sides, and disappeared in an instant.

Le Clou who soon came up, took up the pistols, and examined them with an anxious mien.

"The hunt is over," said the King, "we will now go to the nearest village and hear Mass.—How many deer have fallen?"

"Tis is the third!"

"Enough for our fair Dames, and for the mules at the same time. Allons, Messieurs!"

"Instead of Mass, however, a banquet was arranged in the nearest village, which after it had lasted some time, was disturbed by the appearance of the favourite page of Gabriele d'Estrées, who, covered with dust and perspiration, threw himself at the feet of Henri, exclaiming:—

"You are safe, my Lord and King!"

He then, in reply to the questions of Henri, explained that Jeannette had been thrown into such a state of anxiety by seeing Lascara depart in company with the King, that she had informed her mistress Gabriele d'Estrées, of her suspicions with regard to the individual and his patron the Archbishop. That this story had excited the greatest possible alarm and confusion in the Chateau, which was not diminished by the fact, that on its reaching the ears of Luron, that worthy had taken an early opportunity of making his escape, and flying through the Park on foot; and that messengers had been sent in every direction to seek for the King.

Henri immediately sent off one of his attendants to quiet the alarm of his mistress, and shortly afterwards the train set out on its return. Henri could now jest over the baffled designs of the conspirators, while his courtiers loudly expressed their horror and indignation. Thanks-giving for his escape soon overcame every other feeling, and the whole party arrived at the Chateau in the highest good humour.

Here Gabriele was awaiting the arrival of her lover, and hastening to welcome him the moment he alighted from his steed, stood by his side, while the pages removed his sword, spurs, and splatterdashes.

"Our ladies have been anxious for our return to-day," said Henri as he affectionately embraced his mistress.

Le Clou now rode up, and doffing his hat reverently before Gabriele, exclaimed:—

"Gracious Lady! I pray you, as we are now free from this Spanish scoundrel, to speak a good word for me with the fair one here," pointing to Jeannette, who stood behind her. "I pray you, do not refuse me!" continued he, "or I shall certainly vanish like my rival."

"Oh Jacques!" whispered Jeannette, "do not be impatient."

The sumpter mules and hounds now came up, and as the booty was exhibited and admired, "let it be given to the poor! Henri," whispered Gabriele, leaning on the arm of the King.

"You are an angel!" replied the enamoured monarch.

By the command of Henri, the poor of the surrounding villages were summoned to the

Chateau, a large fire was kindled by the attendants at which the deer were roasted whole; wine and other refreshments were furnished from the stores of the Chateau, and the evening was spent in mirth and revelry; Henri and Gabriele surveying the picturesque scene from the terrace.

The glimmer of the numerous lights and the distant noise of revelry reached the Archbishop, as after wandering some hours in the woods, he at length reached a ferry at no very great distance from the Chateau.

"All has failed through the folly of that idiot Lascara!" muttered he, "but I swear by the eternal mother church, that this rotten branch shall yet be cut off, and cast into the flames.

That the threat of the priest was eventually fulfilled, through the medium of Ravallac, is a matter of history.

L A V I N I A.

BY TITIAN.

The great bell of St. Mark proclaimed the third hour of the evening, whilst the noise and bustle along the shore of the Schiavoni Canal at Venice had attained its greatest height. A dusky mist hung over the heads of the surging and swaying multitude, giving the effect, as seen from the balcony of the Doge's palace, of a smouldering fire. The time was approaching, at which the promenaders were accustomed to take their refreshments under the arcades of the Place of St. Mark. The last gondolas returned from their excursions on the lagunes, and whoever had visited the shores of the Schiavoni half an hour later, would have seen, in place of the eager crowd of men, women, and children of all classes only a few groups of loiterers detained either by friendly chat, the hope of a chance adventure, or the beauty of the rising moon. The gondoliers began to sing their last songs for the evening, and attached their gondolas amongst the forest of stakes which surrounded the Riva. It soon became quiet on the water; the wind began to whistle, and the few remaining wanderers of the Riva cast long, ghost-like shadows over the inlaid marbles, with which the noble Mocenigo had adorned the quay.

Two young men appeared as if they could not tear themselves away from the Riva. They measured the space right and left from the pillars of the lions, about a hundred steps, then stood by the water, took count of every gondola, as it passed by, and recommenced their measurements. One of the men was young, about twenty years of age, with a tall, commanding figure, and long, bushy hair, surrounding his head. A red feather was stuck in his cap, and his black dress was ornamented with yellow slashings. He had fastened his mantle under his chin, and then thrown it back over his arms, in order that his hands might be freer for use in conversation. The other man was dressed in blue, and had a white feather in his cap. This signor was rather over thirty years of age, had a small, mobile figure, and gentle, melodious voice, and a sorrowful expression. His beard and hair were short. The richly adorned daggers, worn by both men, showed that they did not belong to the merchant class. Even the nobility were at that time allowed to wear spurs, only when employed in some state function.

"Good Jacobo," began the man in blue, "it is certain now that you will not find your Signor Cola Tonni to-night. Who knows, in what dark corner the rogue may be hiding, whilst we, may St. Mark protect us, have been seeking him for fully two hours."

"He is here, however, my friend," replied the athlete, pointing towards the gondolas, fastened in rows two or three deep, and bending over, in his anxiety to see the faces of the gondoliers,

MUSEUM IN BERLIN



TIZIAN'S TOUGHTER LAVINIA.

TITIAN'S DAUGHTER LAVINIA.

who sat talking together, or singing in the bows of their boats. "We must not lose our patience so quickly, friend Paris, if we are to gain a Helen!"

"I pray you to cease reminding me of my name. If I had not been called Paris, should I have had to bear one half the misfortune which has pursued me? Master Titian used to say, 'Your Nymphs, my dear Paris, look like frogs with flat foreheads and swollen bodies—considering that you bear the name of the shepherd of Mount Ida, you have a very small perception of female beauty.'"

"Who would take such remarks in earnest?" said the man in black and gold. "I shall never lose the name which the master gave me of the 'little painter.' "It is not agreeable always to be called Tintoretto, even with an eager desire for immortality. As far as you are concerned, Paris, show your love, that you are determined to cultivate your taste. Violante has no competitors in her own style of beauty—as even I must confess, whose heart and being have been captivated by another."

"Ha! Violante!" sighed Paris, raising his arm towards the moon.

"I expect certainly, that you will see her and talk with her before mid-night," answered Jacobo Tintoretto. "You may also be permitted to imprint a kiss on her fingers."

"Stop, cruel one, from torturing me."

"It is only the reflection of my sufferings, which falls upon you, but I have not the talent which leads to despair. Oh! holy Mark, the protector of all who dwell upon the seas, oh! Aphrodite, permit me soon to find this hidden Cola, or I renounce all that I can to-day call by the name of hope."

"It is mere folly, to hope still to meet the Signoras Lavinia and Violante on the Riva dei Schiavoni."

"Who says, Paris, that my hope is vain?" enquired Tintoretto. "I heard Violante say to Cola with my own ears, 'Come in any case, to-morrow evening, and fetch me from my father's house.' And now midnight approaches."

"Well, Master Cola has fetched the ladies long since, has taken them to one of the lagunes, or elsewhere, has brought them safely back, and is snoring like one of the holy Seven." At this moment, a gondolier who was standing at one of the landing-places, drew on his jacket, for the heat was diminishing perceptibly.

"By the Saints," exclaimed the young man, "if you, gentlemen, are speaking of black Cola, you are right in your conclusions, for Touni has been lying asleep ever since sunset. Here is his gondola, and if you come a little nearer, you can see himself, all long and black as he is."

"Who calls me?" echoed a deep, almost solemn voice, as a dark figure, with a long red cap on its head, rose in the gondola, like a torch.

"It is I, Cola!" answered Tintoretto, "you must make another journey"

"Certainly, Signor. Here I am, here you may step in," was the obedient answer.

The friends entered, and crept into the cabin, leaving the door open. Cola Tonni separated the gondola with a few powerful strokes from the numerous barks amidst which it was moored, turned it first towards the right, and then towards the left, and finally enquired in a humble tone, "whither, gentlemen?"

"Straight on, the way your helm is pointing," answered Tintoretto. "I intend to pay a visit to old Master Jacobo Palma."

"Diavolo!" exclaimed the gondolier, whilst he interrupted the regular beat of his oars.

"Well, old sea-bear," said Tintoretto, "why are you so cross?"

"Oh, Signor, we are accustomed to use certain exclamations, which come sometimes, uncalled for."

The gondolier raised his oar, as if in salute, and the bark glided on its way.

"Master Cola," said Tintoretto, "although you are not in a good humour, we have resolved together, to give you two golden pieces. Do you understand that we are talking of gold?"

The gondola was brought suddenly hack to the quay, and touched the stone steps.

"Gentlemen," said Cola Touni, in a suppressed voice, whilst he bent forwards, "you know, how gladly I serve artists, who add to the glory of our great republic. But if you proposed to give me twenty instead of two golden pieces, Tonni is so unfortunate as to be forced to tell you, that he cannot serve you to-night."

"Are you in the service of one of these beings, whom, if possible, we avoid naming?" enquired Paris Bordone, in a trembling voice.

"No, Signor, but I have given my word, to execute another commission."

"I know your commission," replied Tintoretto, "and I tell you that you may thank your patron Saint, that I do know it. This commission may end for you in a passage over the bridge of sighs. Let us get in, and you will hear the rest."

"I do not fear that bridge," replied Cola very quietly.

"I know what you intend me to understand; but none of your powerful protectors will assist you in the undertaking which you have in hand to-day."

"Enter, Signor," muttered Cola.

The friends entered the gondola, and Cola pushed the bark with a stroke of the oar into open water.

"Whither?" he enquired.

"Our expedition is to the Canal Grandé," replied Jacopo Robusto in firm tones. "It is not true, that I only anticipate your intentions, for you would have turned the prow of your gondola that way without our directions."

Cola was silent, and laid himself down by the helm, whilst the sharp bows of the gondola cleft the waves.

"Listen, Cola," said Tintoretto, whilst the deep shadow of the Rialto Bridge was suddenly reflected on the water. "Stop a moment. You are going to fetch two ladies."

"I intended it,—but it is impossible now," muttered Cola. "But quick, gentlemen, for I dare not stop under the marble arches."

"But here we are alone."

"Oh! sharp eyes may be watching from the bridge above."

"Fetch the ladies, as you had promised," whispered Tintoretto, "and take them out upon the lagune; but take care that they do not enter the cabin, where my friend and I shall be hidden."

"Will they be willing to come with me, if I deny them access to the cabin?" enquired the gondolier.

"That depends on your powers of persuasion, my friend. You must invent a reason, why the ladies may not enter the cabin.—You are not the man to be at a loss for excuses."

Cola Tonni again directed his attention to the rudder.

"If I only knew, whether the ladies had confided their scheme to you," he muttered.

"Do not trouble about that."

"It is the first time in my life, that I have revealed to strangers any secret which has been confided to me."

"It is very probable, that you will have reason to thank me for the light burden which I am imposing upon you. Remember that our acquaintance is of older date than your connection with Donna Lavinia and Donna Violante. You gave me a promise one evening, Cola; now is the time to fulfil this."

"You have only to command, Signor Jacobo," answered the gondolier, "and I will obey."

The boatsman spoke in a solemn tone, and lifted his long cap from his head.

The gondola now entered the Canal Grande. The rooms were dark, and the marble palaces appeared in the moonlight like wonderful structures of snow and ice. No and then a gondola shot past, adorned with a crimson flag, some bark belonging to a member of the Senate, or employed in the service of the mighty Ten. The time had begun, during which Venice was the resort of spies, adventurers, robbers, and gamblers.

"You are on your way to fetch the ladies Lavinia Vecellio and Violante Palma," said Tintoretto, in a suppressed voice.

"Yes, Signor," replied Cola.

"We two, Bordone and I, will hide in the cabin, and the ladies can take our seat.

"Good, Sirs, but how can I propose to the ladies to choose the seat instead of the cabin?"

"Certainly, Cola," interposed Jacobo eagerly, "your inventive brain will discover some argument."

"How can I, Signor Jacobo," replied the boatsman, dropping his oar, and looking round. "I know nothing more unusual, than that ladies, even were they only ordinary citizens, should sit in the open part of the gondola at night. Do not suggest such an idea, Signor Robusti!"

Cola's voice became severe in its tones, as he spoke.

"But, on the other hand, my good friend," said Jacobo quietly, "this seems a matter of course to me. I know a man, certainly no Saint, who was thrown in a sack into the lagoon, and safely fished out; still further, this man came to life again, and returned from Mestre to Venice, confounding the counsels of the Ten."

"Well, well, Signor Jacobo," muttered Cola. "I will make no further opposition. The ladies shall sit on this seat, if they will, and if not, they shall not enter the boat. Whither am I to take them?"

"Wherever they wish, friend Cola," answered Robusti. "I think they will give you orders for a long trip."

The gondolier rowed on in silence, until he suddenly raised himself from his bent attitude and stretched out his hands.

"Come, friend," whispered Tintoretto, as he crept into the little cabin, in which Paris Bordone was soon seated at his side.

"We shall have an adventure!" the younger man said to his companion, "and it is possible that Cola may have somewhere in the gondola a dagger used by him in his old trade which may be of service to us."

"The Saints have mercy upon us!" exclaimed Paris in pitiful tones. "I did not expect that

you would lead us into dangers which might require stiletto or dagger, or that we might eventually find ourselves in the lagune."

"I fear nothing, with Cola at the helm. If we do not use fire-arms, I will swear to you that he alone is equal to a boat-full of the secret emissaries of the Council."

"Let us turn back, my friend."

"In order that our ladies may give their hearts undisturbed to our rivals, far from Venice? Now or never the two most brilliant beauties in Venice are to be won. Up, brother Bordone, give me your hand on it, that we may not shrink."

The gondola stopped, and the friends found themselves at the well-known narrow granite landing-stairs, belonging to the Palace Mamatucci, then inhabited by Titiano Vecellio. Before the portal was a kind of balcony, supported by stone pillars. Two dark figures were seen above, leaning over the parapet, and a few minutes later two female figures were indistinctly perceptible under the deep shadow of the portal.

"It is they—Lavinia and Violante," whispered Paris Bordone, trembling. "Violante appears to have the most courage; see, she is coming down the staircase."

Without even touching the granite supports, the lady descended the staircase, and the two young girls, bent on their nightly journey, entered the boat.

"I am here, noble ladies," whispered Cola, conducting the most beautiful of the two ladies to the seat, which had been previously occupied by the painters. "I have kept my word, but I must beg a thousand pardons, that I am not in a position to offer you my cabin to-night."

"How so," enquired the younger lady in a whisper. "You do not then intend to serve us?"

"My cabin belongs to-night to my patron Saint. May St. Nicolas always afford me the same gracious and wonderful protection, as he gave me on the night, when I vowed to him that I would show my gratitude by consecrating the cabin of my gondola to his service."

"But how can St. Nicolas use it?" enquired the lady designated as Violante, speaking very low, but in almost angry tones. "If you have the picture of your patron Saint in the cabin not the slightest glimmer of light is burning before it."

"Donna Violante Palma," replied Cola, with a sigh, "I leave it to the Saint, to decide what use he will make of the cabin, he will certainly make his wishes clear to me."

"Now, Master Cola, we are here, and intend to make use of the cabin to the honour of St. Nicolas, for whom I vow to burn a taper."

"No, no, most gentle lady," answered Cola, "I do not think that the Saint will take any such special interest in your present trip on the lagune. As regards Donna Lavinia, he will be of Master Tizian's opinion, and regarding Donna Violante, he will share the opinion of Master Palma."

"Ah! listen!" muttered Violante.

The two ladies consulted together, and then Lavinia seated herself with some determination on the bench.

"Forwards," said Violante.

"It is a wonder that we have not been observed from above, for we have been talking here for half an hour."

Only a few lights were still burning in the palace, shedding a faint glimmer through the fog, which was rising from the water, and enfolding Venice more and more thickly in its silvery veil.

The gondola shot on, like an arrow from the bow, in spite of the four-fold weight, which

Cola had to move. It cut through the dark shadow under the bridge of the Rialto, and then glided on through the mist, which lay upon the surface of the lagune.

Hitherto the two ladies had thrown large black shawls over their heads, and had only from time to time raised the masks, through which their dark eyes sparkled. Any-one who had seen them, bent low on the seat of the gondola, would certainly have concluded that they were two sisters of the order of San Giovanni, on their way to visit some poor sick person.

Now they both drew back their shawls and took off their masks. There was not enough light to illumine every feature of their lovely faces, and yet the extreme beauty of the two friends was quite apparent. Lavinia was tall, with a commanding, finely-rounded figure and a face, which would have been childlike in its expression, had not the passionate eyes characterised the woman. Her hair did not accord with her southern eyes, for it was golden brown, and its light locks glimmered around her face in the moonlight like a garland. Violante also had very dark eyes, but her face was a delicate oval; its expression was earnest and self-controlled, and yet wonderfully sweet; she had blond locks falling over her neck, and resting like deep waves upon her shoulders.

As both wished to look towards the city, in order to see whether any gondola was following Cola's, the two beauties had seated themselves with their faces towards the cabin, behind the green curtains of which the two friends lay concealed, in a state of feverish anxiety, as if awakened from a delicate dream.

The ladies tattled without any restraint, and did not turn towards the heavily tasked Cola.

"We are certainly a mile distant from the Canal grande, dearest Lavinia," said Violante, in the rich tones natural to her voice.

"It is further—much further," Lavinia exclaimed in her clear treble. "But, so much the better. It is a wonderful night, and I never knew the beauty of the lagunes until I threw myself into their arms to-day".

"Yes, there is a strange charm in this trip," answered Violante. "And yet I shudder with fear, and almost die with remorse, when I remember that we are intentionally deceiving our noble fathers."

"The sin is not great, Violante. Whether we study the song in the Divina Comedia, in which Charon, instead of our Cola Tonni, steers his boat over the lake of the damned, or whether we take an innocent expedition ourselves over the lagunes, must be much the same in the eyes of the Carmelite Father Ciprian, although he has not his equal in severity."

"If he really is severe, you had better avoid confessing to him for the present, or some penitence will certainly be assigned to you for our adventure of this evening."

"But unfortunately nothing is happening," said Lavinia, wrapping herself in her mantle. "We only hear the oars move, gaze at the fog, and begin to take cold. Can you see nothing?"

"Nothing."

"A gondola is certainly following us," muttered Cola, turning round, "and it keeps closely in our course. Do the ladies wish to go on, or to wait for the gondola? In this case the oar may stop."

"Oh! no, we expect no one!" exclaimed Lavinia. "Keep on in the same course, good Cola. If I only knew the direction. I do not see any shadow of that gondola."

"It is now passing through the mist, and will soon emerge into the moonlight."

Cola knew his business well, for he let the oar drag in the water, and turned the head of

the gondola, so that it was carried rapidly out to sea by the current. He appeared to be acting as if it were the wish of the ladies to be carried as far as possible away from the strange gondola.

"To speak the truth," said Lavinia, "now that only a few moments will pass before we see our knight, I begin to tremble. And yet it is not I for whom he longs."

"Is it I, dearest?" asked Violante, with emotion.

"He has made the confession to you that he loves you."

"No, that is a great mistake," replied Violante. He admired my hair, and said that he admired it a year ago at Stambul, in one of the pictures painted by my father. He also praised my bearing and my eyes. I could not understand a great deal that he said, but I received the general impression that Karylantis only sought favour, in order that I might plead his cause."

"Ah!" said Lavinia. "You are trying to conceal the truth from yourself. The stranger knew that he could find me daily in the cathedral of St. Mark, for you had told him that I attended mass before the altar of St. Peter the Martyr, where hangs my father's great picture. He was more than once in the Cathedral, whilst I was there, or I met him on my way home, but he never showed by the slightest sign that I made any greater impression upon him than any other of the numerous ladies who pressed around me."

"Lavinia, you could not give your lover higher praise. Respect and reserve are the highest qualities which a lover can show towards the lady of his affections."

"But why then did he tell you, that he loved me?" enquired Lavinia impatiently. "He did not say so," Violante replied with decision, "his conversation referred to this escapade."

"Ah, and he recommended my company to you, because he was sure that you would not have ventured without me!"

Lavinia laughed in such a coaxing manner, that at last her friend was overcome.

"If you aspire to be the wife of Karylantis, you must set sail to Candia, to the most beautiful island of the Mediterranean," continued Lavinia. "Your lover is noble, and consequently very rich, and you will possess a palace, and be able to compete with the first ladies of the Signoria. You once intended to become an artist, and to represent the enchantments of landscape on the canvass; but upon your wonderful island you will leave the sun to paint your landscapes, and all the beauty that surrounds you will be your own. Happy Violante! shall you then think of Lavinia and summon her to you, in order that her gladness may enrich your happiness with a glow of colour, which no-one but myself is capable of imparting."

The two girls threw themselves into each other's arms, and continued their embraces, whilst the rays of the moon shone clearly out, and fell upon the strange gondola like fluid silver.

"Ola! Beppo and Pietro," exclaimed the gondolier from behind.

"Yes, I knew you some time since."

"Indeed, Cola, you keep as far away from our brotherhood, as if you had not been born and brought up in it. Have you become a member of the Council, that you separate yourself from us?"

"You will repent your joke some day, like some other people," muttered Cola Tonni. "And do not press me so near the rocks, like the corsairs, or I will throw you overboard with my landing pole, let your name be Niccolini, or what it may."

The two ladies uttered a cry of alarm, and stood up.

As yet no one had been seen on board the strange gondola. But now the cabin door opened

and a man's head covered with a dark cap, looked round. The hair was short-cropped, like the beard. The large dark eyes sparkled, and the expression of the noble face was earnest and almost sorrowful.

Now the young man who was dressed in dark robes stood erect in the gondola and uncovered his head before the two ladies.

"Ladies," he said with a foreign accent, "you and I are alone here in the moonlight, on the wide waters, and under such circumstances a respectful greeting may be pardoned."

Both Lavinia and Violante were silent, and still clung to each other.

"I am no master of the lute or the mandoline, nor can I sing the lovely melodies of Italy, and yet I pray you to accept of my company. One of you two Ladies is aware, I believe, of my profound respect for both." The ladies were silent still.

"I must interpret your silence as a command to depart," said the cavalier, bending low. "This dream of happiness also must vanish, like a moonbeam behind the clouds."

One of the gondoliers, by a quick turn of his oar, brought the gondola so near that the prows of the two boats almost touched. By this movement of the boat the cavalier was so near to Lavinia, that he could have given her his hand.

"I never should have believed," said the cavalier, "when I looked at your picture, that you could have rejected me with such cruelty."

"No reproach is due to me," Lavinia began cheerfully. "I am not the chief person here, but Donna Violante Palma."

"I beg you to introduce me to Donna Violante, in order that she may permit me to accompany you on your homeward journey."

Violante bowed.

"I hoped to earn thanks," she said in a cheerful tone, "and I am met with reproaches."

"All that Signor Alessandro Karylantes has asked of me—is fully granted in the reply of Donna Lavinia."

"Ladies," enquired Karylantis in a low tone, "are you sure of your gondolier? I can answer for mine."

"I believe that Cola Tonni is trustworthy," whispered Violante.

"Can you converse in any foreign tongue, Ladies?" enquired Karylantis.

"No, Sir, none, excepting the lagune dialect, the language of the people," replied Lavinia. "The Senate has forbidden instruction in French, or we should be less ignorant."

"A want of acquaintance with foreign languages does not show ignorance, but he is ignorant, who cannot think in his own language. If one word from our gondoliers should place me within reach of the vengeance of the Council of Ten, my fate would be death or incarceration for life in the darkest dungeon."

The girls clasped each other's hands, and seemed astonished.

"Ladies," continued the stranger, "this day, this very hour, decides not my fate alone, but that of my country."

A profound pause ensued, and Cola Tonni began to sing, in rough accents, the song of a Dalmatian king's son, vainly sighing after his home from the depths of a dungeon.

"Do you hear this song?" said Karylantis. "If I wished to express my enemies' designs upon me, I could not choose fitter words. To-morrow morning must see the lagune and a long stretch of land between me and the Doge's palace, or I am lost."

"For the love of the Saints, how fearful this evening has become, which Violante assured me would be so charming," exclaimed Lavinia, clasping her hands in dismay.

"The evening is not yet over, Lady," said the gallant—"it may yet bring much happiness in the power of my enemies."

"Who may these merciless enemies be?" said Lavinia, with the indignation of a true maiden of Venice.

"You may well call them merciless, they are the terrible rulers of Venice."

"Then may God have mercy upon you, noble Sir, you will not escape them!"

"I hope to conquer, Donna Lavinia," said Karylantis, with feeling; "but unless you were allied with me, my victory would be but a half-triumph. Time presses, adored Lavinia, and we must take our resolution. I love you—how faithfully, time alone can show."

Alessandro Karylantis endeavoured to take her hand, which she withdrew from his grasp.

"Ask your friend Violante," continued the noble. "She can tell you, that I long worshipped you in secret, as if you had been my patron Saint. How gladly I would court you for long years, in order that the reality of my love might be proved by every test to which you could submit it,—but I am still in sight of Venice, and may God defend me from the gaze of the Queen of the Adriatic.—I should be a prisoner, were I again to behold the sunlight on the cupola of Saint Mark.—Can you love me?—Look me in the face, Lavinia.—You do not know me yet, you do not know who I am. What does it avail to tell you that I belong to the family of those who long ruled Candia as vassals of the Greek Emperor, and then emancipated themselves, only to become subject to the power of the Turks, and the ruling merchants of Venice. The time is gone to exalt Candia again as an asylum of freedom, but meanwhile the Musselman is uniting with the Venetian to enchain my brethren more tightly than before. I intend to raise the banner of liberty, and all Greece will become aroused from the dream of slavery, and the glory of Grecian history will be repeated."

Lavinia had dropped her head on her bosom.

"But I shall take with me the most precious jewel of Venice, Titian's lovely daughter, as my wife, and my queen, and the queen of my land of Cyprus—I pray you to answer me."

"Do you want me to fly with you to-night," said Lavinia, "that would be impossible."

"It is possible, adored one," exclaimed Karylantis. "A sixteen oared boat will bring us to the coasts of Dalmatia, and from our landing-place to Cattaro; precautions have been taken to ensure my safety. Nothing is needed, but your own determination, to make some-one happy—who loves you beyond all expression—and to think of nothing, that you leave behind."

"That means," said Lavinia, "my father, my brothers, Violante, and all my other friends, and my beautiful Venice, with her art and grandeur—and all this I must surrender in a moment, without any preparation."

"You will also leave behind you the tyranny of the Council of Ten, Venetian slavery, and, in short, the colossal galleys, called the Venetian Republic, and you will be greeted as the ruler of a free and noble people."

"No, no," exclaimed Lavinia, "a fearful dread seizes me, hold me, Violante! Cola, Cola, row with all your might, or I shall faint before I reach the shore."

"Then let the power, given me by love and hope, break your resistance," exclaimed Alessandro Karylantis.

In a moment he seized Lavinia round the waist, and lifted her, as if she had been a child,

with his powerful arm into his gondola, whilst Violante, screaming with all her might, retained in her hand the hem of her friend's dress, to which she had clung.

The two barques swayed rapidly to and fro; Karylantis' gondola was set in motion first and quickly gained an advance over the other of forty or fifty steps.

Meanwhile Tintoretto and Paris Bordone came out of their cabin.

"Hola, Cola, give me an oar!" exclaimed Jacobo, stooping down and picking up an extra oar, which he, a born Venetian, handled with all the force and dexterity of a gondolier. Bordone was for the moment incapable of rendering any assistance. He seated himself by the side of the unhappy Violante, and heaped curses on the gondolas, the lagunes, and finally cited Saint Mark in person to deprive the Lord of Candia of his spoil.

"Master Jacobo," said Cola, "I know the two rowers before us. They have one person less in their boat than we, but the gondola is a barge for the dead, whilst mine has not its equal. Row hard, Tintoretto, and we will catch the Lord of Candia."

Violante was so overpowered that she did not say a word to express her astonishment at the sight of the artists. She grasped Bordone's hand, and said:

"You here, Bordone, and Jacobo Robusti—what good fortune—where did you come from? but the gondola with Lavinia is not going towards the city—and I cannot hear Lavinia cry, or call for help—quick, or the villain will throw her into the water, or will strangle her!"—

"They are making for the open sea," said Cola. "It is useless to pursue, the galley of which the rogue spoke is waiting close by.—But we will make the endeavour, if our bows burst in the effort."

After a few moments of the hardest work Cola said:

"We are letting in water!—Yet it will take us two hours to catch her."

He uttered a shrill whistle.

It seemed as if a ghost had appeared upon the deep, for suddenly a boat sixteen feet long was seen on the water, close to the gondola of Cola. It was easy to recognise the naked arms, red vests, and striped yellow caps upon the closely shaven heads of the galley slaves who worked the oars, bending back at every stroke, as urged on by the lash of the jailor, standing in the stern of the vessel. In the fore-part of the galerietta stood six men in the dress of the arquebusiers of the Council provided with helmets and heavy arquebuses, whilst by the side of the man at the rudder three men were seen in black mantles, wearing masks.

"Who called for help?" enquired one of the dark-mantled men with a strong voice.

"I, Cola Tonni, I, gentlemen!" exclaimed the gondolier. "But, by St. Mark, turn the prow of your boat quickly towards the East, or you will have to face an enemy against whom your arms will avail nothing."

"Where are those, who dare to show themselves as enemies of the Republic?" enquired the black mantle in a scornful tone.

The boat turned quickly round.

"Are you really Cola Tonni? Your life will be in danger if you have falsely assumed his name or given a false alarm."

"I can assure you that I am Cola, and that I have too great a reverence for truth, and especially for you, my lords and masters, to lend myself to any deception. But onwards, I pray you, or the gondola will escape you, and doubtless a quick sailing-vessel is on the watch for it."

"Do you know the coast here?" enquired the black mantle.

"As well as my pocket, and every penny in it."

"Then come on board, and take the rudder."

"And my gondola?"

"The two other men are capable of bringing the bark with the lady into safe waters, without your help."

"I obey!" said Cola, and leapt into the galley.

"Adieu, Lady; adieu, gentlemen," he then said, turning round. "May Saint Mark preserve you, and keep the bows always pointing towards the star, just rising in the South."

Violante uttered a feeble cry.

"Courage, lovely Lady," exclaimed Tintoretto, as he seized Cola's oar, leaning on it with all his force.

"I am not a child of the city of the lagunes for nothing, and could earn my bread as easily with the oar as the brush. Yet shall we return without the Lady Lavinia? Impossible. Although a fresh wind has sprung up, there is no sign of a storm. We will keep an eastern course, in order that we may meet the galley, when, as we hope, it returns to the city with the Lady Lavinia, after its desperate chase."

Meanwhile the galley containing the soldiers of the Council skimmed the surface of the waters like a sea-gull. After fifteen minutes the pursued gondola, which had been concealed by mist, became clearly visible, and in another fifteen minutes the oars, which were lit by the moonlight, ceased their work. The attempt to escape was abandoned.

The galley lay by the side of the gondola.

"Here I am, gentlemen," said Alessandro Karylantis, whilst Lavinia, speechless, extended both arms towards her deliverers. "Farewell, beloved being," said Alessandro, pressing Lavinia to his breast. "I have dreamed a dream, for which my life must pay. Like a falling star thou hast seen a few moments of true love. Thou wilt never forget their brightness, to whatever path of happiness fortune may lead thee—Farewell!"

He sprang into the other boat, and two of the black-mantles immediately seized his arm, whilst the third stood before him, and addressed a few words to him. When Alessandro drew back a few paces, he observed something sparkling on his crossed hands,—the black-mantle had enchained him.

"There is another man on board, a Turk," exclaimed Cola eagerly.

Two soldiers lifted Lavinia into the galley, and then searched the gondola, but only found a kaftan, a turban and a sabre. The possessor of these objects had confided himself to the waves, hoping more from their mercies than from that of the Ten.

"Who was the fugitive?" enquired one of the officials.

"It is in God's hand, whether he still lives," said Karylantis solemnly. "I know who he was, and what he has been to me, but even your torturers will vainly seek to extract any explanation from me."

The gondoliers were questioned. When they declared that they knew nothing of the Turk, whose clothes had been discovered on board, the unfortunate men were bound hand and foot, despite their entreaties for mercy, and were thrown down on the deck of their gondola. The boat was attached with a rope to the galley, which made rapidly for the shore.

Accidentally, Violante and the painters did not meet it. The mist, which arose from the

lagune, was so thick, that it baffled any telescope, and warned the bold Tintoretto, and far more the less courageous Paris Bordone of the desirability of retreat.

The gondola of the Council laid by the side of the still, deserted quay, and Karylantis with the gondoliers, as well as Lavinia and Cela Tonni were led by the soldiers and the three masked men up the marble stairs to the Hall of Justice. Every prisoner was placed in a separate room, the heavy doors of cedar-wood, were closed, and in the wide palace with its dimly lighted halls and corridors nothing was to be heard but the slow and measured paces of the watch stationed at intervals, and armed to the teeth.

Lavinia waited for a long time in a small room under the charge of one of the black-mantles, until a man appeared with long grey hair, hanging from beneath his head-covering. The messenger of the Signoria was masked.

A long interview commenced, in which Lavinia was questioned respecting the most trifling details of her life, her habits, employments, servants, and friends. The questioner enquired even more closely than her father-confessor respecting Lavinia's lovers, and appeared unwilling to believe that the adventure of the night could be the first love-adventure of the lovely daughter of Titian, whose portrait was so well-known to every Venetian. The manner in which the old man, who always spoke in the lowest tones, referred to Karylantis tended to show that the guardians of the Republic set an unusual value on the person of the noble Candiot.

"Can you swear, Signora Lavinia," said the judge, "that you saw Alessandro Karylantis to-night for the first time?"

"I have seen him, but I have never exchanged a word with him," answered Lavinia, who had recovered a dignified composure, and preserved a composed but grave bearing.

"But Karylantis must have been often in your father's house," continued the judge. "You are generally in the studio of your father, who always wants your company, and Titian painted Karylantis a year ago."

"I know nothing of it. If I had seen his portrait, the features would be impressed on my memory."

"It is very improbable that you should have arranged a meeting with a young man of whom you knew so little."

"Violante Palma persuaded me," said Lavinia, "and I believed fully that Violante had the strongest desire for an interview with the Greek."

"Karylantis is a subject of the Republic, a Venetian," observed the judge sharply.

"I know nothing about that, most honoured Sir. I believe you are the governor?"

"Who I am, does not signify to you, Donna Lavinia, I am a representative of the government. But it is my duty to say that I am not the Doge, and must therefore decline the title of governor."

"I believed," said Lavinia, "that Violante had not courage enough to give her lover an interview alone, and so I resolved to accompany her."

"What had the two young painters to do in your gondola?"

"They were hidden in the cabin! Violante and I had no suspicion that we were sharing the boat with them."

"And Cola Tonni gave you no hint of it?"

"None."

"Remember that the gondolier has thus incurred a severe penalty. Do you adhere to your statement?"

"Yes, Signor, for it is the truth."

"Did Cola offer his services to you for the trip on the lagune?"

"He did the day before yesterday, yesterday and to-day."

"He knew that he had to do with a lover's rendez-vous?"

"We did not say so, but he appeared to suspect it, as he extolled his power of secrecy."

"Does he know the Candiot? Did he show any signs of knowing him?"

"I cannot be certain, for our conversation took a very exciting turn for me, but I gained the impression that Cola must be very familiar with the person of the stranger."

"Did Cola defend you?"

"Yes, but in vain."

"You suspect that Cola hid the two young painters in the cabin, in order that they might help you in case of need?"

"My Lord, I had no time to reflect. I knew nothing."

"Now, Donna Lavinia, one thing you certainly must know, the words which Alessandro spoke to you?"

"I remember very little of what he said," answered Lavinia, whose eyes seemed to assume a new expression. "I was too much overcome; he said that he loved, not Violante, but myself, and invited me to accompany him, and to become his wife."

"Lavinia," said the judge, "attend to my words—Your father's name is inscribed in the Golden Book of Venice, and he has brought more honour and glory to our city than many of our great statesmen and heroes have bestowed upon it. You, Lavinia Vecelli, have special cause to be perfectly truthful towards the republic, and to hide nothing. The renowned Venice is your mother, and he who wished to carry you off, has shown himself your deadly enemy. It will be a crime if you conceal anything, from a desire to screen Karylantis. And now: he must have pictured to you the life that you would live with him; will you give me further particulars, Signora?"

"Karylantis praised his island as a paradise, where I should be happy," replied Lavinia.

"Was that all?"

"The rest was only vows of affection."

"He did not say that he had a right to reign in Candia, and that you would become queen of Candia? That Turks and Greeks were ready to abet the insurrection in the island, in the hope of overthrowing our supremacy there?"

"No, he said nothing of the kind," said Lavinia, "not a word."

"Now you are uttering a falsehood, Lavinia!" remarked the judge in an icy tone.

"Pardon me, Signor, my confusion was so extreme."

"I pardon nothing, my duty does not permit it;" observed the old man. "Remember it is in my power to punish your falsehoods."

"The gondolier cannot bear witness against his own passengers," exclaimed Lavinia in excitement.

"You are a true daughter of Venice, Lavinia, but Karylantis has spoken himself, and your friend Violante, and the two painters will probably endeavour, as you have done, to screen the enemy of the Republic by concealment of the truth. I must necessarily come to the conclusion, that

you are not very grateful to the agents of the law, who have delivered you from the robber's hands."

"Most noble Sir, whoever you may be, you have no right to make insinuations, which affect my honour," replied Lavinia, in decided tones. "I demand in the name of the law, which you represent, that you set me free immediately, and declare that I will answer no further questions, unless I have my father at my side."

"I understand your silence as well as your words, Donna Lavinia. I have warned you as a father, but do not be surprised, that you do not return to your father's house, but remain in prison, until this mysterious and criminal intrigue of Karylantis is entirely cleared up."

Lavinia uttered a cry; but she regained her courage, and thought it impossible that her imprisonment could last long. The judge disappeared, and the silent masked figure led the trembling maiden with much respect, slowly down one step after another, until she reached the region of the prison-master Manetti, and his fearful comrades.

One door stood open, and Lavinia saw for one moment, by the light of a small lantern, the damp walls of a little cell, her prison; then darkness shut her in, and the door slammed heavily behind her.

During these events, two old men were sitting, playing chess, in the palace where Titian lived, in a room richly hung with tapestry.

One had a firmly built figure, with short, dark hair, and a thick dark beard. His dress was handsome, and his expression changing, his eyes sparkled over his game. This was Titian himself. The other man was seventy, and Titian, his junior by four years, looked young in comparison with him. A black velvet cap covered an almost bald head, with a high narrow forehead, a long bent nose gave a sorrowful expression to the pale face, and the white beard heightened the impression of old age. Titian's companion was Giacomo Palma, afterwards called Palma il Vecchio, in distinction from a younger painter of the same name. He played slowly, and uncertainly, although evidently with a complete knowledge of the game.

"This game seems to be endless, father Giacomo," observed Titian.

"Because," replied Palma, "the thought constantly returns to my mind that Violante and I ought to have been at our house at Murano long ago, instead of awaiting midnight here in the city. Let us destroy our game—I had certainly lost it."

"No such thing,—I am in great danger, as will soon appear. Let us finish it; the two girls are amusing each other, or they would soon find their way here."

At this moment the door was slowly opened, and a masked head looked in enquiringly. Palma was so alarmed, that he overthrew the game, and folded his thin hands, as if in prayer.

"Now, Sir, come in," exclaimed Titian. "You are certainly the bearer of a letter—may the Saints pardon you, that more beautiful eyes guided the more beautiful hands which wrote it."

The man, a tall, thin figure, entered, and now Titian appeared more alarmed, he looked like a messenger of the Ten.

"Master Titian and Master Palma," began the man in excited tones, "I summon you in the name of the Doge and of the Council of Ten, to follow me, without any loss of time, to the hall of justice, where you will receive your orders."

"But, friend," exclaimed Titian in dismay, as he remembered his well-known position, "I must say, with all respect, that it is not usual to summon peaceful citizens from their homes in the middle of the night to appear before the high tribunal. We are not men who exceed the

limits of the law, and we consider that we merit as much consideration as the nobles, who can only be summoned before the tribunal between sunrise and sunset."

"In the rights of citizenship," the messenger explained with a deep bow; "but in political matters a member of the Signoria has no preference over the meanest fisherman. Therefore you must follow me."

"It is in political matters," repeated Titian, growing pale, "within the circuit which is called political in Venice, but which really has no fixed limits, that we see the whole dark tyranny of the Venetian government, which in other respects permits free vent to the lusts of the citizens."

"Then Violante must remain here with Lavinia, until our return," stammered Palma, taking up his furred coat and his Spanish hat, which he put on over his velvet cap. A bell summoned Lavinia's servant, who explained that the daughter of the house as well as Donna Violante, had gone out on a walk several hours ago.

Speechless, and yet by their looks giving expression to their fears that the two girls had caused the misfortune, the two painters went down hand in hand to the landing-place, and found a gondola belonging to the Council, which they entered in silence. After a few short, but terrible moments of expectation, they stood before a member of the Council of Ten. The powerful one was masked. His tones were expressive of deep respect towards the two celebrated men before him.

"There are seats," said the Councillor, "be seated."

Palma took a seat, imagining that every misfortune in the world was about to befall him. Titian remained standing, but in spite of the composure displayed on his features, he could not control his movements, and was reminded that he was not permitted to walk up and down in the room.

"Gentlemen," said the Councillor in a low voice, "you must receive it as a favour, conceded to the dignified position which you hold in the city, that we regard you as innocent, in spite of facts, which tend to criminate you as enemies of the Republic."

Palma exchanged a glance with Titian.

"I am commissioned," continued the Councillor, "not to examine you directly, but to discover, by means of conversation, how far you are implicated in circumstances, which are in direct connection with the highest interests of the state."

"My Lord," exclaimed Palma, "we are painters, and not politicians, may the Saints defend us from any connection with subjects, which would be utterly beyond our ken."

"Noble Lord," added Titian, "inform us first, where our daughters are; otherwise I shall not be in a condition to answer you."

"Both Lavinia and Violante are in safety," answered the Councillor.

"What does that mean," said Titian, "in safety as prisoners?"

"The ladies are under the charge of the state! Lavinia Vecellio was saved on the open lagune from the hands of the traitor, and Violante Palma was not under a safe escort, when she landed at the stairs of our Forum. At least, I cannot suppose that you two gentlemen would have chosen the painter Tintoretto and Paris Bordone as your daughters' protectors."

"Jacobi Robusti and Bordone!" exclaimed Titian, "Neither Violante nor Lavinia is acquainted with them. There must be some mistake here!"

"No, certainly not, Master Titian! But we will pass by that. Jacobi Robusti was your pupil a few years ago, I believe."

"How can I know all the people who have handled my pencils, and spoiled my colours and canvass?" exclaimed Titian.

"Master," replied the Councillor severely, "observe that I have made no attempt to prove you guilty. But you give rise to strange suspicions when you say that a former pupil of your own is unknown to yourself, who is so renowned throughout Venice, as to contest the palm of superiority with yourself. I omit mention of Signor Palma, because he is too much your friend to be a rival! And now to the subject. Titian, you have more than once painted a young Greek, called Alexander Karylantis."

"I remember his face—he has wonderfully bright eyes," said Titian, expectantly.

"Did this youth explain his circumstances to you?"

"He did not."

"Did he never complain of the Republic?"

"Never," Titian replied decidedly.

"Or did he tell you the object, for which he required these portraits?"

"I can give no word of explanation."

"One of the portraits wore a crown," said the Councillor.

"A crown! I will forfeit all hope of salvation, if I ever painted a crown on the head of Karylantis," said Titian.

"Quietly, Master!" said the Judge, and, lifting a cloth from a picture which laid on the table, he raised it, and displayed Titian's wonderful portrait.

"The crown was painted by another brush than mine," exclaimed Titian, extending his hand eagerly. "Look, father Palma!"

"That is balsam or honey colour," said Palma quietly, touching the crown, which was shaped like a bee-hive, with his moistened finger. "Whoever painted it, did not commit the crime of disfiguring this incomparable head."

"Then Titian owns to the portrait, but not to the crown!" said the judge, as he entered a few notes. "You doubtless do not know, Master Titian, the use which has been made of this portrait in Candia."

"What use is usually made of a portrait?" Titian enquired on his part with a perplexed expression.

"Bands of brigands have protracted themselves before this picture and have done homage to Karylantis, as the ruler of Candia."

"I know nothing of this."

"And this Karylantis, who with motherly care was brought hither by the Republic from the treacherous surroundings of his home, has endeavoured to escape by flight, and has made a compact with Genoese and Turks, in order to plant the standard of rebellion against the regiment of St. Mark on his native island. Above eighty of the nobles of Venice have joined in the dark compact. On the very evening arranged for flight your two daughters are found on the Lagune, at an unusual distance from home, and whom do they meet? The rebel and traitor Karylantis! It is wonderful, that Lavinia's resistance to allow herself to be carried away, seemed only a feigned resistance, and that Violante, who at once returned towards Venice, appeared to be also in the plot, whilst it seemed only a pretence that the two young painters, Tintoretto, and Paris Bordone, were accidentally in the cabin of your daughters' gondola, the real fact being, that they were secretly in league with Karylantis!"

The aged Palma crossed himself repeatedly, whilst Titian lifted up his clasped hands.

"How shall we begin? What can we reply? What explanation can we give?" explained Titian in despair.

"I perceive, my Lords, that you are able to ruin myself, Palma, Violante, and Lavinia with one fell blow, and to leave us without the faintest power of self-justification, although we are as innocent as any member of the Council of Ten, or even as the Doge himself. I never suspected the power which I now discern in the Republic; had I done so, I should have trusted it less, and should have been less proud of it!"

"Do not be slanderous, Titian!" observed the Judge, in a warning tone.

"Have you children, have you daughters, my Lord?"

"I am here to ask questions, not to answer them, Master Titian," said the councillor in a low tone.

"Well; give us back our daughters, and let them speak in our presence, and defend themselves—then our innocence will be proved.

"I do not believe it, Sir," replied the judge. "And I alone have no power to release the ladies."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Palma, "then they are prisoners!"

"Their rooms are in the Palace of Justice, where very distinguished guests of the Republic have lived. I will be personally answerable, if the ladies miss any of the comforts to which they are accustomed in their father's houses."

"I beg you to imprison me with my Lavinia, and Violante!" exclaimed Titian, sinking exhausted upon a bench. "Palma, our ruin is schemed. We can hope for no better fate, than than to die with our children!"

"You are mistaken, Master," replied the Judge. "We have no designs upon you, but we are determined to discover the originators of this treacherous plot, and to lay hands upon Alessandro Karylantis and his friends, be they Venetians or Candiots, and for this purpose, it is probable that the imprisoned ladies may be of use to us. You, gentlemen, may return peacefully home, confiding in the justice of the government, and giving your promise to preserve a strict silence respecting all that had passed here, especially concerning the imprisonment of the two young ladies. A single thoughtless word may bring all the evil upon you, which you now groundlessly fear. I command you to God."

Meanwhile the two painters were seated almost stunned in the cabin of the gondola, without speaking a word to each other. The gondola lay by the side of Titian's palace, and a strong bare arm was extended from one of the windows, to guide the gentlemen towards the marble landingsteps.

Cola Tonni made the gondola fast to the stairs, and then said:

"If Master Titian permits, I will venture to fetch my payment from his room."

"Listen, my good fellow," said Titian, surveying the gondolier, "your eye bears the expression of an Iscariot".

"My looks belie me," replied Cola quietly. "I can give you some advice, which you will do well to follow, and which I might conceal from you, if my intentions were evil. But without this advice you will seek in vain to free your daughters from the dungeons of the Inquisition. Look at me carefully. You knew me in earlier years, my name is Cola Tonni!"

"Alas! a soldier of the Ten!" murmured Titian.

"I understand you, but fear nothing. A man does not always remain the same. I see a gondola that I fear, let us go up-stairs."

The painters ascended the stairs, and Cola followed. The servants came rushing down-stairs, Titian motioned them aside, and entered his reception-room, which had been hastily lighted with two wax-candles.

"Observe," said Cola Tonni, in an under-tone, "in order to avoid observation, I took your daughter and Palma's, with their lovers, who were hidden in the cabin towards the centre of the Lagune."

"With the two young painters?"

"It was as you say, Master."

"Who is Lavinia's lover?" asked Titian.

"Jacopo Robusti. Give me a note requesting the ladies to explain what I have told you—I can answer for the painters. They will be enchanted, if the ladies will make this explanation."

"But is there really any such connection?"

"I believe so," said Cola Tonni, "what would become of me, if I could not make use of such a connection, for my own justification?" Titian wrote the lines requested by Tonni with a trembling hand.

"Here, Cola! You have the life and honour of two of the most lovely and virtuous ladies of Venice in your hand," exclaimed the master, almost in despair.

Cola Tonni departed, and was not heard of for a week, although he had promised to return on the following day.

Titian was occupied from morning to night, in endeavouring to free Lavinia and Violante. But the fear of the powerful ten was so great, that he could not find a single friend willing to undertake his cause. He was most graciously received by the Doge, as well as by the leaders of the government, but this gracious reception ill accorded with the reports which were circulated that twenty noblemen were in confinement, because they had taken part in a conspiracy, with the object of freeing Candia from the power of the Republic. No one knew a word respecting Tintoretto and Paris Bordone.

Since the unhappy night, on which the maidens were imprisoned, Palma had not left Titian's house. He at first wrote one letter after another in his despair, and then sank into a state of deep and silent dejection.

One night as Titian was reclining on his couch, a strange sound was suddenly heard on the balcony, and the dark figure of a man stood suddenly before him. Titian stood up, uttering a cry of alarm.

"Be quiet, my Lord," said a soft voice, "I have no evil intentions towards you. But my heart longs to know the fate of the two ladies, whose lives I endangered by my thoughtlessness and passion."

"Who are you? The Prince of Candia?" enquired Titian timidly.

"I am Karylantis. Where is your daughter Lavinia?"

"In prison, with her friend Violante," replied Titian sullenly.

"I have been informed by an unknown friend, what I must say, in order to save the ladies. I have confessed myself quietly of waylaying Lavinia and Violante with their two lovers, and of carrying off Lavinia by force. These facts only served to convince the judges, that there must

have been an understanding between me and the ladies, otherwise they would not have been upon the Lagune. Thus my confession was in vain. Shall you, unhappy father, be able to forgive me? Pardon me in Lavinia's name, and fare-well."

The man, with his pallied face, and wearing the grey jacket of a galley slave, passed Titian rapidly. The fugitive was barefooted, but around his ankles still clanked a part of the chain which his file had failed to remove. The following day Titian and Palma were summoned before the Doge. He wished to possess a picture by each artist, and explained the subjects in detail. Then the short man, who resembled a pedant far more than the sovereign of the Republic, entered on the "adventure," which had happened to Lavinia and Violante on the Lagune.

"I cannot conceal from the gentlemen," said the Doge, "that they have transgressed the laws of the Republic."

"Where are our daughters, Sire?" enquired Titian, in a loud voice.

"You have no right to ask such a question," replied the Doge. "But since you are Titian, I will answer you. Lavinia and Violante are where they are in no danger of receiving confessions of love, which are not sanctioned by the Republic."

Titian was about to reply, but he remembered himself quickly, and was silent.

"You know, Gentlemen," said the Doge, "that the Republic has the right to bestow the hands of all the daughters of nobles, and of all who are considered worthy to have their names inscribed in the Golden Book of the Signoria, like yourself. Yet you have taken no steps to prevent an engagement between your daughter, and a young, unknown painter."

The Doge was silent, and a long pause ensued.

"If Tintoretto and Paris Bordone can afford proof that they are painters of your own rank, the state can make no objection to their marriage with your daughters, but until that time we forbid you to allow any further intimacy between the young people. The Republic demands a portrait of Lavinia from you, Titian, and from you, Palma, a portrait of Violante, and if Tintoretto and Bordone wish to claim the hands of these daughters of Venice, they must produce portraits of their ladies which shall excel yours. This decision is final."

The Doge half rose from his seat, and made a sign.

"Where are our daughters," said Titian. "I will not leave without having seen them."

The guard at the door lowered his halberd, and forced the painters from the chamber. When they reached home, Lavinia and Violante had just arrived. Violante looked sad and pensive, whilst Lavinia was eagerly admiring a lovely basket of fruit.

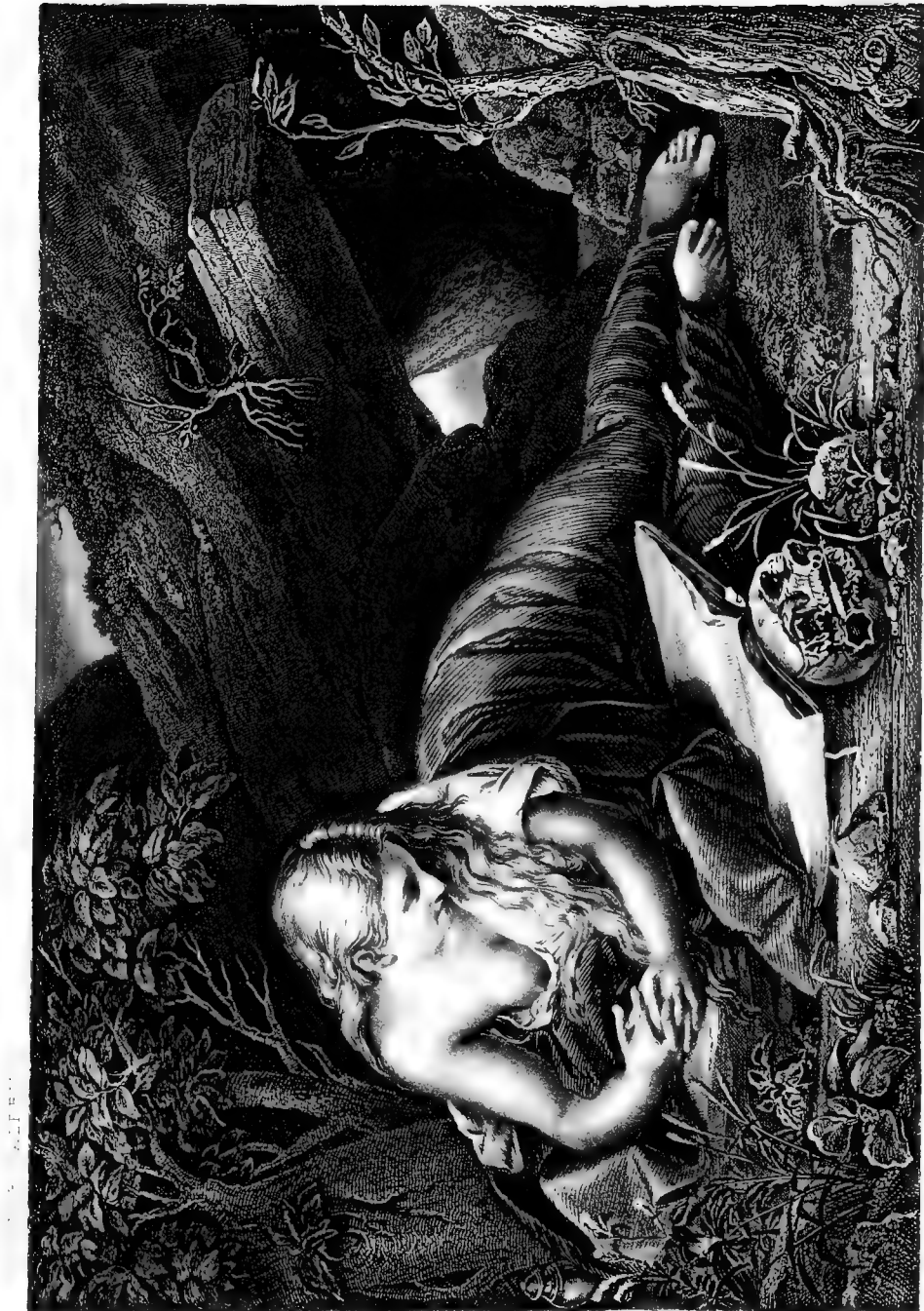
The joy of meeting was complete, when Cola Tonni arrived with the intelligence that Tintoretto and Bordone had also obtained their freedom, on the condition, however, of remaining for one year on the "Terra ferma" of the Republic. The old masters executed the portraits of their daughters, and these portraits have become immortal. The passion of the youths had cooled, and they did not even attempt to excel their masters in portraits of the beauties.

Alessandro Carylantis arrived safely at Candia, but his bold attempt, of making war upon the Republic, failed, and the son of the ancient rulers of the island was compelled to seek a refuge as a renegade with the arch-enemy of Christendom.

Dr. G.



THE SINKING OF THE "MARY" IN 1854



MAGDALENA.

MAGDALENA.

BELVEDEPE



W. FRENCH, SC.

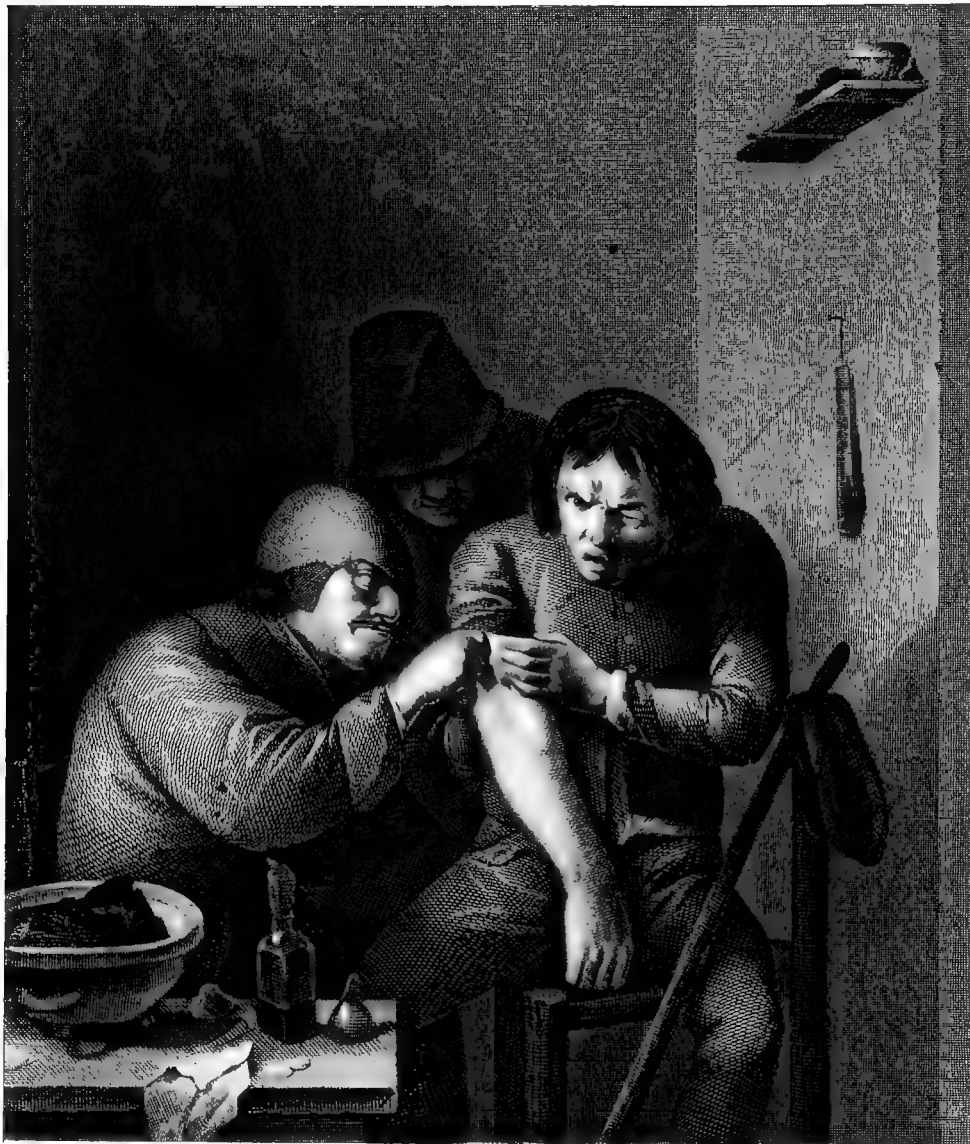
NIC. BERGEON, PINA.

DIE TRÄNKE. CATTLE DRINKING.



LABAN AND HIS PEOPLE.

LABAN UND SEIN GESINDE.

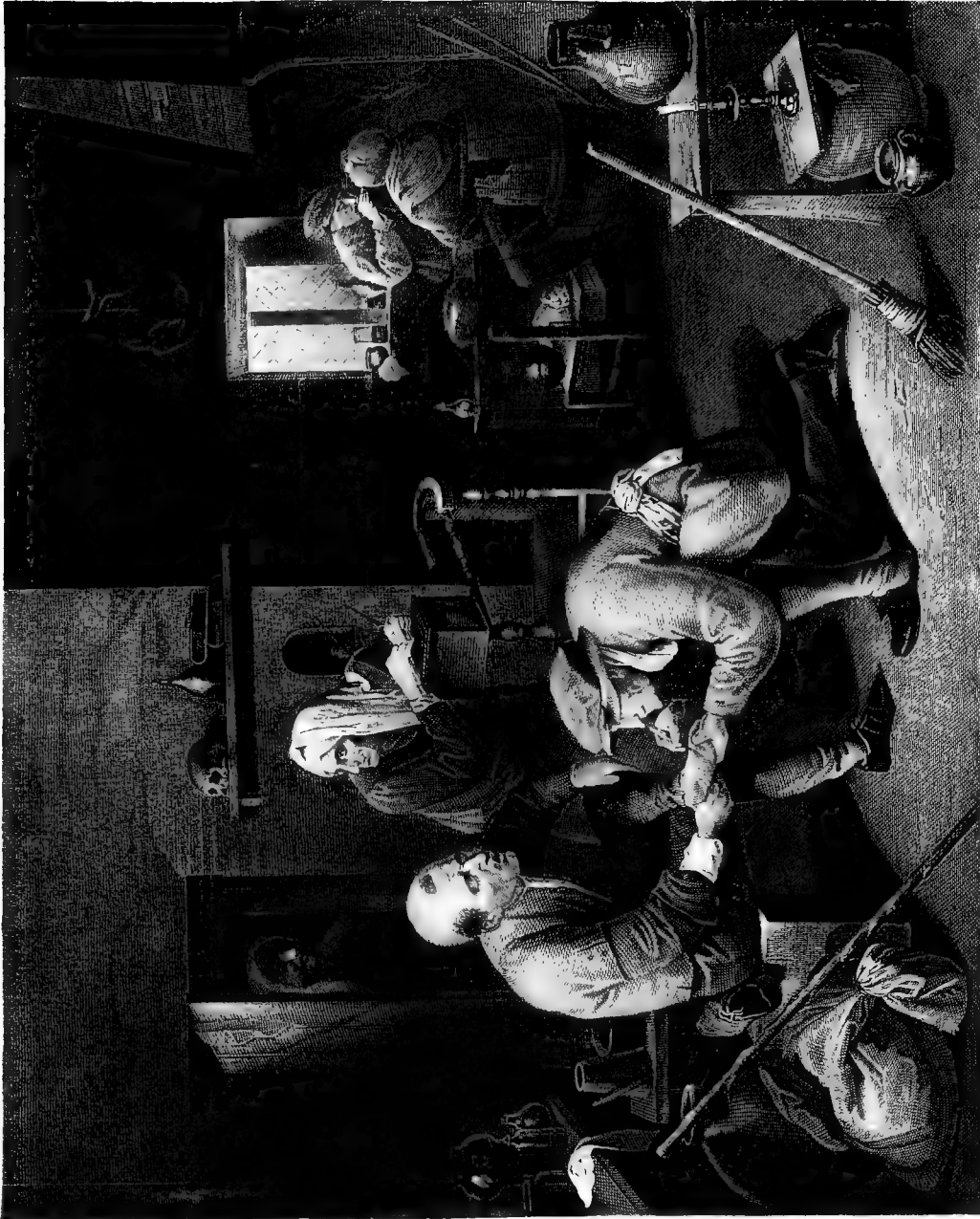


DER BARBIER.

THE BARBER.



JACOB'S DREAM. JACOB'S DREAM.



THE BARBERS' ROOM.



RÖMISCHE SOLDATEN. ROMAN SOLDIERS.



POTIPHAR'S WIFE.

POTIPHAR.

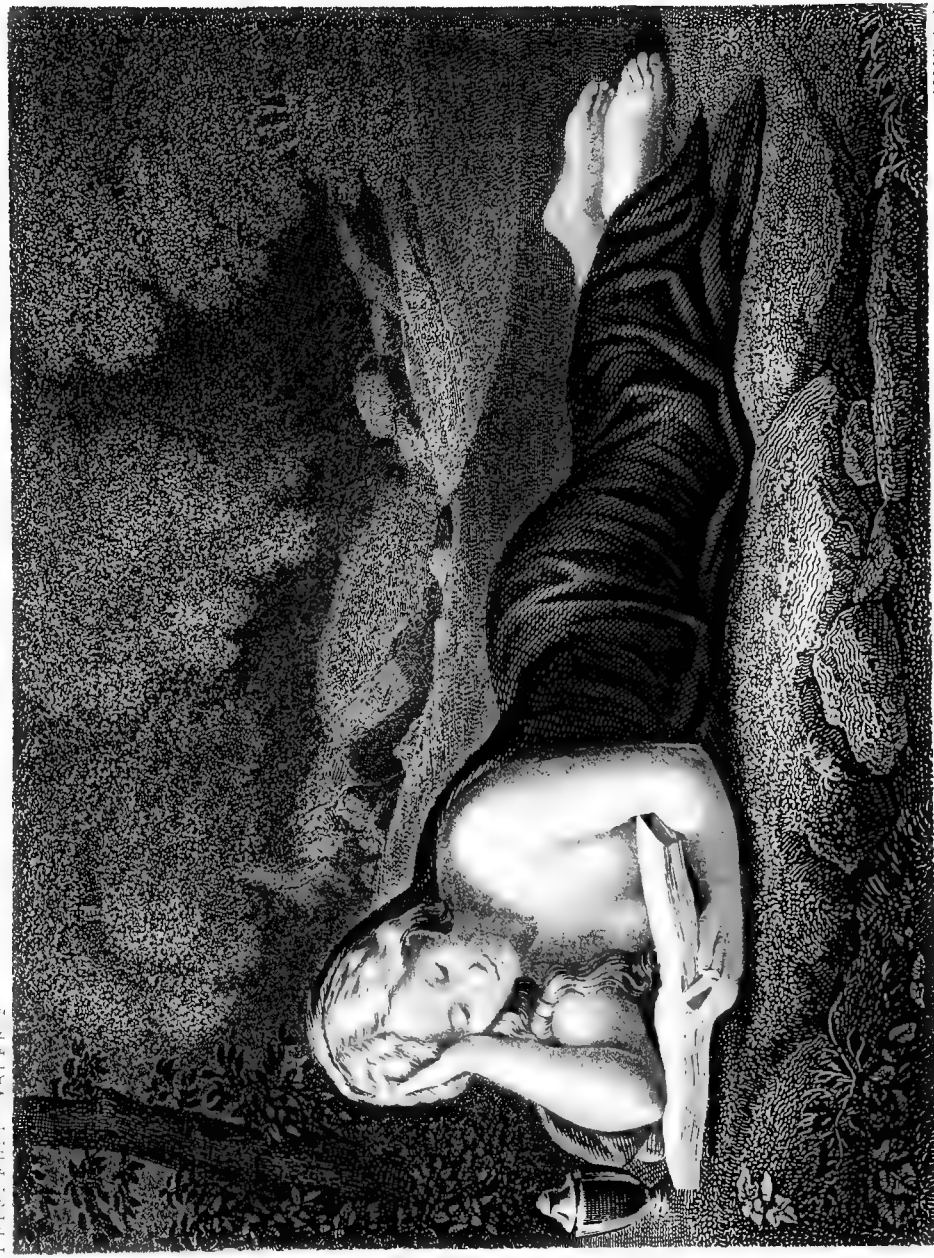


DRESDENER GALERIE



DIE HEILIGE NACHT.

THE NATIVITY.



W. H. H. 50

MAGDALENA.

MAGDALENA.



DIE GRABLEGUNG CHRISTI. THE BURIAL OF CHRIST.

M. METZGER-PRIDI



DIE JUNGFRAU UND KIND.

THE VIRGIN AND CHILD.



HERODIAS TOCHTER.

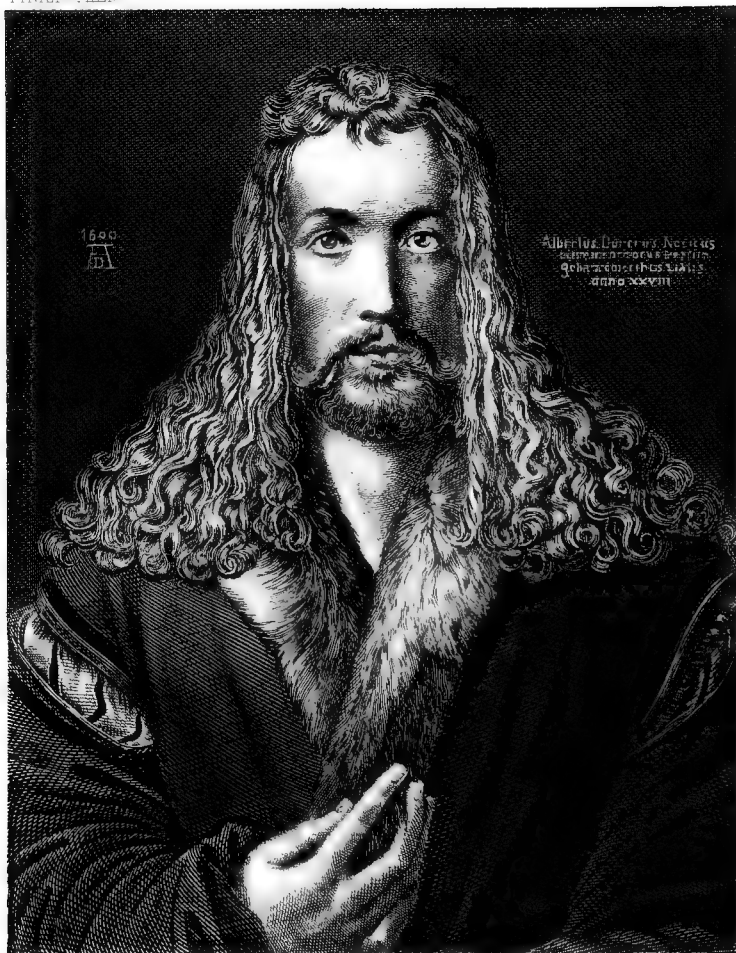
HERODIAS DAUGHTER.







PIAM THEE

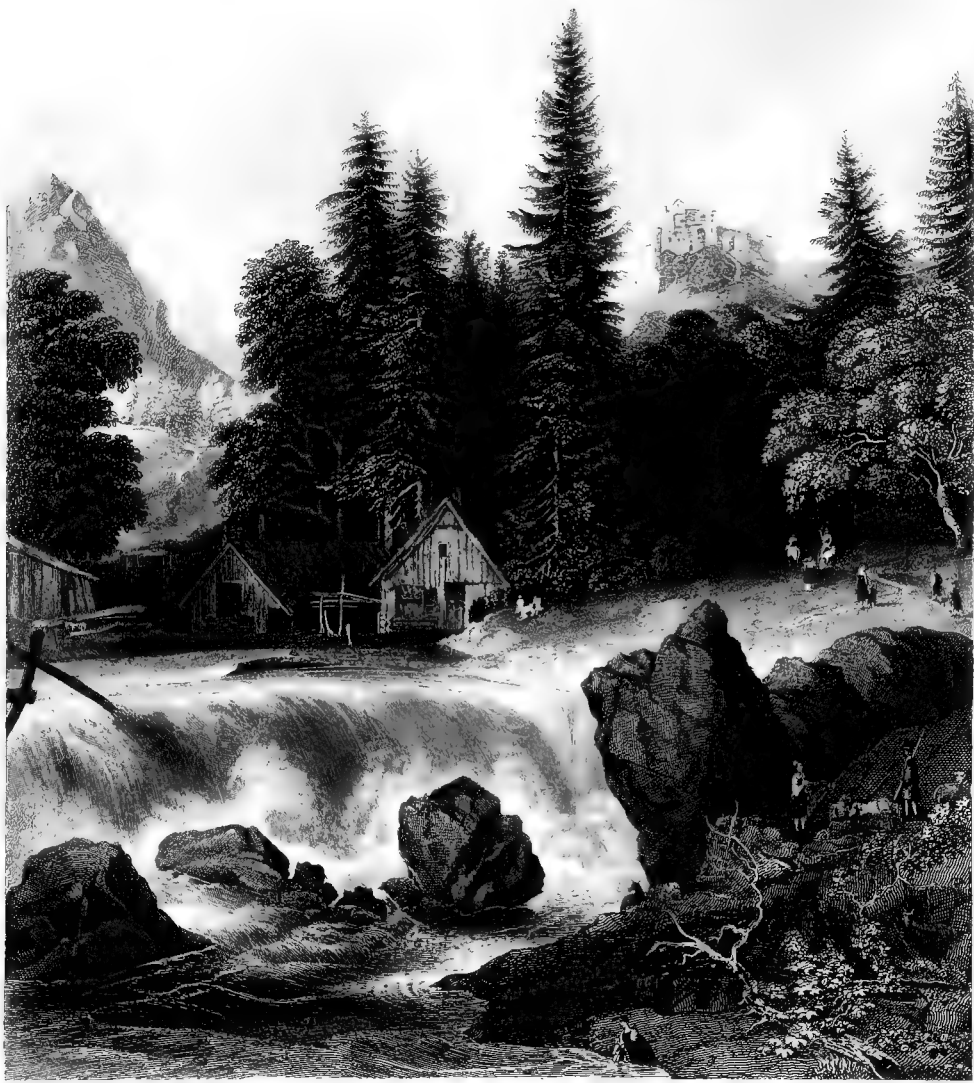


A. DÜRER

W. FREY

A. LÜDER.

MUSEUM IN BERLIN



EINE GEBIRGS-LANDSCHAFT.

A MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE.

MUSEUM DI PERLIN



ANNA & MARIA.

DESIGNER: VALERD.



A. H. FAYE.

JACOB UND RACHEL.

JACOB AND RACHEL.

FRESCUEK GALEFII



DIE MADOONNA

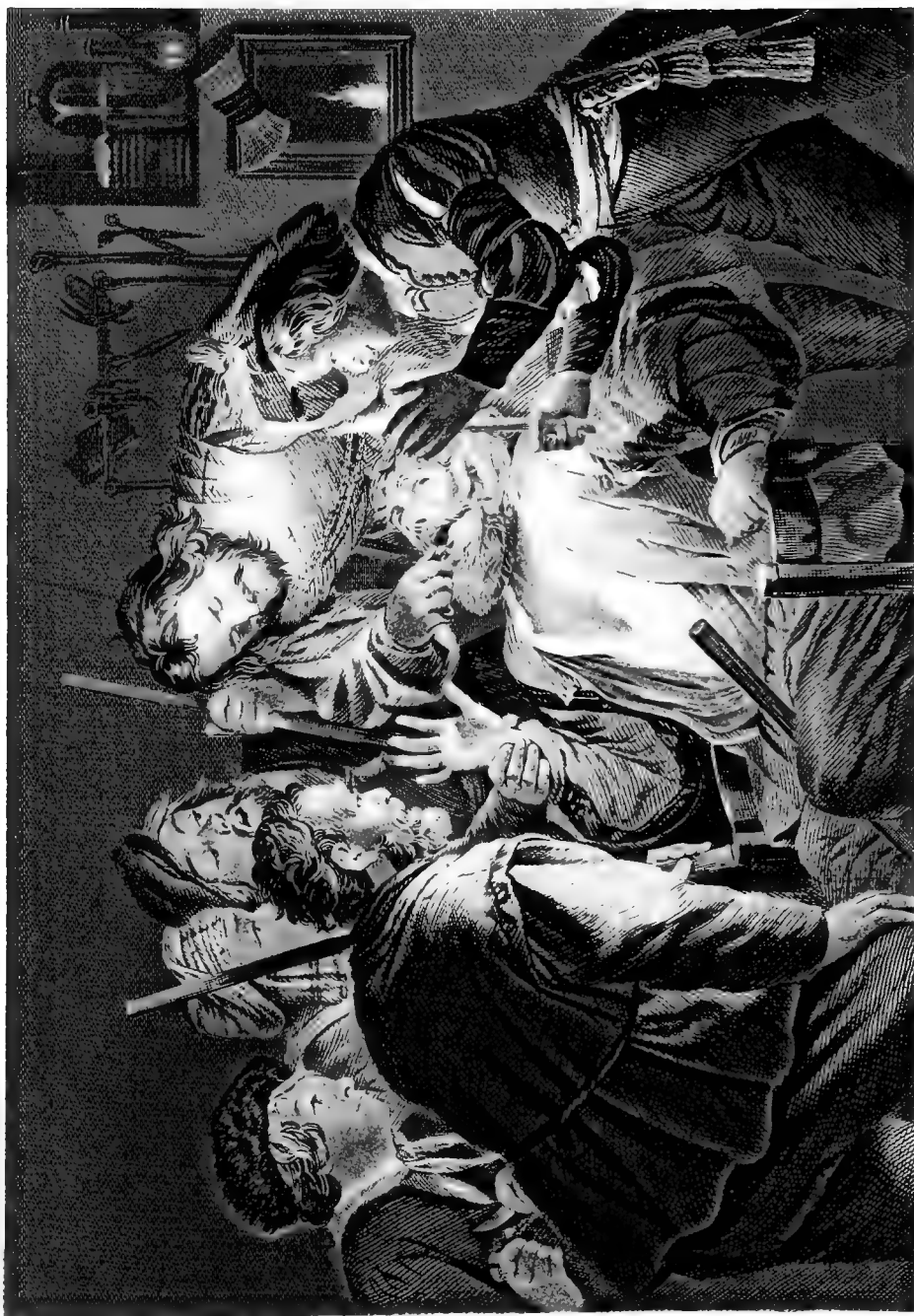
THE MADONNA.

JOHN GIFFIE DEL.



EINE HÜNERFAMILIE.

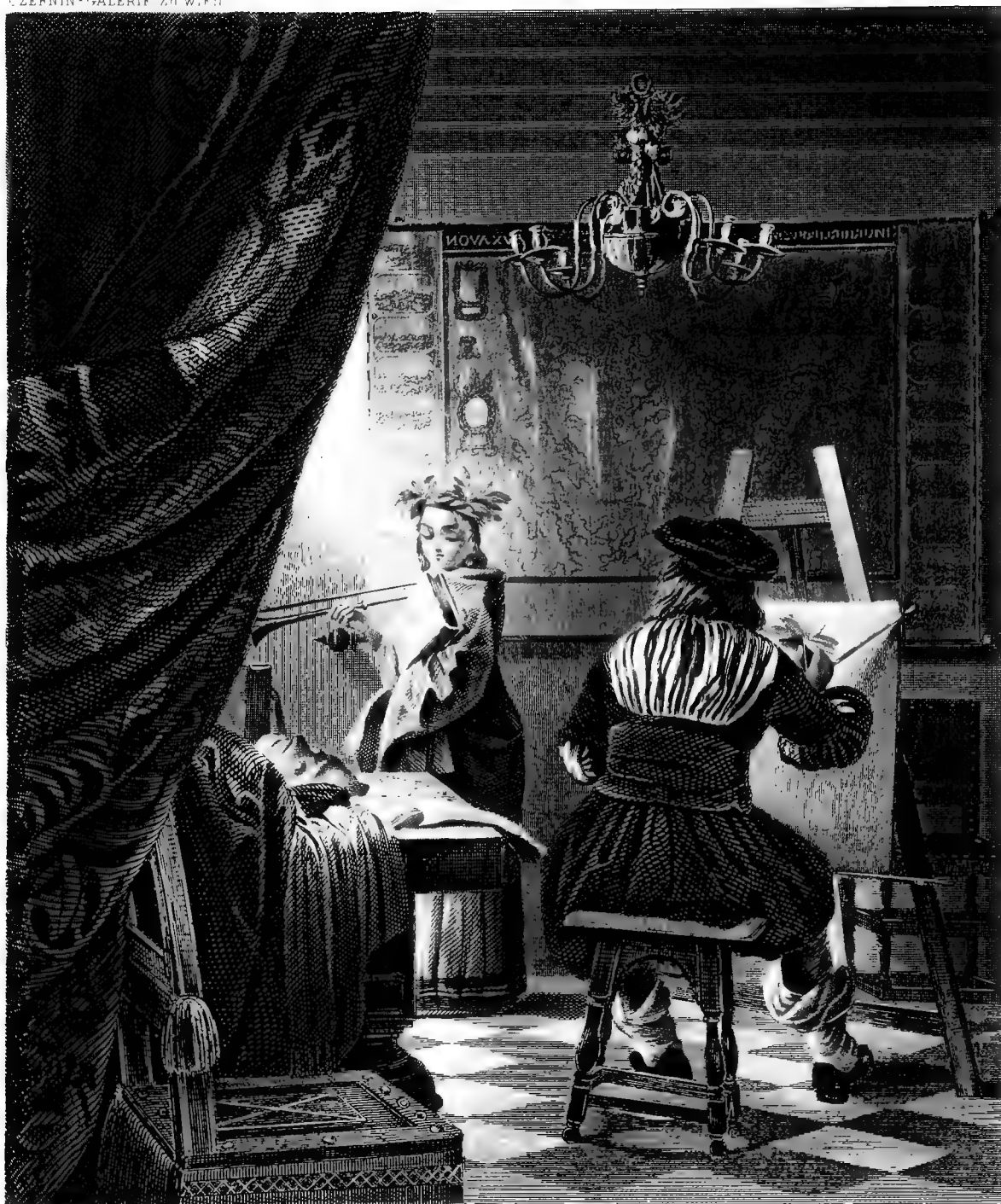
POLLTRY.



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DER ZAHNBECHER. THE JOUJOUWER.



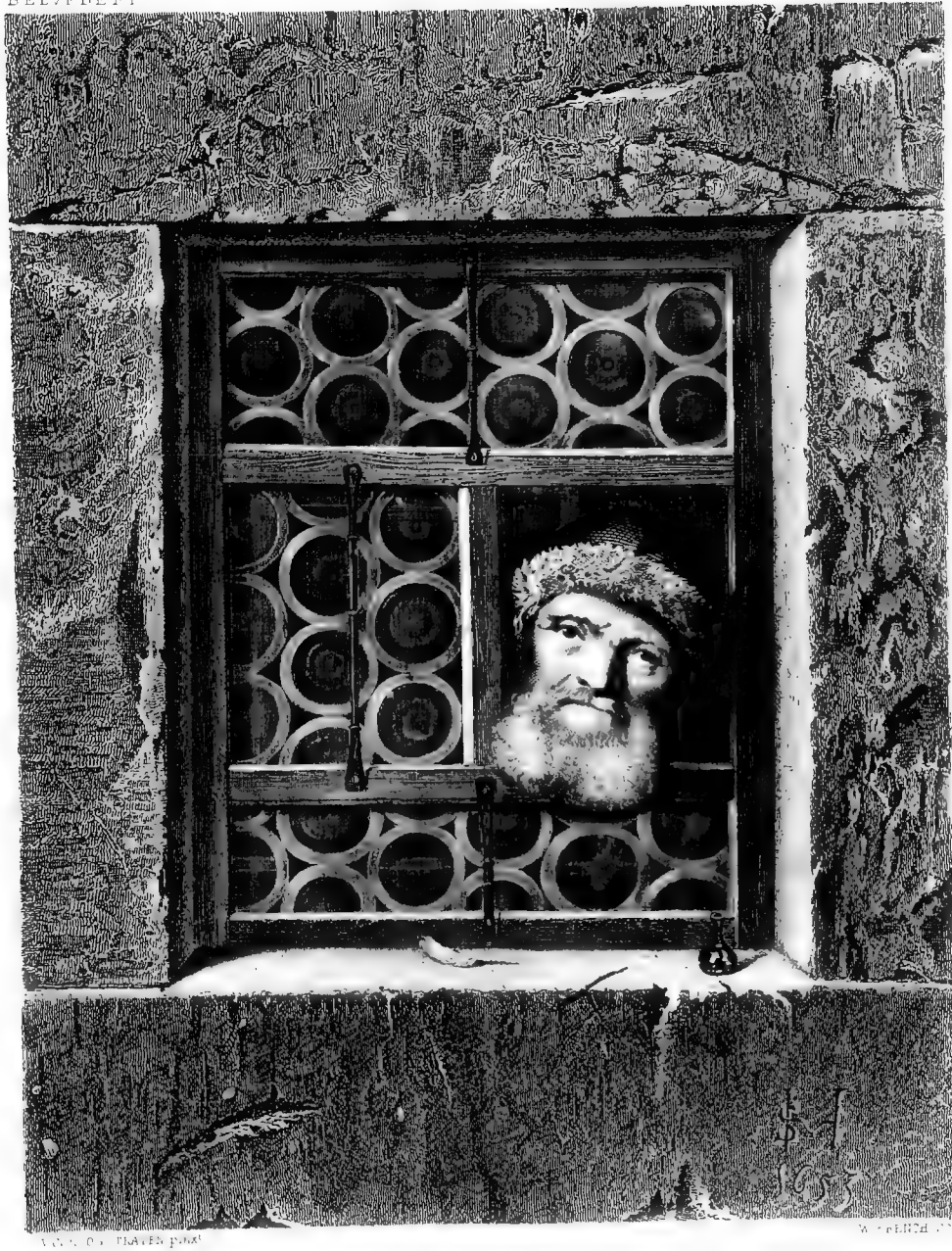
Ad. ADOLF KÖNIG and PIETER DE HOOCH pinxt.

P. 17. H.

DER MALERS ATELIER.

THE PAINTER'S STUDY.

DELVEDE F I



DER NEUGIERIGE.

CURIOSITY.

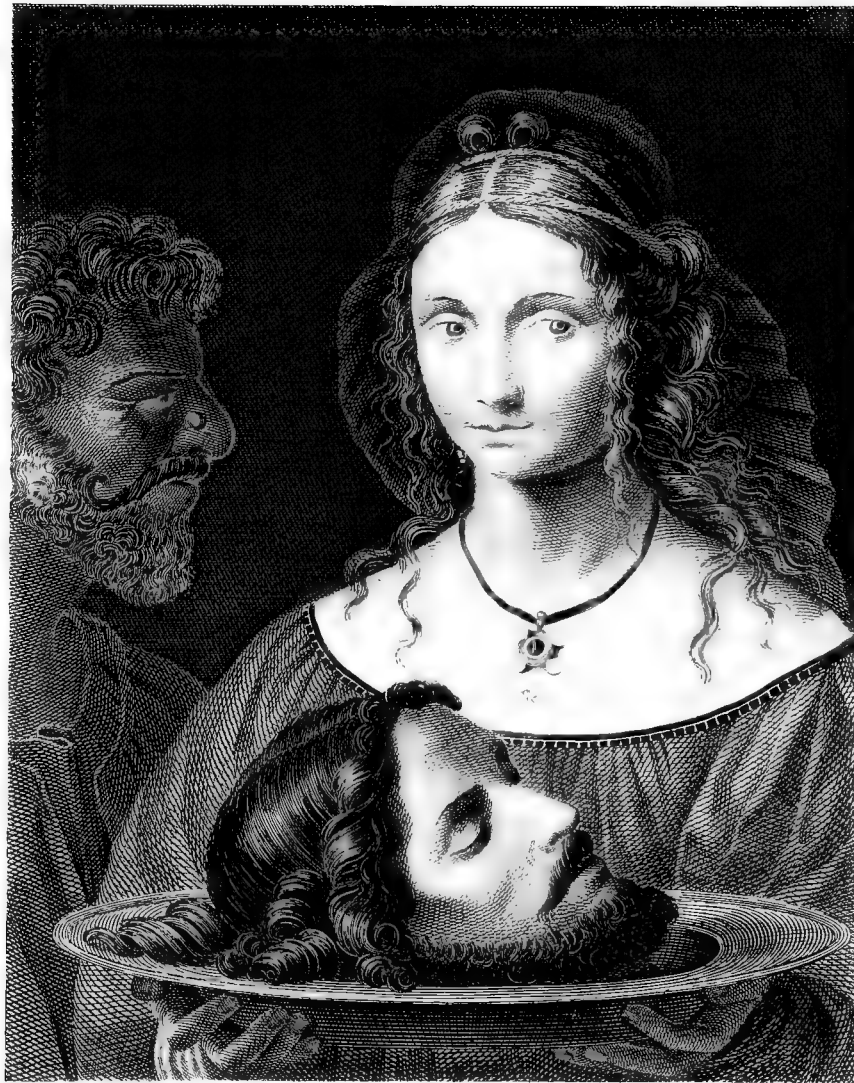


CHRIST AT THE WELL.

CHRIST AND SAMARITAN.

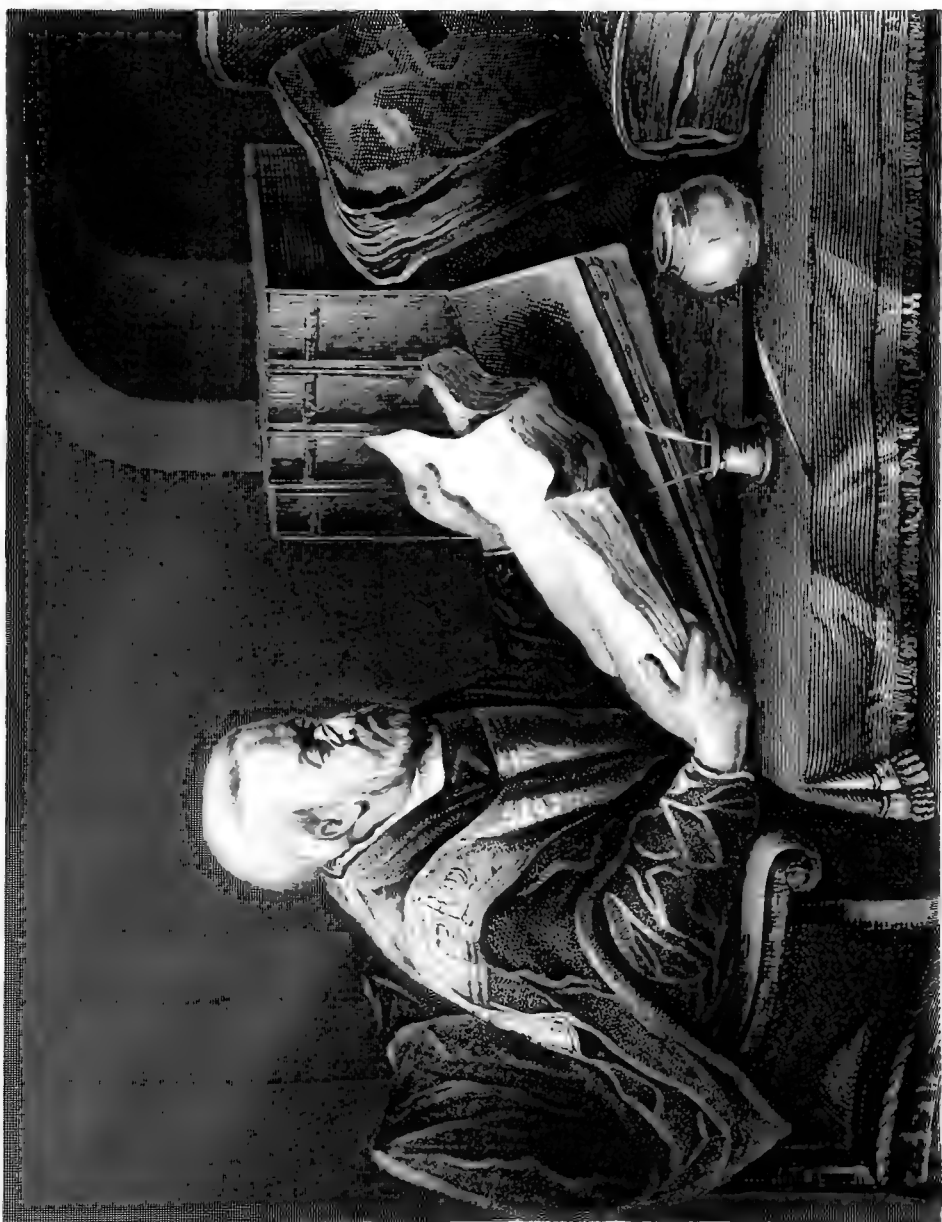


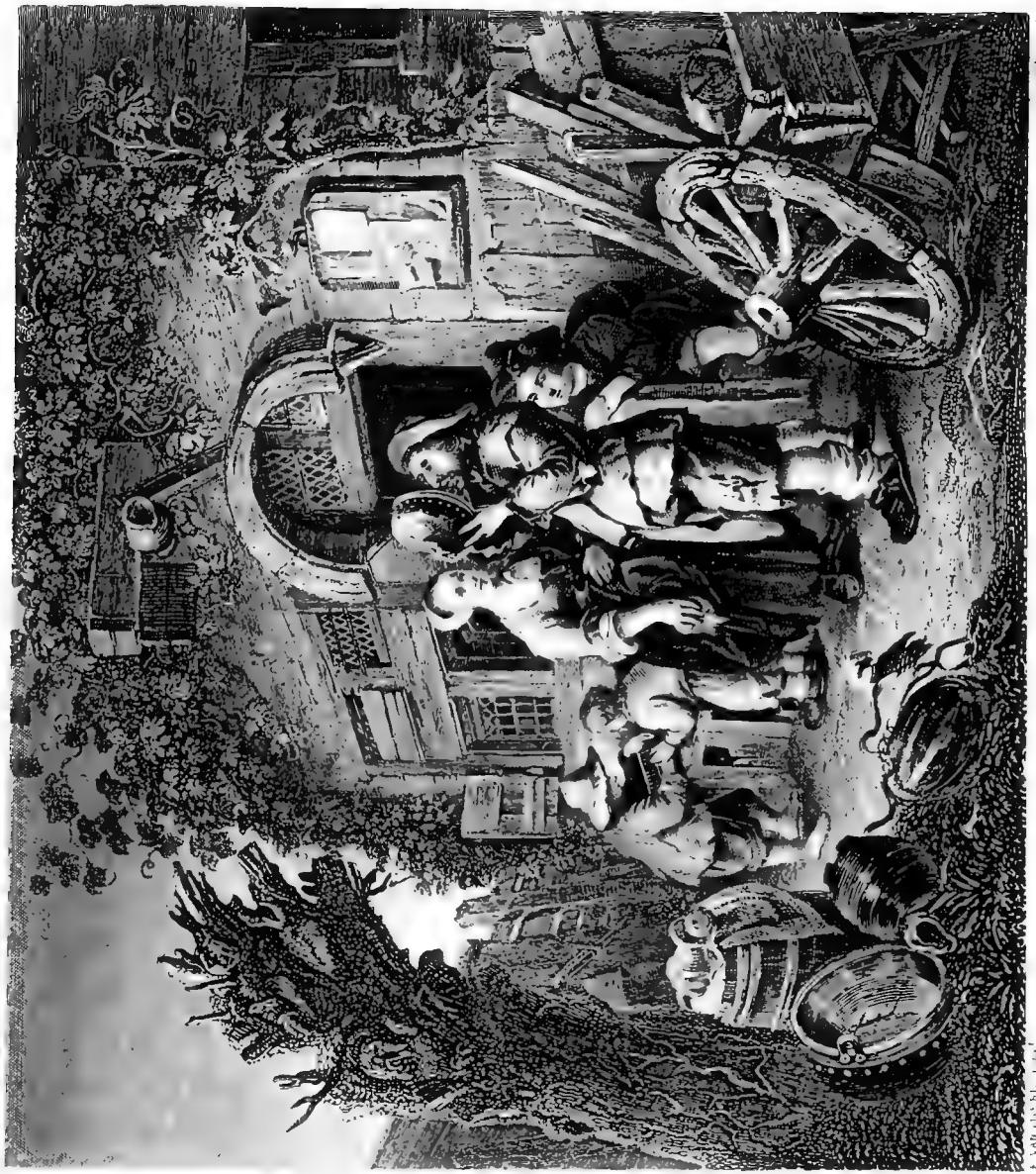
FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.



HERODIAS TOCHTER.

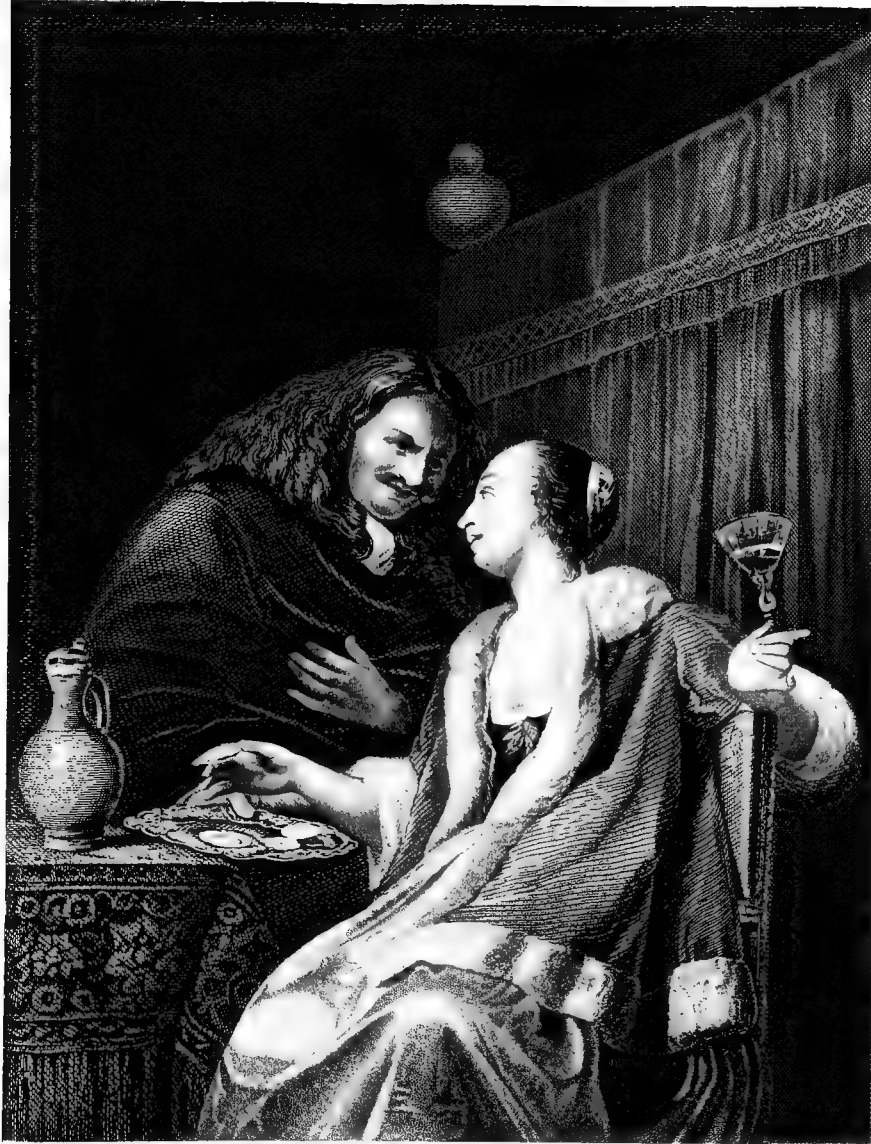
HERODIAS'S DAUGHTER.





THE WINE-MERCHANTS

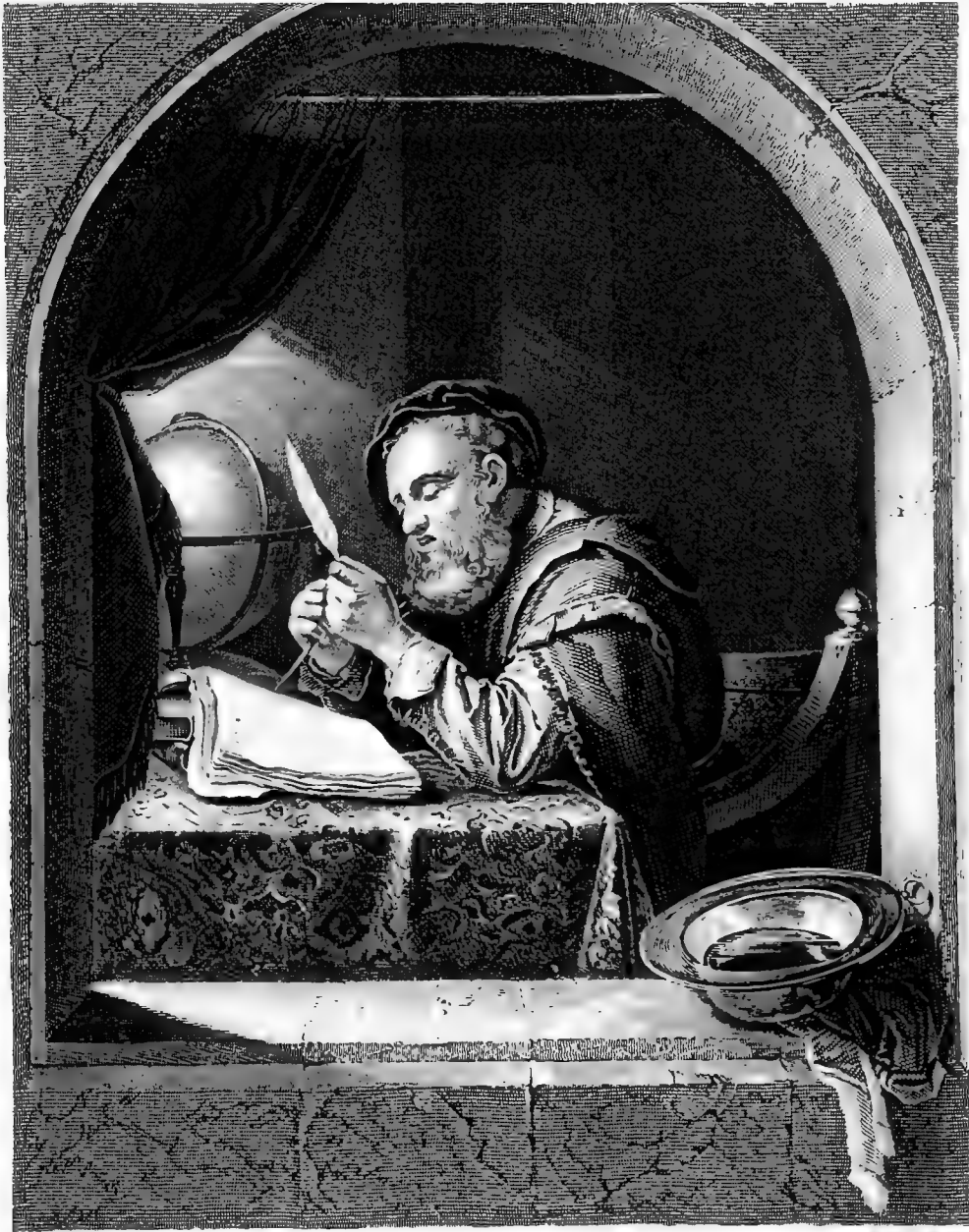
PIZZI & THIELE



FRÜHSTÜCK.

LUNCHEON.

DRESDENER GALLERY



DER GELEHRTE. THE SCHOLAR.

CHAS. J. F. ALLEN



IN DER SCHENKE.

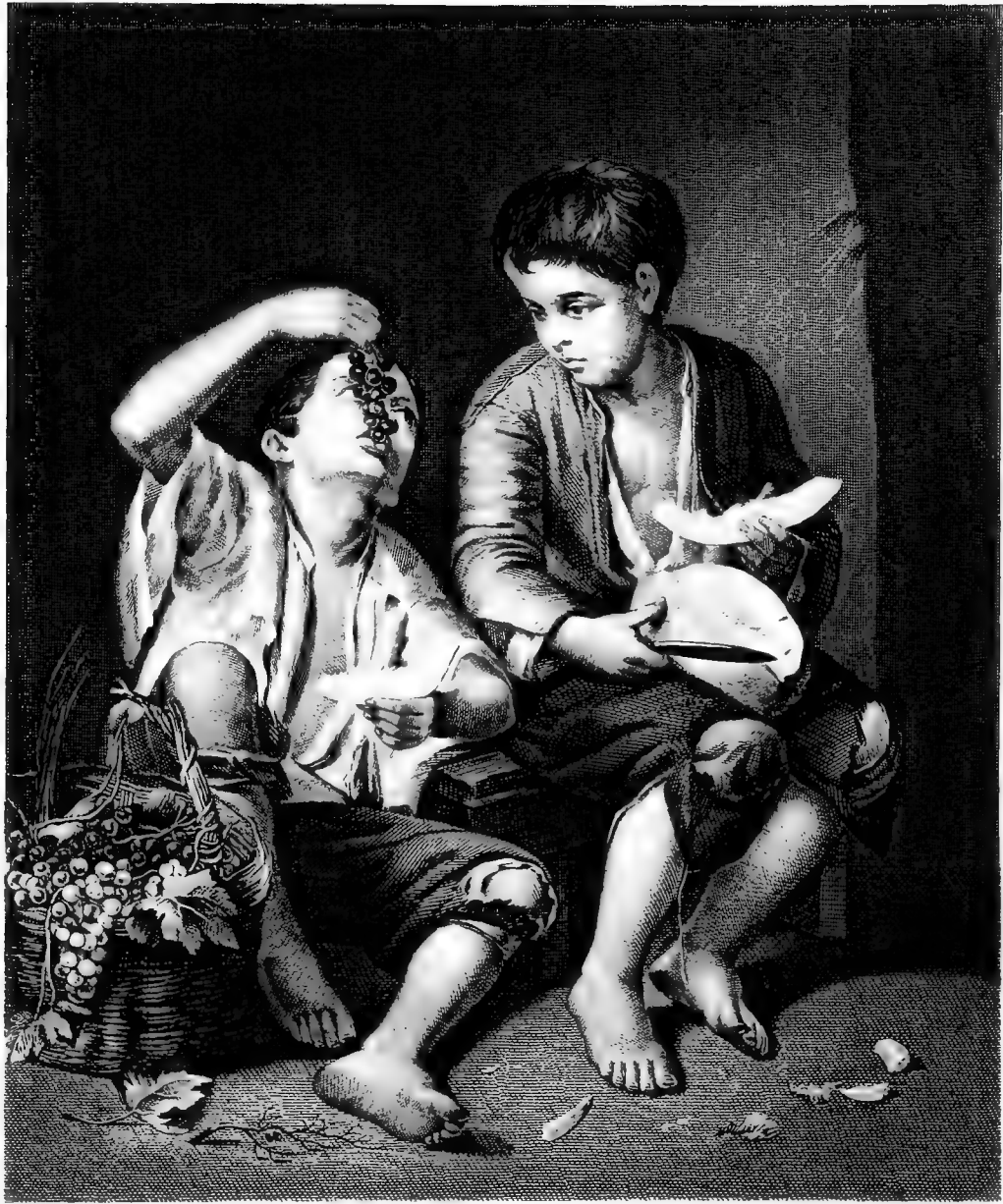
IN THE TAVERN



DER GEFLÜGELHÄNDLER.

THE POULTERER.

PIUAK-THFY



ESSENDE KNABEN.

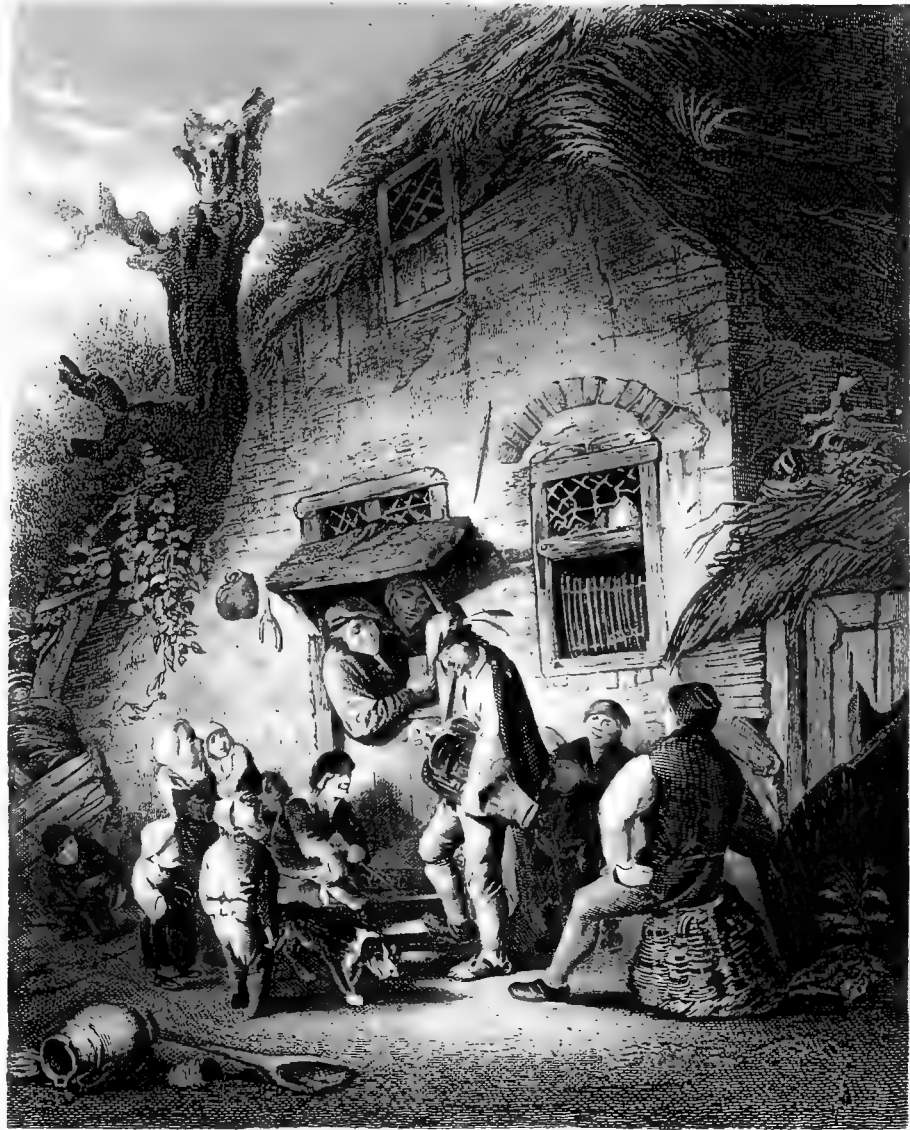
BOYS EATING FRUIT.

LESTUERE PALEKKE



MADONNA AND KING.

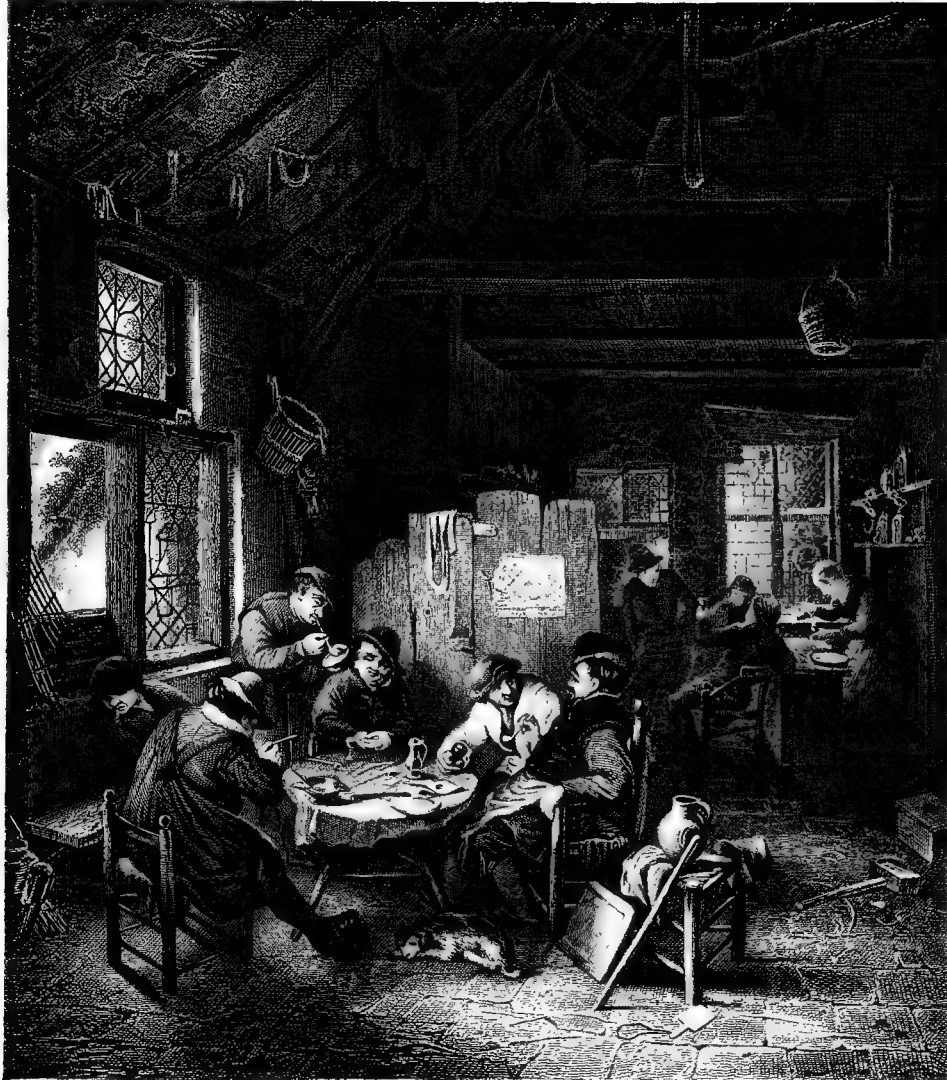
MADONNA AND CHILD.



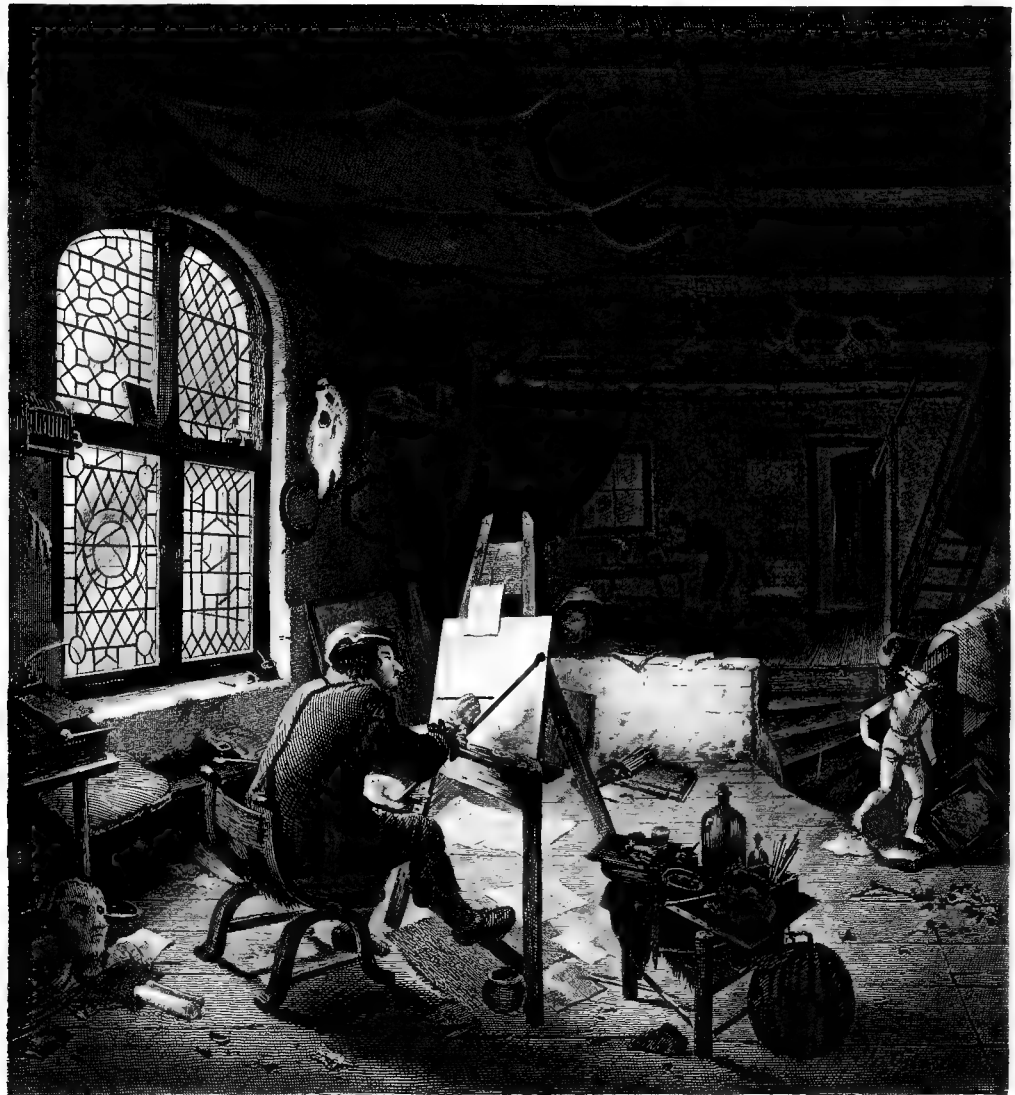
DER LEIERKASTEN.

THE HURDY GURDY.

DE' LEIJF GALEJE



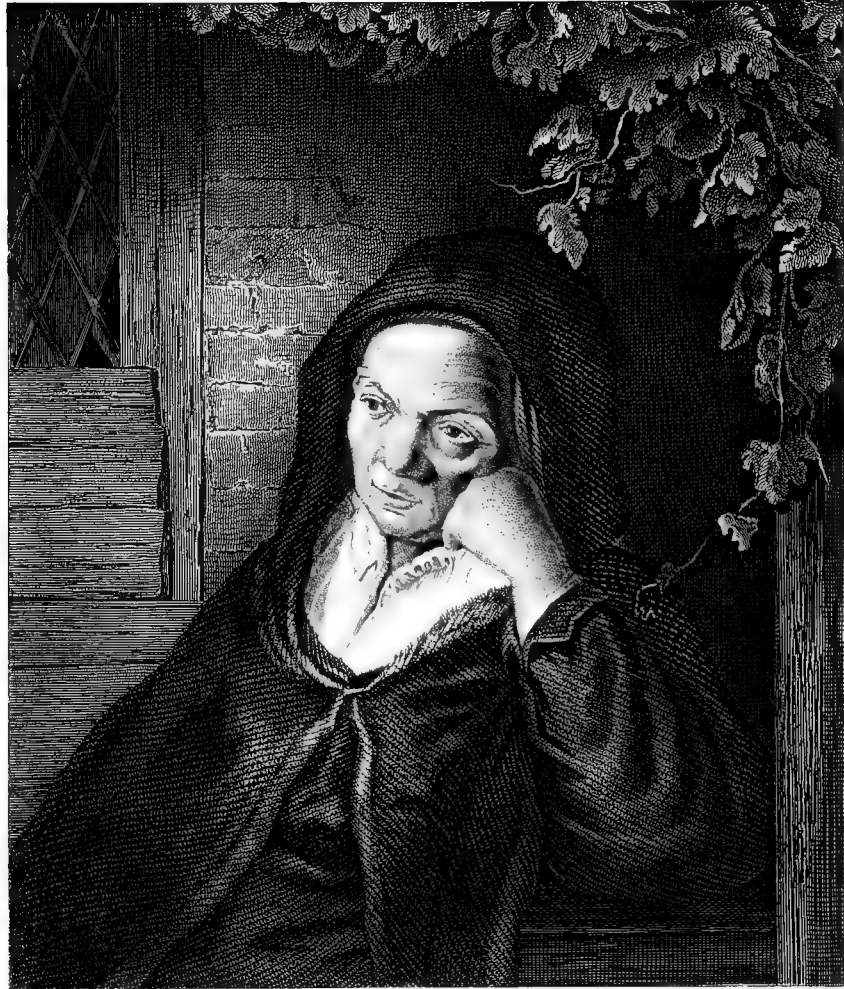
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THE ARTIST'S STUDIO

1851

MUSEUM IN BERLIN

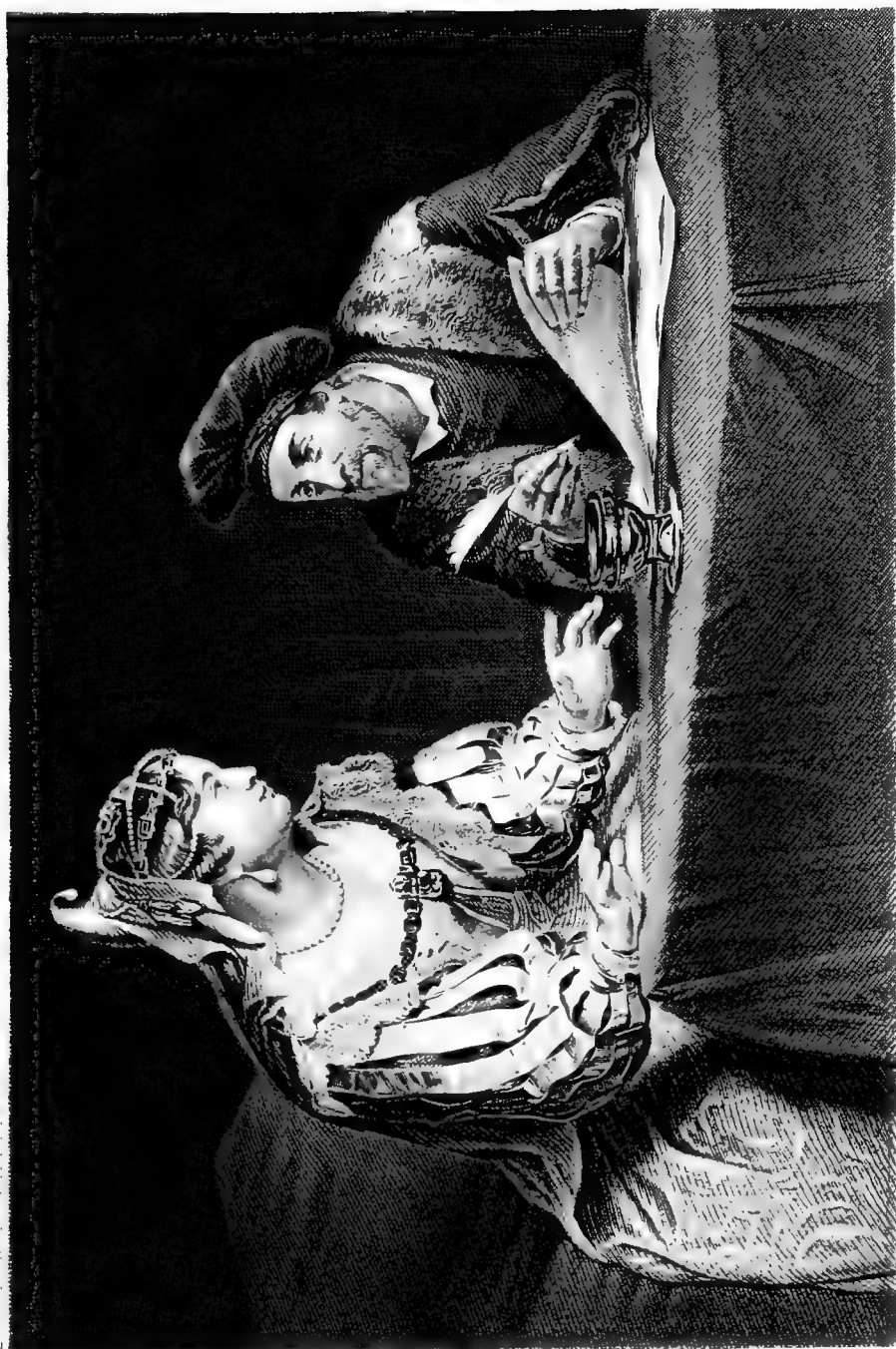


A. KRAH. v. D. DALÉ. pinx.

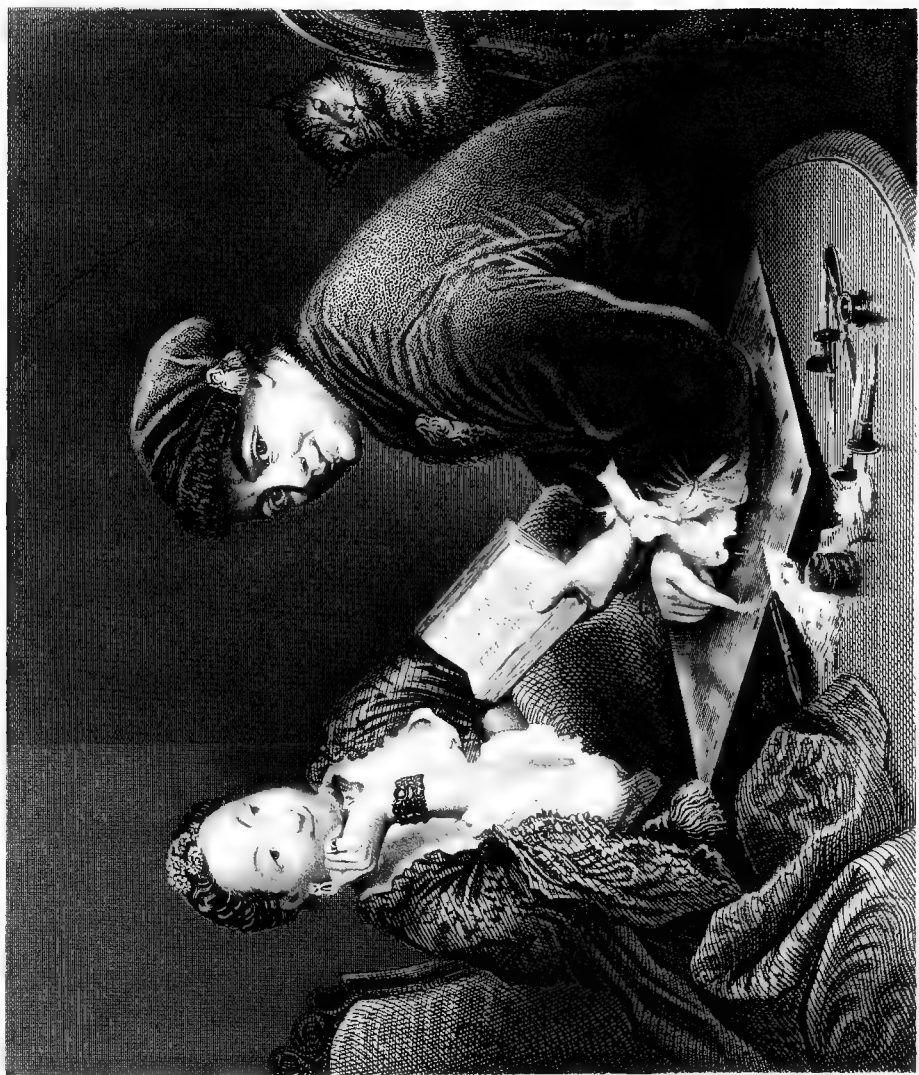
W. HENCH. sc.

DES MALERS MUTTER.

OSTADES MOTHER.



DIE RECHTSVERHANDLUNG. THE CONSULTATION.



G. F. SCHNIDT & FRA THE ENGRAVER.



MADONNA DI CASA.

LEFLENER 7A. F. 11



REMBRANDT'S TOCHTER.

REMBRANDT'S DAUGHTER.



THE SILENT PARTNER.

M. J. M. H. E. L. I.



REMBRANDT VAN RUYL.



K. Brandt del.

SIMSON'S DROHUNG.

SAMSON'S THREAT.

DRESDENER GALERIE



REMBRANDT

REMBRANDT UND SEINE FRAU. REMBRANT AND HIS WIFE.

PL. ZED. B.



REMBRANDT'S MOTHER.

REMBRANDT'S MUTTER.

REMBRANDT'S MOTHER.

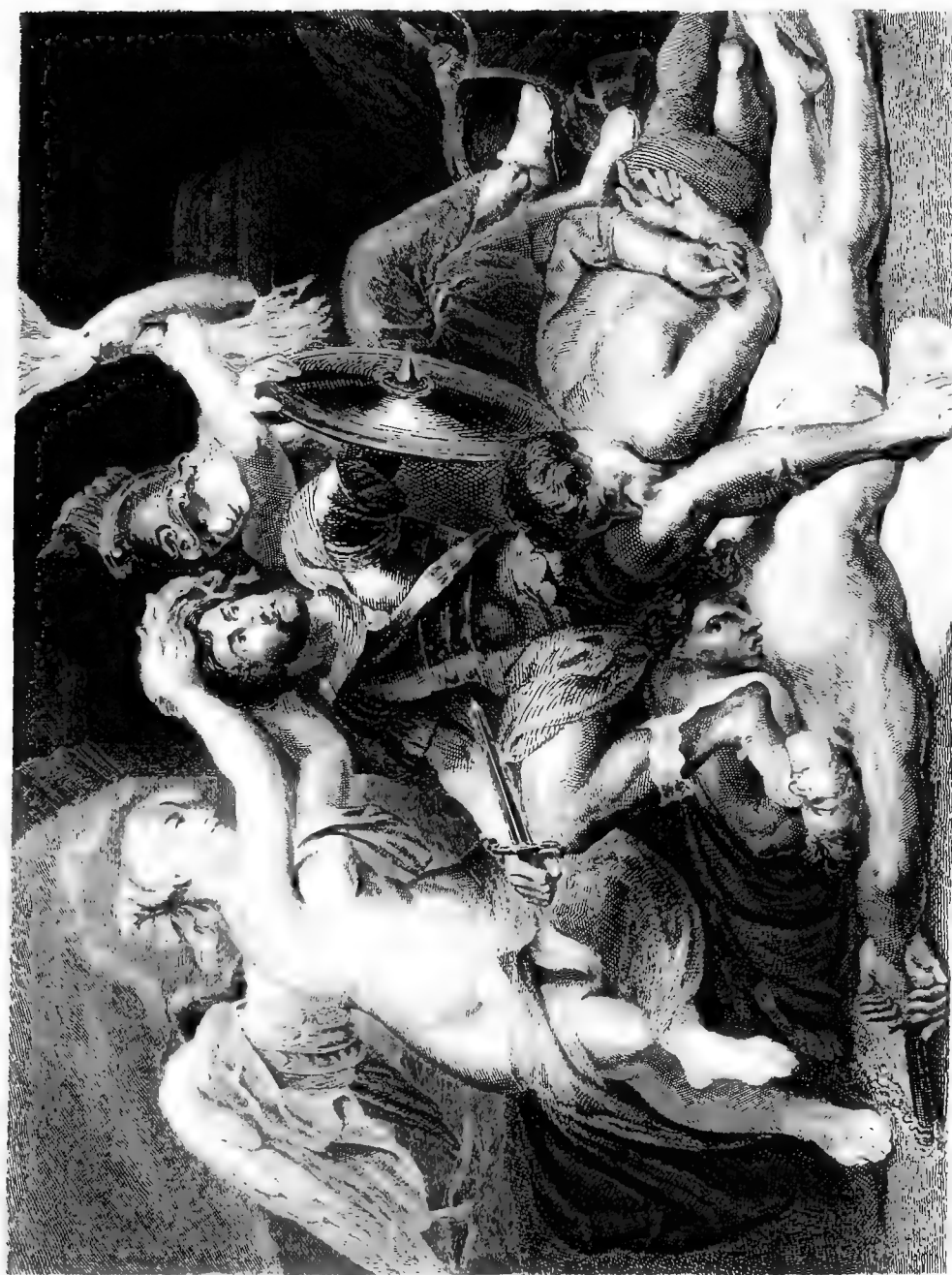
LICHTENSTEIN-GALERIE IN WIEN



WORK OF RUBENS.

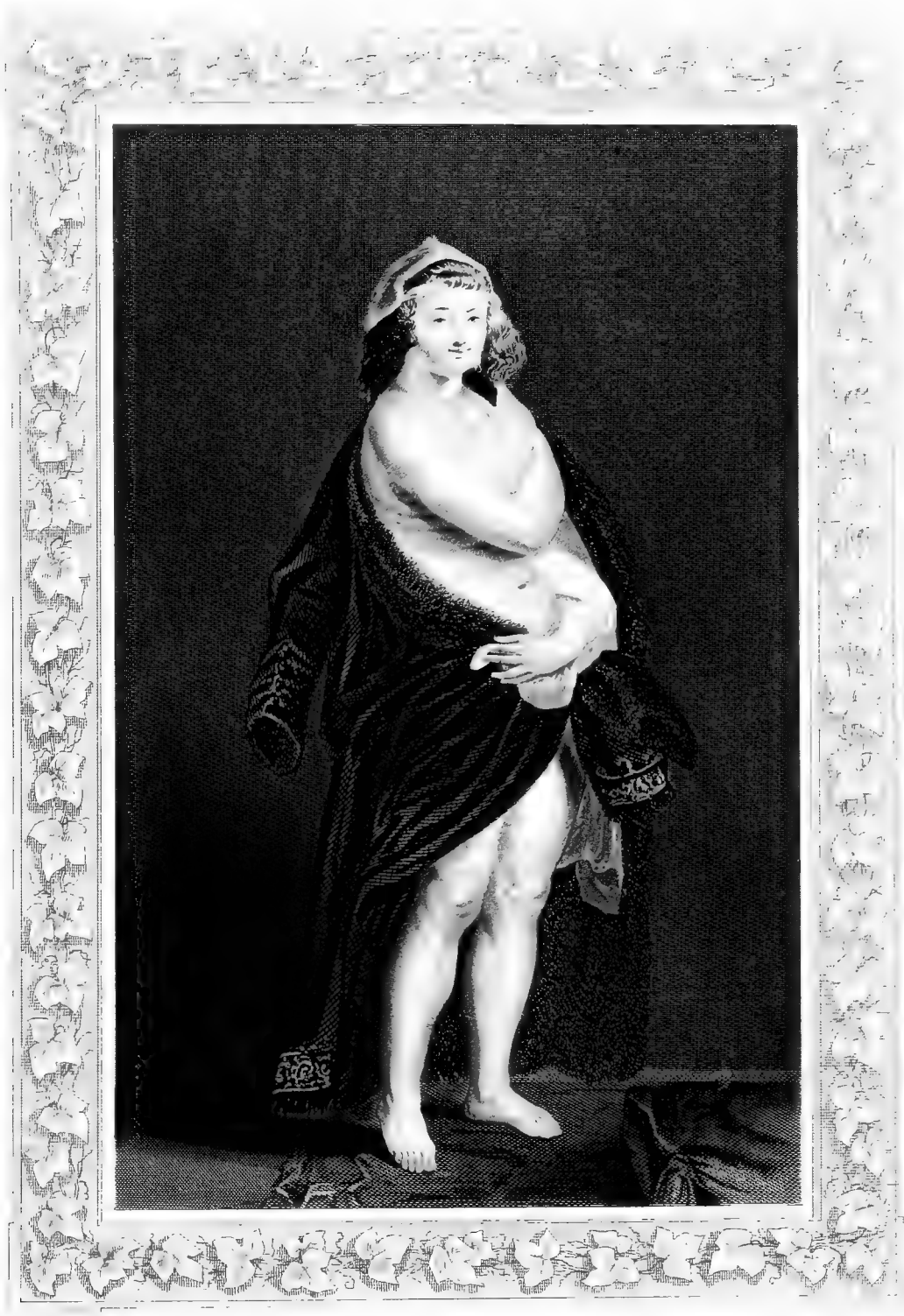
DE ROÏNE DE L'EE.





THE VICTORY OF APOLLO OVER PYTHON.





BELVEDERE



PHILIPP DER GUTE.



PETRUS & PAULUS.

DRESDENER GALERIE

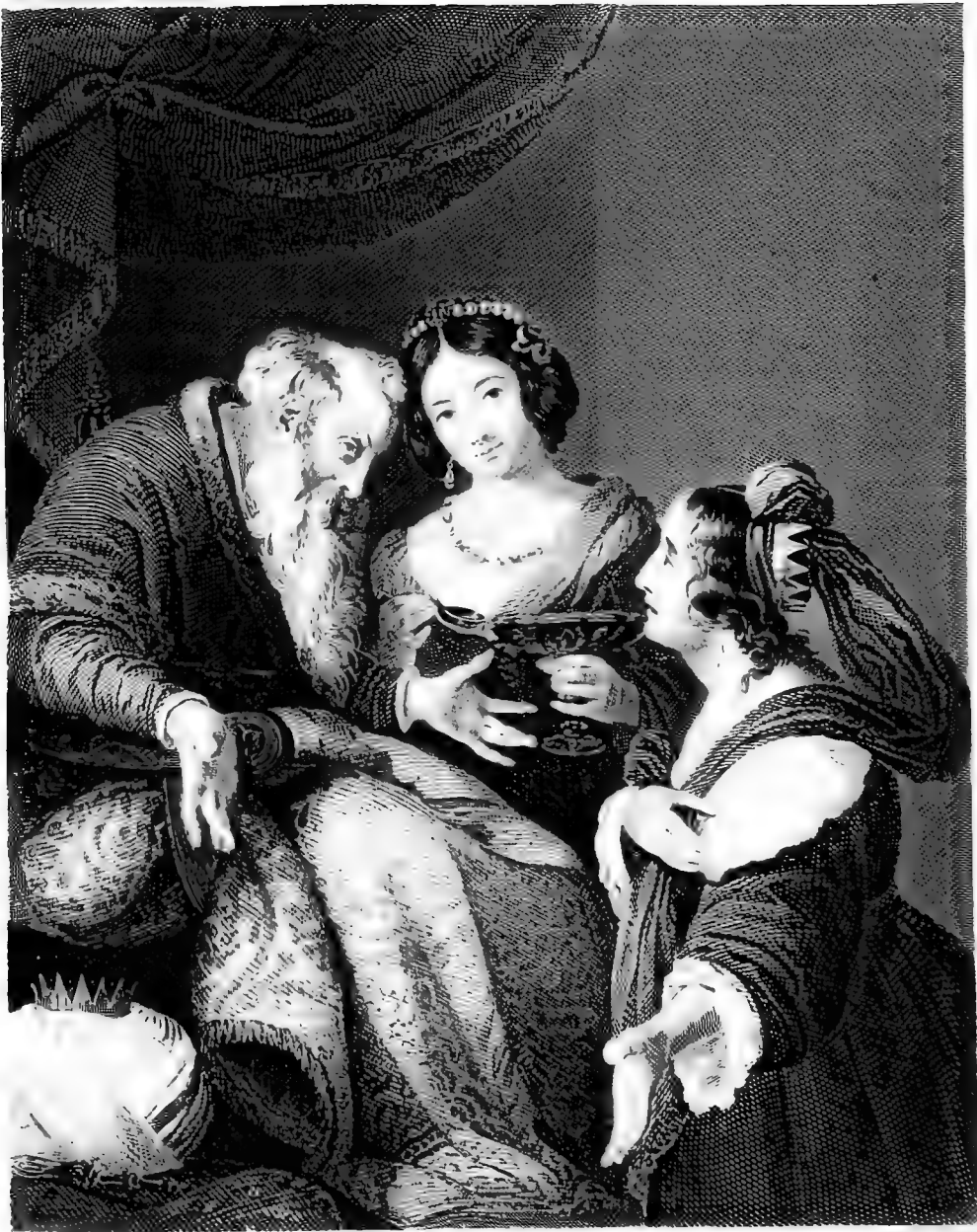


DAS KLOSTER.

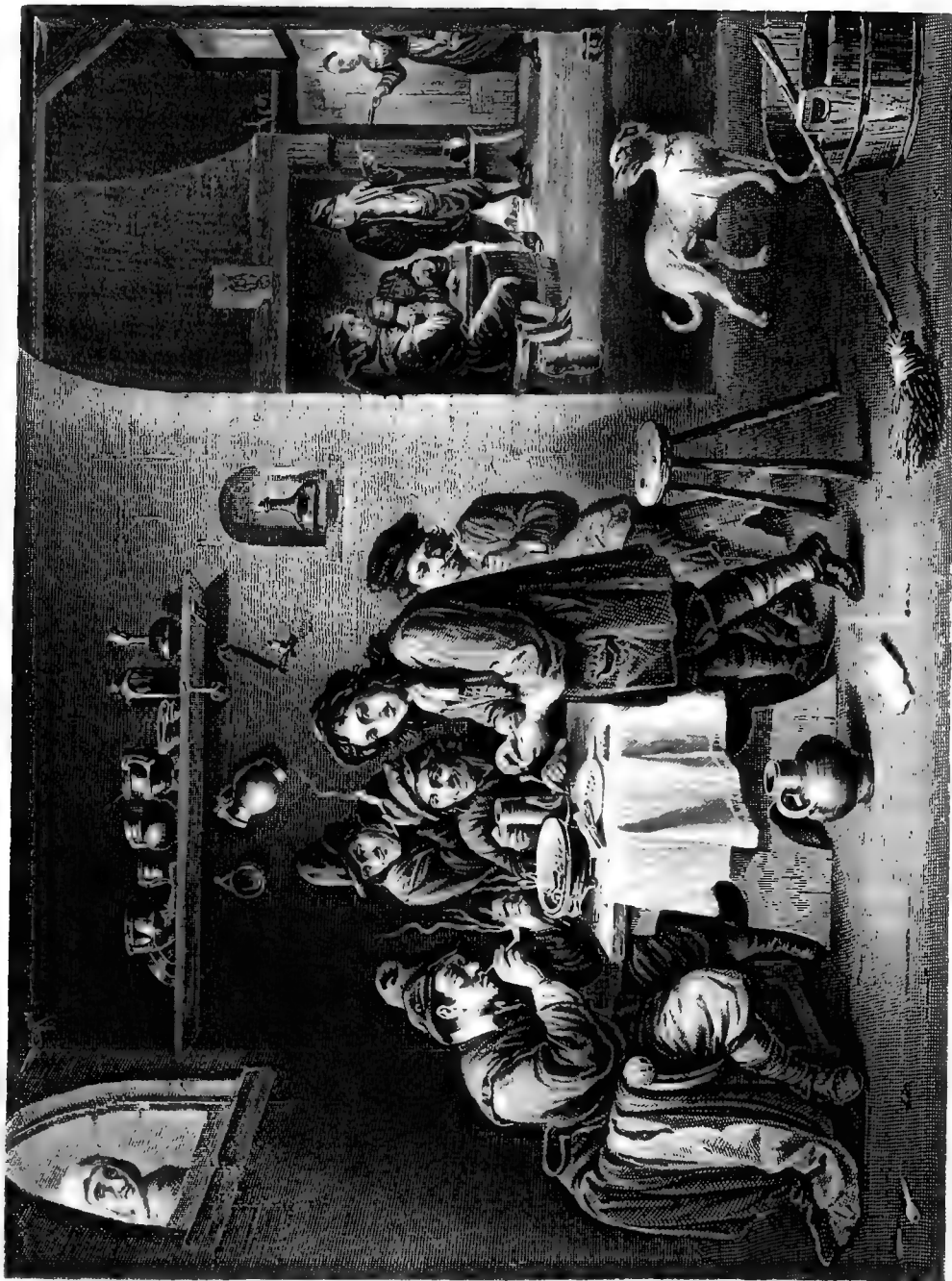
THE MONASTERY.



di



DAVID UND BATHSEBA. DAVID AND BATH-SHEBA.



DIE RAUCHGESellschaft. Die Smoking Club.



DAS CONCERT

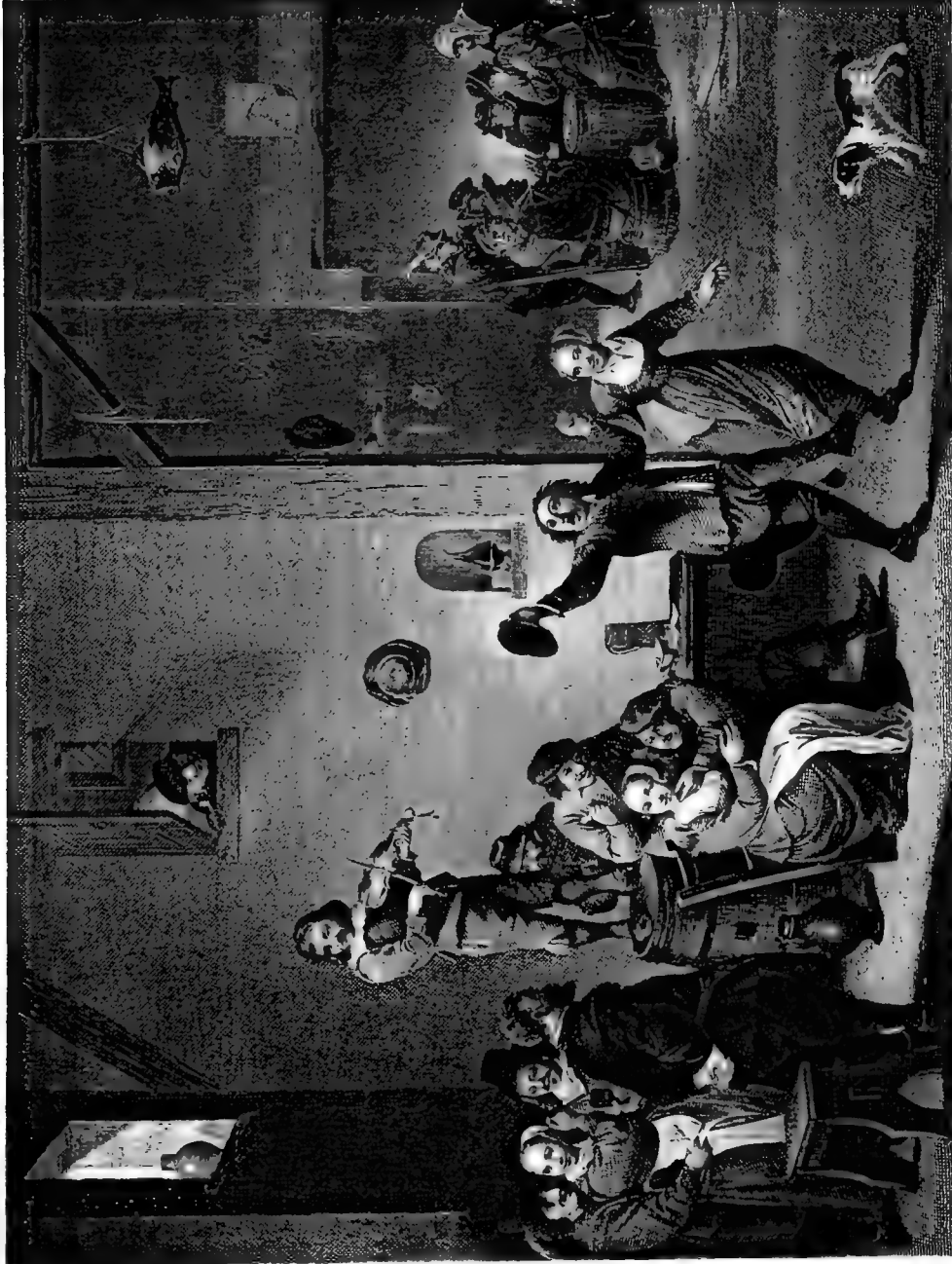
THE CONCERT

EDWARDS



W. H. P.

A PEASANT'S WEDDING.



THE FIDDLER.

NEHMEN GALERIE ZU WISEN



DER DUELSBAGPFEIFER.

THE BAGPIPER.



THE GARDEN

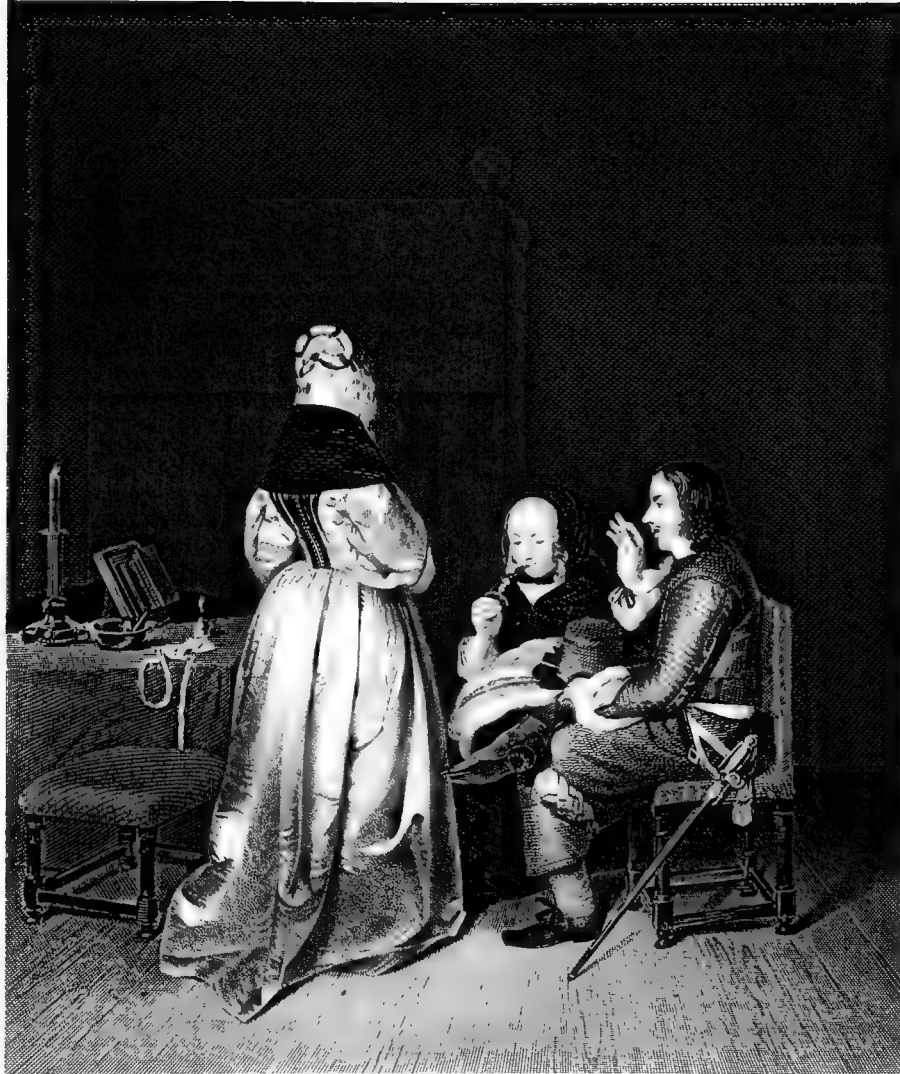
THE GARDEN



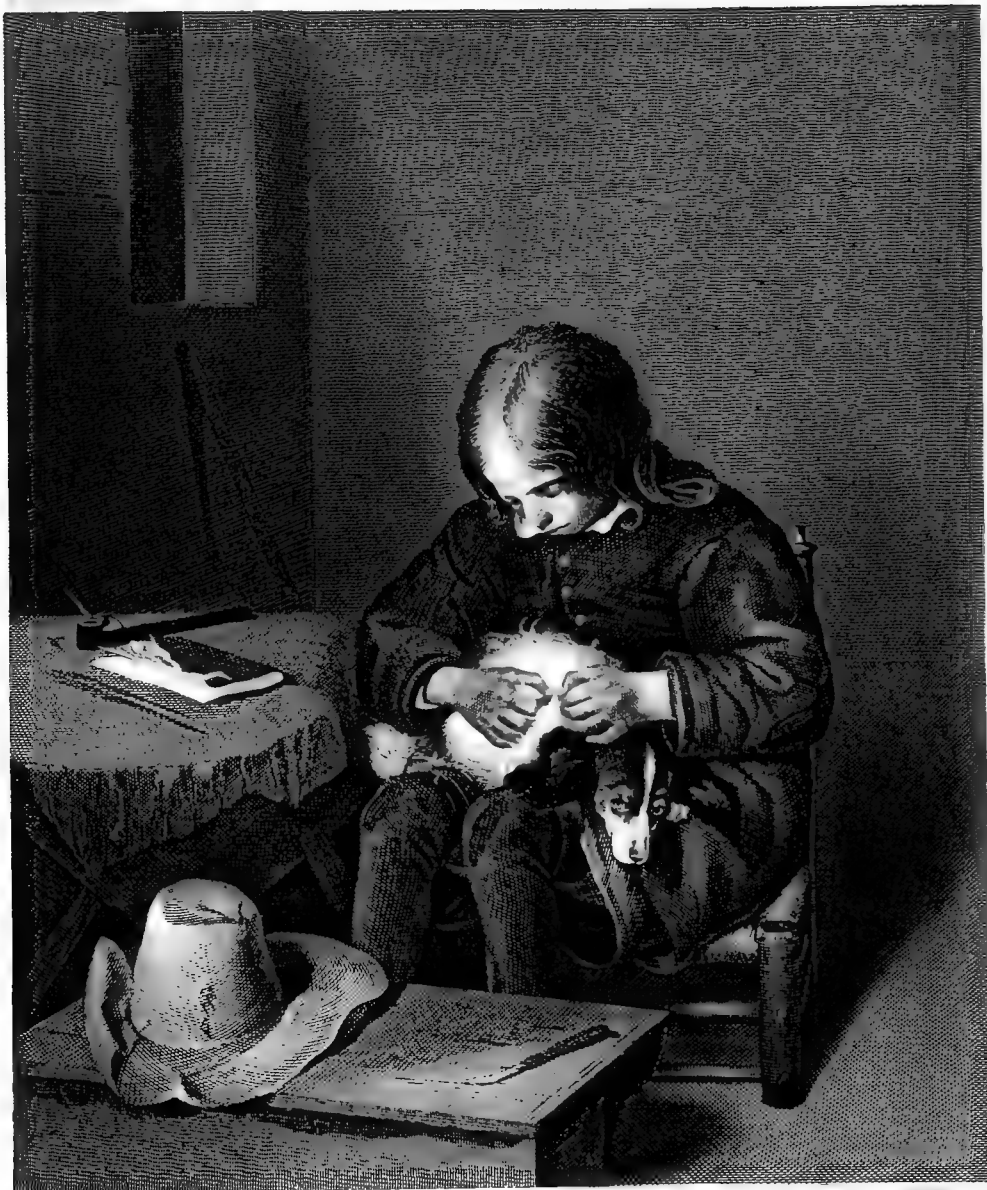
DER TROMPETER.

THE TRUMPETER.

MUSEUM IN BERLIN

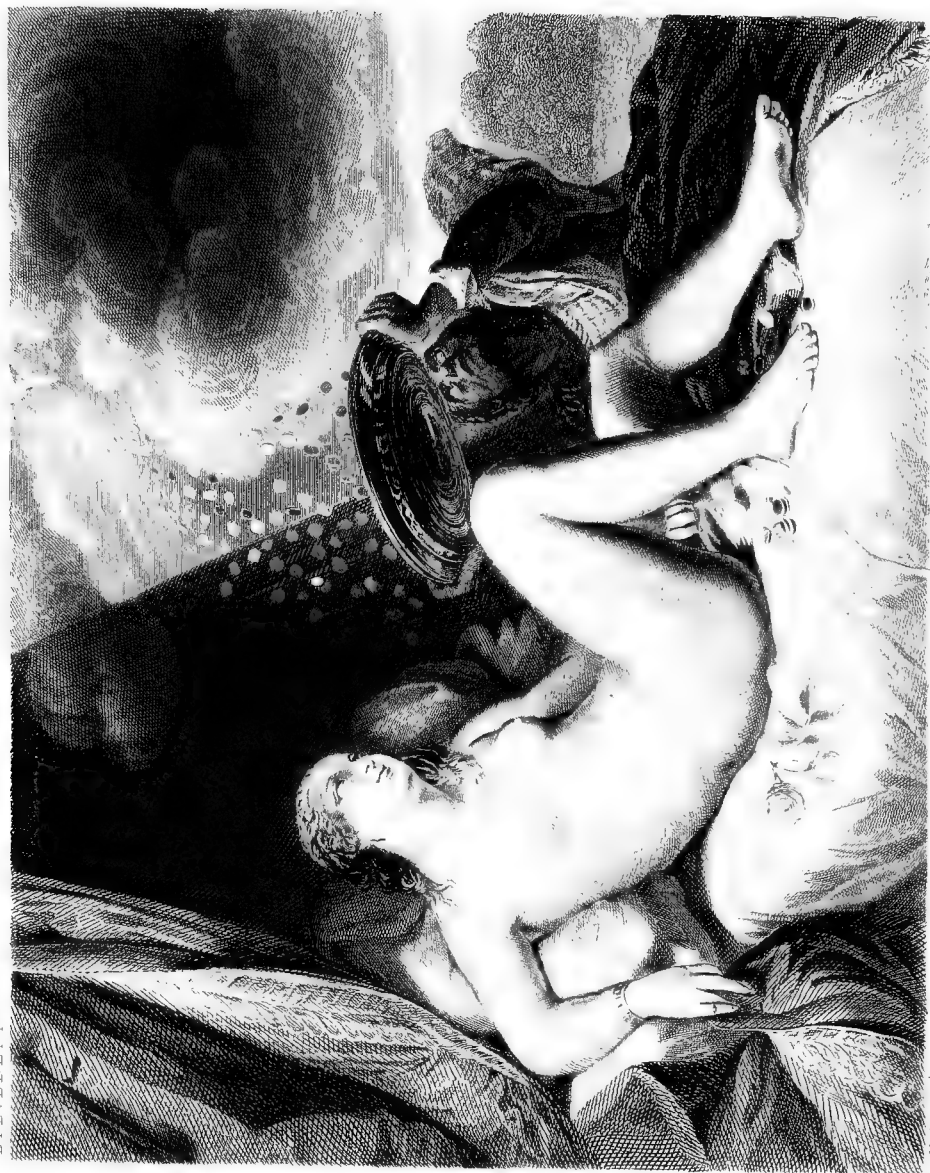


DIE VÄTERLICHE ERMAHNUNG. PATERNAL ADVICE.

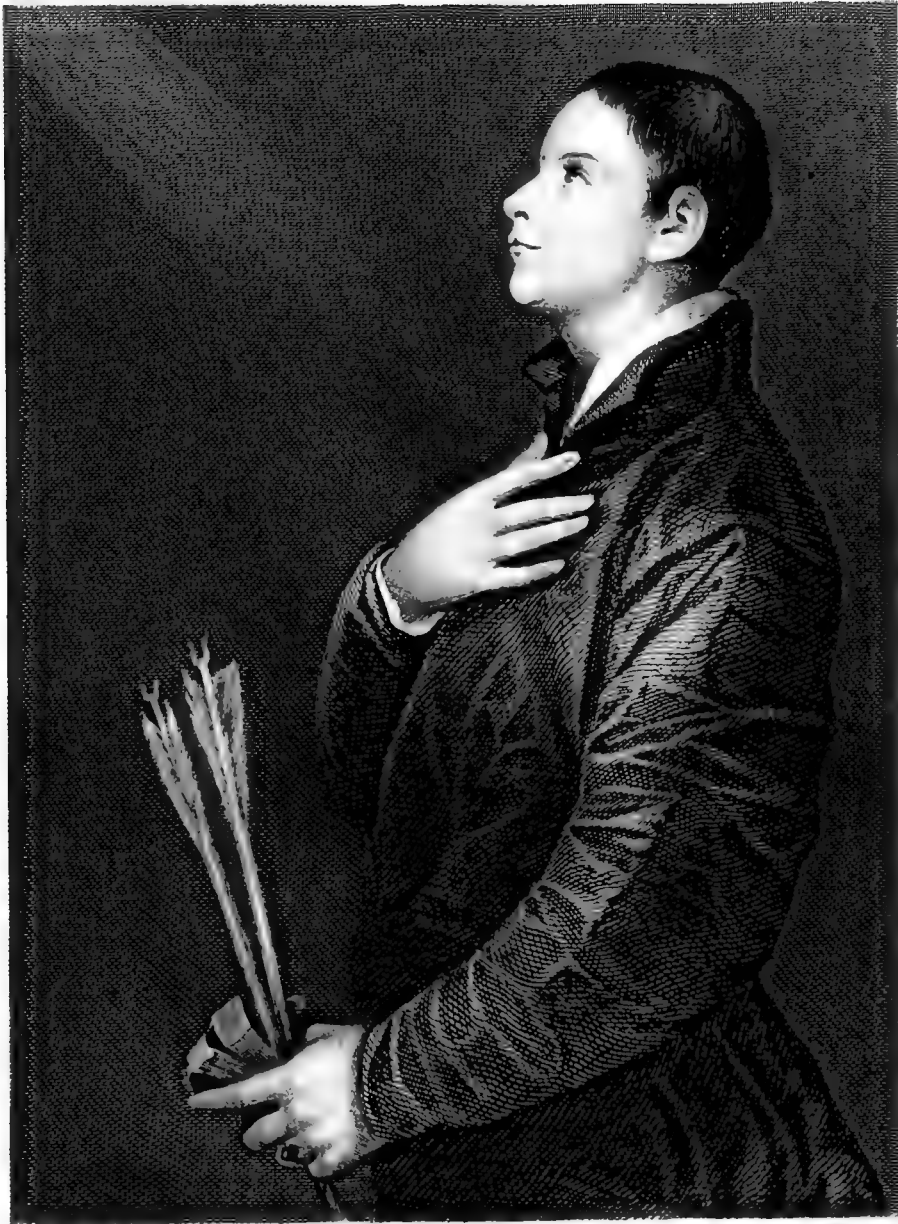


KNABE & HUND.

EL. B. D. K.

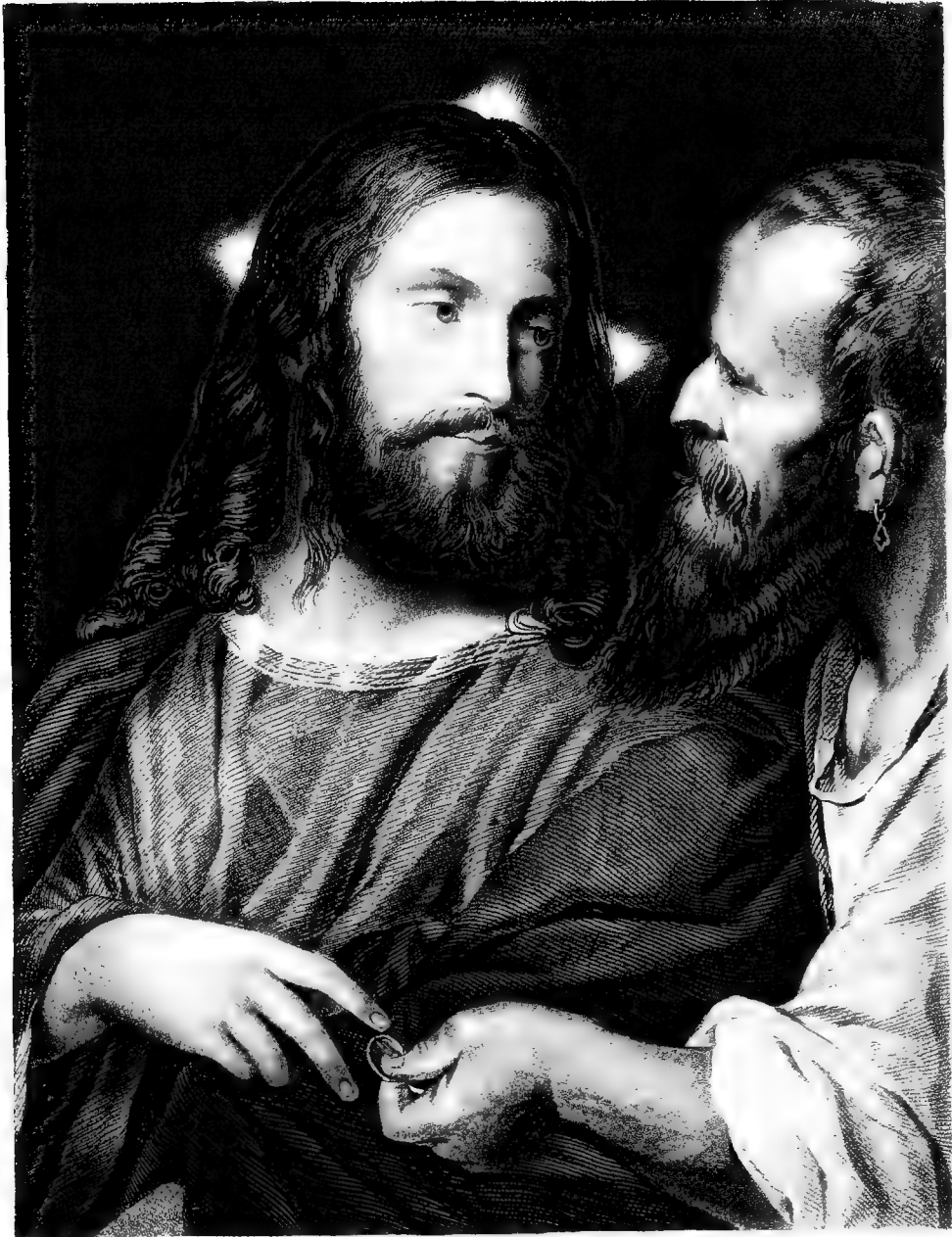


PRINCE FEE



DAS GEÜBDE

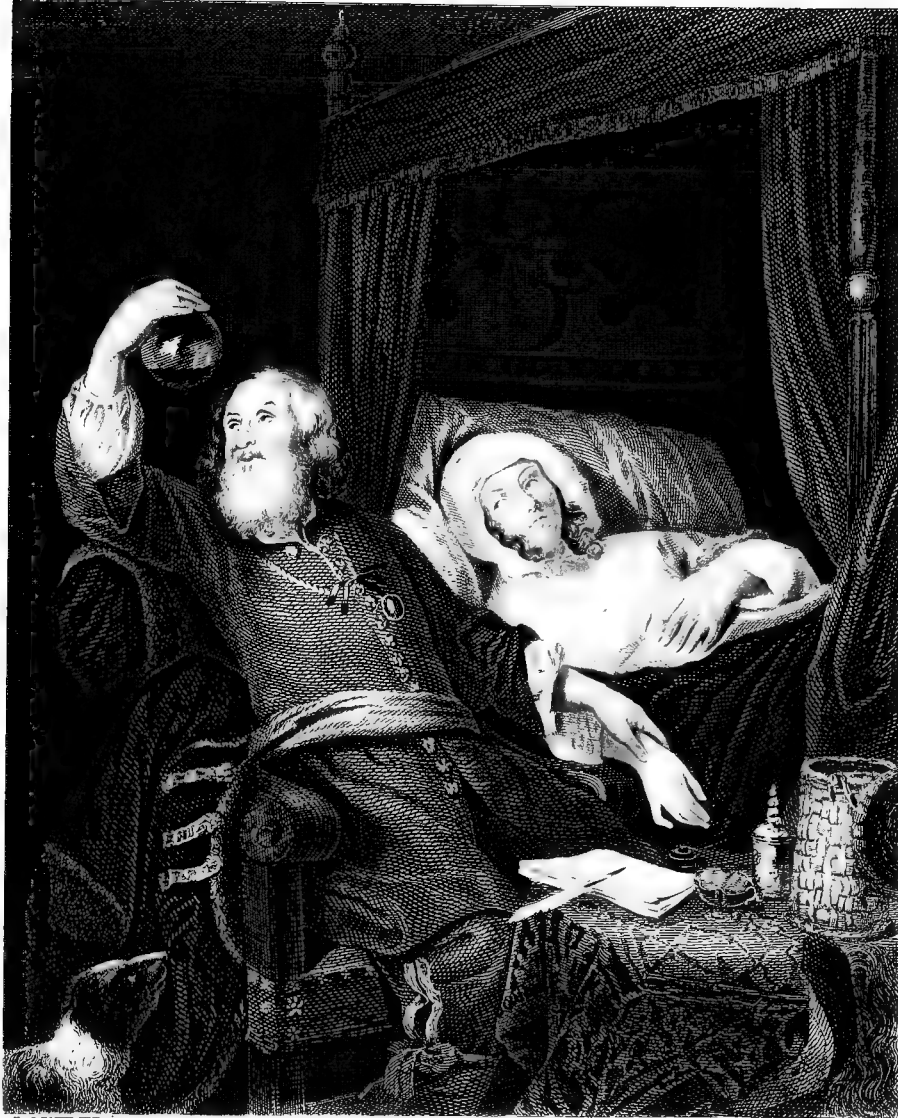
THE VOW.



DER ZINSGROSCHEN.

THE TRIBUTE MONEY.

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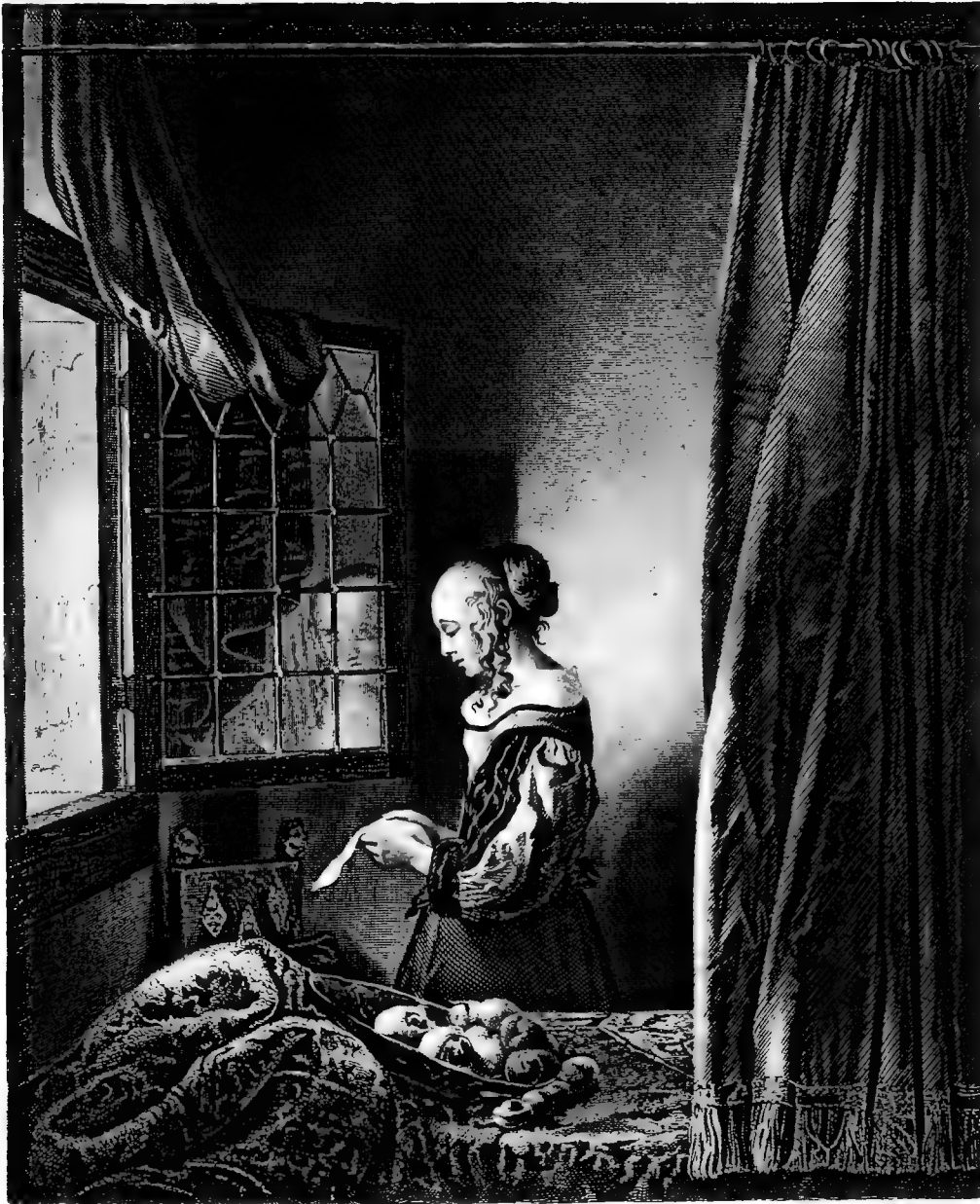
I. K. V. L. E. T. P.

W. T. R. E. T. S.

LIE KRANKE FRAU.

THE SICK LADY.

OPFENDENER GALERIE



THE END OF THE WORLD

EIN LESENDES MÄDCHEN.

A GIRL READING.





ROGIER VAN DER WEYDEN

DIE HEILIGE MUTTER GOTTES. THE HOLY VIRGIN.

BELVEDERE



DIE HEILIGE KATHARINA. SAINT KATHARINE.

W. & A. G. & F.



W. & A. G. & F.

W. & A. G. & F.

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I.

DREIDENER GALEFIE



ARI VAN DICK pinx.

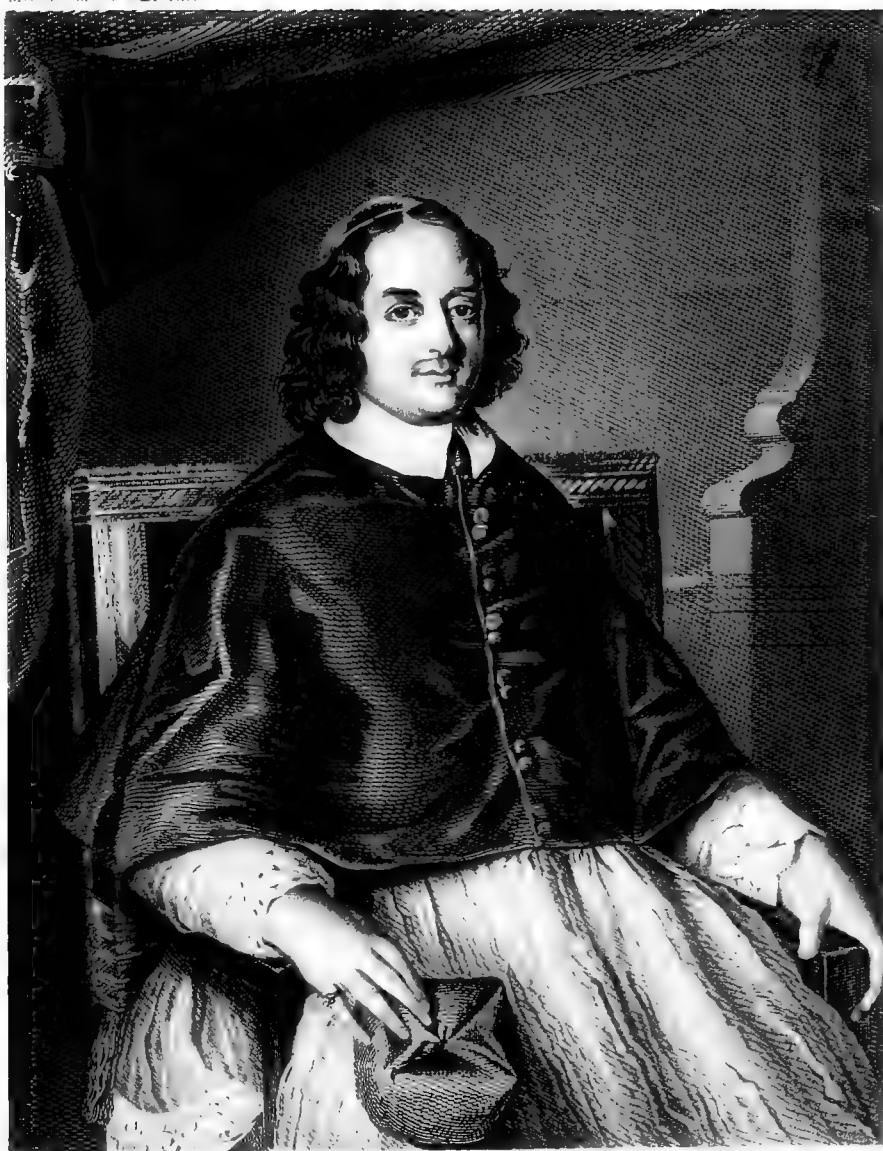
CARL I.
König von England

CHARLES Ist



MINERVA E MARS.

MUSEUM H. EPISC.



CARDINAL DEZIO AZZOLINI.

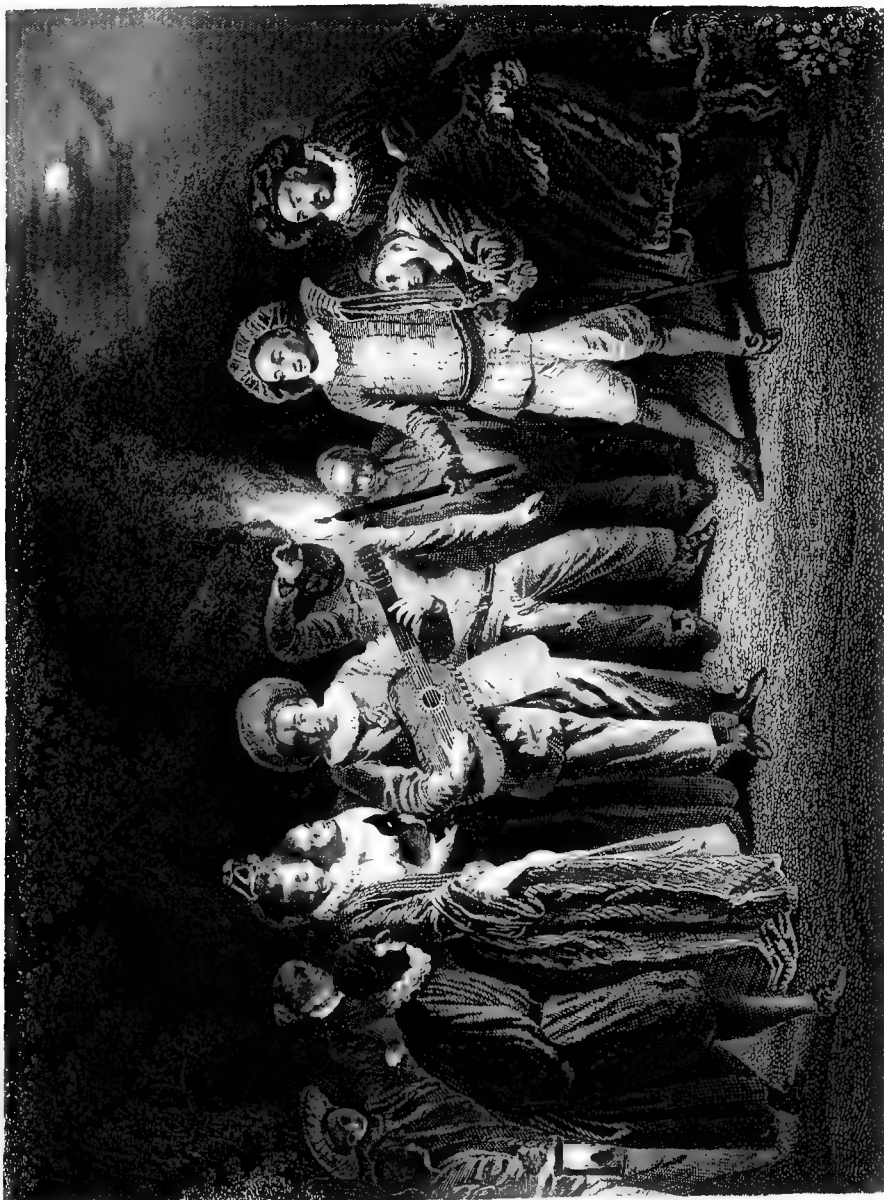
BELVEDERE



PHILIPP IV VON SPANIEN.



FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE.



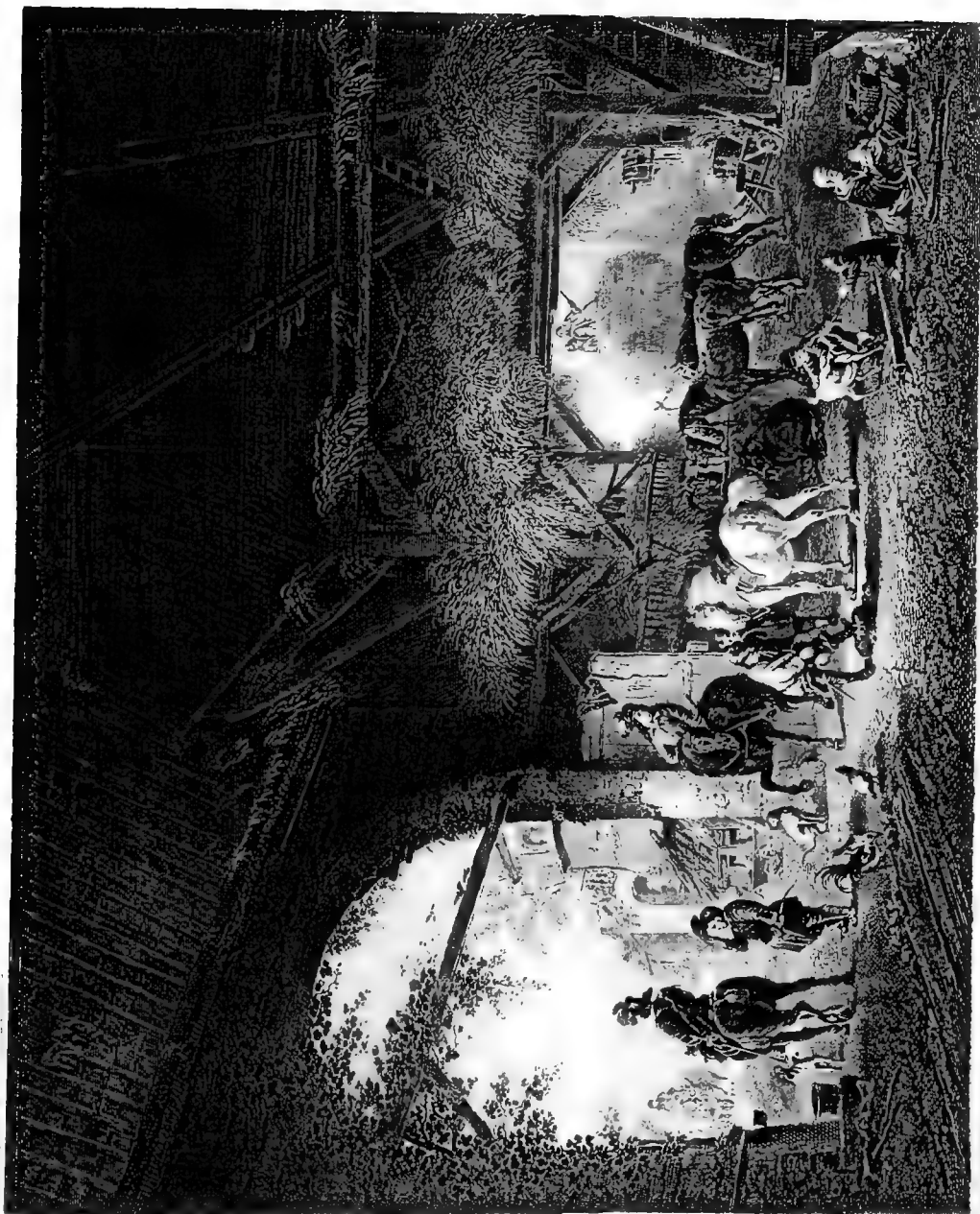
MAGUIERADIER.

ELI MARKENZIE.



LANDSCAPE.

LANDSCAPE.



DER PFERDESTALL. THE STALL.



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SKIRMISH OF CAVALRY.

Biographies.

Biographies.

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Pietro Paolo Rubens

PETER PAUL RUBENS.

"Seven cities dispute the honour of his birth"; so sang the Greeks of their old Homer, and grey antiquity, through whose mist uprises the traditional figure of the sublime singer, may excuse the doubt. At least two cities long carried on an obstinate contest for the prince of Belgian Painters of the seventeenth century, until, quite recently, they both lost him in favour of a third, of which no one had thought. Antwerp, the metropolis of the Belgian School of Painting, laid claim to the family from which he sprang, with him, its most renowned descendant; and Cologne on the Rhine, with much appearance of probability, made use of the temporary residence of the family for its own ends. But all in vain. The little town of Siegen, in the duchy of Nassau, deprived them both of the renown of having nurtured Peter Paul Rubens in his first swaddling clothes. Yet his family, whose genealogy can be traced back with certainty to the middle of the fourteenth century, incontestably belongs to the good city of Antwerp; both his parents sprang from its illustrious houses.

His father, Jan Rubens, was a man of remarkable mental gifts, who, by means of a six years' course of study at the Italian universities, had trained himself into a distinguished lawyer. On the 7th of May, 1562, his native town hastened to acknowledge and utilize his eminent abilities by bestowing upon the Doctor of Law the honourable office of Sheriff. Yet as early as the year 1568, the Duke of Alba's reign of terror compelled him, with his wife Mary Pypelinex, to leave Antwerp, and to take up his residence in Cologne. A suspicious connexion with Anne of Saxony, the wife of the Prince of Orange, had subjected him to immediate fear for his life. The family afterwards settled for some years at Siegen, and here, on the 29th of June, 1577, the day of the martyrdom of the Apostles Peter and Paul, — the sixth child was born. This child was a son, and received in baptism the names of the two princes of the Apostles. He passed his early youth in that house in the "Stern-gasse" in Cologne which is called the "Jabach-haus" and which, by an inscription, asserts the claim, now proved to be groundless, of having been the birth-place of the great painter. In this same house, in the year 1642—oh wonderful scorn of fate! Mary de Medicis, the widow of Henry IV. of France, closed her eyes in their everlasting sleep, after she had been driven from all the power and glory, which, twelve years before, according to her own proud desire, had been immortalized by the masterhand of the artist.

Seldom has the sun of fortune shone so brightly on artistic genius even from the cradle, as on Rubens. Even the early loss of his father, who died at Cologne, on the 1st March 1587, was not a disadvantage to him. His mother resolved to return home, as the waves of political agitation in the Netherlands had begun to subside; and this step not only led to the restoration of her

husband's confiscated property, but brought her son into that artistic atmosphere, which alone was capable of developing his brilliant talents.

A danger indeed threatened, which might entirely have estranged him from art and from the sphere of serious work. The widowed Countess Margaret Lalaing, who, with other distinguished persons, had undertaken the office of sponsor to the child, was so much delighted with the handsome and pleasing exterior, which may now be imagined from the existing likenesses of the man, that she expressed the wish that young Rubens should become one of her pages, and he entered her service in that capacity.—But, fortunately, Nature had not only prepared him for an extraordinary career by endowing him with a rich measure of unusual gifts, but had also filled his soul with a holy intensity of purpose, which could not be bribed by the light and dazzling attractions of a courtier's life, into unfaithfulness to a great calling. The careful training and solid instruction, which he had already received in Cologne, rendered a dissolute and aimless life amongst a circle of frivolous companions, insupportable to him, and he soon returned to his mother's house.

The admirable quickness of comprehension and zeal in the attainment of knowledge, early manifested by Peter Paul, induced his governors to select a learned profession for him; they chose that of the law, in which his father had set him so eminent an example. But yet they were not disappointed when they perceived the strong inclination of his mind in another direction, for the resources of the family had been greatly diminished in consequence of the civil wars, and the large number of the children (seven, including Rubens), did not allow of such an outlay for each one, as was necessitated, then, as now, by this most expensive study. In the drawing lessons which he took in private from an excellent teacher, he displayed unusual talent, and he felt such pleasure in the occupation, that he conceived the wish of becoming a painter. On obtaining permission, he began his studies, which he carried on successively in the studios of three of the most distinguished masters of his time, until he became himself a master.

Before we accompany him on this path, we must take a brief survey of the condition of that Art upon which he now entered, and which received so strong an impression from his powerful and genial creative genius.

The style and manner of the Northern school of art were founded, and, to a certain extent, created, by the brothers Hubert and Van Eyck.—On the one hand, their self-forgetful observation of nature, their tender elaboration of detail, and their deep and true feeling, and, on the other, their perfect mastery of the technical rules of oil-painting—directed art into the path which corresponded to its northern character, that of Realism. And although in accordance with the Spirit of the time, they confined themselves within the sphere of religious representation, there yet lay in the fundamental principles of their art, an impulse towards the liberation of the simple human element in painting. Even amongst the last generation of artists, who were quite in subjection to this spirit, in Quentin Massys the genre of religious paintings happily escaped from the fetters of conventional and dogmatic constraint. And already important masters like Rogier van der Weyden, and Hans Memling, who, in an especial manner, supplemented the style of Rogier; as well as Massys himself, had turned drawing and manipulation of colour to the most brilliant and manifold use in the expression of every conceived effect.

But suddenly this healthy development was interrupted and even arrested, by an influence from without, which, strange to say, did not arise naturally, but was brought with much trouble and exertion, from a distant land. The fame of the glorious new Italian art, which had unfolded

its richest bloom in the course of the fifteenth century, and at the beginning of the sixteenth had reached its culmination, might well arouse longings in the minds of the Flemish masters, to see with their own eyes its wonders, and to learn from them. But the universal spread of this attraction, and its fruits, which may be discerned in the works of these artists, can only be explained by the fact, that at this time, art had begun to decline in the Low Countries. German art, which, in joyous power and splendour, was now unfolding its finest blossoms, although considerably nearer the centre of influence, was yet for some time preserved by its strong individuality from the deteriorating influence of transalpine models. But in the Netherlands it was otherwise.

Jan Gossaert, named Jan van Mabuse, from Maubeuge his native town (born in 1470, died at Antwerp in 1532), was the first who, by a ten years' residence in Italy, was led to change his style of art, and to introduce the new manner of painting into his own country. The essential consequence of this was, that those principles of Italian art which were most foreign to the Flemish style, and therefore most contrary to the principles of the Northern painters, were imitated, studiously and consciously, and obviously to the detriment of the native style of art. The invariable exaggeration of natural phenomena, purity of form, correct and minute drawing of the nude figure, freedom, strength and grace of movement, were the objects of special and toilsome study; this new style did not arise from the inward necessity of a particular impulse of art, but was adopted from the foreign country in which it had previously attained its complete development, it did not suit the character of the painters, and always retained the aspect of a borrowed garment, not made to the measure of the body.

A succession of not unimportant painters belonged to this school, of whom the principal may be named: Bernard van Orley (born at Brussels in 1471, died in 1541), and his scholar, Michael van Coxcyen (born at Mechlin in 1499, and died in 1592); the scholars of Mabuse, Lambert Susterman, called Lambert Lombard (born at Liege in 1506, and died in 1560), a man of manifold gifts; Jan Schoreel (born on August 1, 1495, at Schoreel or Schoorl, from which town he takes his name to supply the deficiency of his still unknown family name.) Jan Schoreel was probably the first to establish the new style of art in Holland. His scholar, Marten van Veen, called, after his birthplace, Marten Heemskerk, an especially mannered imitator of Michelangelo; Lancelot Blondeel of Bruges (who flourished in that city from about 1520 until 1574), a wonderfully fantastic painter in the prominence of his architectural background and scenery; Jan Cornelisz Vermeyen (born at 1500, died at Brussels in 1559), who, belonging to no special school, studied the Italian masters with more happy results than any other master of his time. He awakens in us a peculiar and melancholy interest by the fact, that an almost unexampled star of ill-fortune attended his most important works.

But the culminating point of this style of art, as far as its classical expression is concerned, was found in the most eminent pupil of Lambert Lombard, in Franz de Friendt the Elder, whose Grandfather's Christian name became the family appellative, so that he is commonly called Franz Floris (he was born at Antwerp about 1520, and died on the 1st of October 1570). He was, indeed, an artist of rare talent, lively fancy, clever composition, and surprising facility and certainty of execution, but he was utterly deficient in depth and warmth. In 1540, after he had been admitted as Master into the Painter's guild of St. Luke at Antwerp, he there opened a school of art which appears to have numbered more than a hundred and twenty pupils; and his exceedingly fertile mind, which excited the astonished admiration of his age, won for him among

his contemporaries, and even beyond that circle, the name of the "Raphael of the Netherlands." But as a striking example of how a fame so acquired may disappear, even to the last trace of its hero, from the memory of man, it may here be mentioned that the street in Antwerp, where stood his handsome house, adorned, even on the façade, with large paintings by his own hand, and, in devout acknowledgment of his greatness, named "Florisstreet"; was, in naïve misapprehension, rechristened "*Rue aux Fleurs*" by the nineteenth century descendants of his fellow citizens.

After him the decline became rapid. Among his scholars, however, Martin de Vos the elder (born at Antwerp in 1531, and died on the 4th of December 1603), was enabled, by means of the favourable influence exerted upon him in Italy by the learning and friendship of Tintoretto, to keep himself on a level with his master. But with the numerous members of the family of Franken, the fall increased in rapidity, and continued, until, in Bartholemew Spranger (born at Antwerp in 1546, and died in 1625), we are confronted by the most objectionable vagaries of mannerism.

Still, the sympathy with nature, and the honest love of truth which characterized the earlier Netherland painters, in common with their whole nation, could not have been so healthy and powerful, as is evidenced by the works of better times, without bequeathing to the descendants of these masters some sentiments which should enable them by means of their own judgment, to discern the emptiness of the prevailing style of art. Among the latest adherents of the mannered style, the first attempts arose towards a more natural conception, and a more life-like warmth of colour.

Happily the three teachers of Rubens, although they were unable entirely to shake off the style of their predecessors, were amongst the most decided adherents of the revival, so that their influence upon him was really beneficial. It is true that we know little respecting the influence of the first, the Landscape Painter, Tobias Verhaegt, except that his teaching awakened in Rubens a taste for that special branch of painting, which was afterwards to play so important, although generally an accessory part in his works.

On the other hand, the teaching and example of his second master exercised a far more lasting and decisive influence on his whole style. This was Adam van Noort (born at Antwerp in 1557 and died in 1641). He deviated from the custom of his contemporaries by not visiting Italy, but thus his works gained an impress of originality which was wanting in nearly all contemporary productions. His powerful painting 'the Wonderful Draught of Fishes,' in a Chapel of the Church of St. Jacques at Antwerp, is a masterpiece, which forms a distinctive epoch in the history of Belgian Painters, and no second work serves so well to elucidate the art of Rubens. In this, as in no other single production, we may trace his powerful colouring, with the breadth and freedom of his execution. Here is the spring of Rubens' art. This picture represents Belgian art at its happiest moment, free from that taint of mediocrity which Jacob Jordaens (who, among the scholars of Van Noort, adhered most faithfully to his style and manner), could not always avoid. As he stands before us in this work, Van Noort is the founder of the new Antwerp school, the head of which he deserved to become and remain, had not the richer genius of Rubens involuntarily disputed with him the place of honour.

After four years' instruction under Van Noort, Rubens attended another school for the same time; here no strong influence was exerted upon him, but, by means of varied and intelligent intercourse, he was enabled to form and establish his own special style of art. For Otho van

Veen, called Otho Vaenius, (born in 1548 at Leyden, died at Brussels on the 6th of May 1629) the learned pupil of the affected mannerist Zuccherò, was too elegant a painter to be able, to exercise an influence over the wild artistic nature of Rubens, but he possessed such a well-grounded knowledge of all the scientific branches of art, that his instruction formed a complete supplement to that of Van Noort. He was also a man of such varied accomplishments, that he could inform and assist young Rubens, who, in consequence of his eminent talents and excellent training, had acquired an amount of learning most unusual for a painter of his early age and of the times in which he lived.

In 1598, after every preparation, Rubens was admitted, at the age of twenty-one, into the Painters' guild of St. Luke at Antwerp. A Holy Trinity which he painted at this time, was considered by such an artist as Schelte a Bolswerth as worthy of his graver; and shortly after, Vaenius, Court Painter to the Archduke Albrecht, (at that time Stattholder of the Netherlands) and to his Wife the Infanta Isabella, daughter of Philipp II. of Spain, ventured to introduce the young painter to them. His handsome face, artistic skill, and free, yet polished demeanour, made such an impression upon them, that, until their death, they overwhelmed him with testimonials of their favour and goodwill.

When, on the 9th of May, 1600, Rubens, at the advice of Vaenius, set out for Italy, they gave him most favourable recommendations to the Duke of Mantua, which proved of inestimable service to him.

Creative geniuses are often the martyrs of their great thoughts, but they are sometimes true favourites of fortune. This was especially the case with Rubens. He grew up in comfortable circumstances, his grand and manifold capacities received intelligent culture, his moral impulse led him early, after a short, but not injurious hesitation, into the path which must have been the right one for him, as by it he attained his ideal. His journey to Italy found him so unusually well prepared, that it was impossible that he, like his immediate predecessors, should be injured or bewildered by its impressions; on the contrary, he was sufficiently matured to distinguish, with clear eye and mature judgment, the advantageous from the hurtful, and to separate all widening from contracting influences. Besides his complete artistic education, supplemented by independent practice in painting, he was greatly assisted by his classical training, which gave him a clear, familiar comprehension of the remaining traces of the old world and life in Italy. In addition to his two mother tongues (if we may use this expression), Flemish and German—, he wrote and spoke Latin with ease. It is related, that the Duke Vincenzo of Milan surprised him at his easel, before a picture of the combat between Aeneas and Turnus, reciting aloud the lines of Virgil to which the picture referred. On being addressed in Latin, he answered, without hesitation or constraint, in the same language. During his residence of eight years in Italy, he mastered the Italian tongue so completely, that he used it in preference, in later years, for his private letters, and adopted the plan of writing his name in Italian—"Pietro Paolo Rubens,—" even under inscriptions in other languages, as for example the facsimile under our portrait, copied from the signature of a receipt in Flemish. His later journeys gave him the opportunity of also acquiring Spanish, French, and English.

It can easily be understood, that Rubens was thus raised above the prejudices and constraint which have limited other painters in their studies, and gifted with a rare universality of mind, he was able to turn his attention to all surrounding beauty. He studied the relics

of Antiquity with so much interest and intelligence that his verdict regarding the value of antique art, and the character and meaning of Greek painting surpassed that of all his contemporaries in depth and subtlety. He carried on an intimate correspondence with the first critics of his time, amongst whom were the Counciller Nicholas Claude Fabri de Peiresc of Aix in Provence, the learned Pierre Dupuy of Paris, and John Gaspar Gevaerts, of Antwerp, afterwards Privy Councillor to the Emperor Ferdinand III. He made most generous sacrifices in order to gain possession of antique works of art, both originals and copies, and his brother Philip, in grateful acknowledgment of the important services which he had rendered him, not only by his original works, but also by his profound and trustworthy criticism, dedicated to him a great work on the Antiquities of Rome.—Death only hindered Peter Paul himself from publishing an original work on gems, of which several parts were already complete.

He quickly discovered the true fountain for his artistic aspirations. He first visited Venice where his instinctive penetration directed him to the art of Titian, Paolo Veronese, and others, as his natural exemplars. In their conceptions, he found a fresh and sympathetic study of nature, a life-like feeling of colour, and rich and effective grouping. From Venice he went to Mantua, where the cultivated and artistic Duke found in Rubens the man he wanted, and attached him to himself. Mantua afforded ample opportunities of instruction; (the inestimable treasures of the House of Gonzaga had not yet passed into the hands of King Charles I. of England) and the most important works of Giulio Romano greeted him as the heralds of Raphael's art, in that form which was most congenial to his nature, viz., the decorative. Rubens therefore consented, not unwillingly, to enter the service of the Duke.

At the end of the year he went for a short time to Rome, but remained longer in Venice. After this, he returned to Mantua, but again betook himself to Rome, in order to copy several pictures for the Duke.

The year 1605 opened out to him a new career, in which he often afterwards rendered important service, and in which he laboured, if not with such great renown, yet, with more tact and devotion, and with more striking results than any other of his fellow artists. The Duke Vincenzo gave Rubens an overwhelming proof of confidence in choosing him as the bearer of a diplomatic mission to the Court of Spain. In order to influence Philip III. in his favour, the Duke sent a present to the king of a splendid state carriage with seven Neapolitan horses of extraordinary beauty, and added princely gifts to the all-powerful Duke of Lerma. A quality seldom united with a rich and powerful fancy like that of Rubens, fitted him to undertake this mission; his clear and acute intellect could discern, without an effort, the practical relations of life, and enabled him to employ words with an accurate sense of their meaning. His personal appearance, with the courtly manners, and unconstrained yet dignified carriage which had become with him a fixed habit, added weight to his ideal and material arguments.

His reception at the Spanish Court in Madrid was brilliant, and as this interesting new experience of life enriched his artistic conceptions, the result which followed from the many new demands made upon his skill, added splendour to his artistic fame. Soon after his return to Mantua, he made a longer stay in Rome, and there painted a picture for the Pope. From Rome he passed through Florence, where he worked at three pictures for the Grand Duke, the first which he had attempted on mythological and allegorical subjects. Through Bologna he went to Milan, and thence to Genoa. He was especially attracted by this town, and by the manner

of life prevailing there. The picturesque and stately character of its palace architecture pleased him so much that he made minute studies of it, and published an extensive work on the subject. The considerable and practical knowledge of architecture he thus gained was shown on his return to his native land, in the building of his own house, and in the celebrated church of the Jesuits in Antwerp. The splendid proportions of this church were originally heightened and seen to their full advantage by means of the exceedingly rich painting, which, unfortunately, was destroyed by lightning and fire.

He was recalled by sad circumstances from his pleasant sojourn and studies. In the beginning of November, 1608, the news reached him of the dangerous illness of his mother. Although he set out at once on his homeward journey, he was too late. His mother had died on the 19th of October, without a farewell sight of her celebrated son, the pride of her house. The grief which Rubens felt at her loss was expressed in a truly affecting and pathetic manner. He retired for four months to the cloister of St. Michael, where he erected a family vault, for which he provided a Latin inscription.

When he returned to active life, the cold, cloudy North had lost its last attraction for him. Its speech seemed strange and harsh to his unaccustomed ear, its climate was unsympathetic; no world of pure, fresh beauty smiled around him; every impulse of his being drew him back to Italy. Yet the Stadtholders of the Netherlands would have made any sacrifice to keep him near them. Albert and Isabella granted him the most flattering reception, presented him with their portraits on a gold chain, worth three hundred gulden, and tried to win him to their service by the promise of an annual income of five hundred gulden.

Such offers as these would scarcely have secured him, had not his heart yearned for something to replace the dearest treasure which he had so lately lost,—and this he had found. He accepted;—under the condition, that instead of living at Brussels, the seat of the Court, he should be allowed to live at Antwerp, the home of his youth, and the centre of Art. He wished for freedom in the exercise of his art, and in the enjoyment of his newly established home. On the 13th of October, 1609, he married Isabella Brandt, daughter of John Brandt, Secretary to the Town of Antwerp.—He built his house after his own plan, at an expenditure of 60,000 gulden. It bore, in every respect, the stamp of an artist's dwelling, and in form and character, as far as permitted by the exigencies of a northern climate, it preserved recollections of Italy. Art had an abundant share in the costly completion of his new home. He adorned the front with frescoes by his own hand, and crowded the interior with works of art, both ancient and modern, in obtaining which he had not hesitated to make considerable sacrifices.

Here Rubens displayed unusual and astounding activity, in the magnitude of production as in the artistic finish of his works. One of his first pictures was a "Holy Family," for the private chapel of the Archduke Albert, (now in the possession of the Marquis of Hertford), the most beautiful representation of the subject which Rubens ever painted. The results of this work were extraordinary; it was followed by a torrent of most honourable and lucrative commissions. In originality and freshness, in mastery over art, and in execution, he had thrown into the shade all the works of his most celebrated contemporaries.

His next great work was undertaken for the Archduke on behalf of the ecclesiastical Brotherhood of St. Ildephon. It is a great altar-piece,—in the centre of which is the Virgin Mary presenting the "Casula" to the Patron Saint of the Brotherhood, and on the wings are the

portraits of the Archduke and Archduchess. (The picture is now in the Belvedere at Vienna.) The well-merited admiration excited by this extraordinary work was so universal, that Rubens was received as a member of the Brotherhood, and a purse full of pistoles was handed to him. But the Master contented himself with the honour, and refused the payment.

Although this work was subdued and fervent in its tone, it was followed by another, in which was pervaded by the boldest action and the most powerful pathos. This was the "Raising of the Cross," (now in the Cathedral of Antwerp), a colossal picture, in which an overwhelming effect is produced by the highly dramatic excitement of the moment, by the opposition of great masses of light and shade, and by impetuous breadth of treatment.

The pleasant picture of the Artist and his wife (now in the Pinakothek of Munich), dates from the same time; it is a silent and yet eloquent witness to the household happiness in which he rejoiced, and to which, as yet, the blessing of children had been denied. In the year 1614, the parents' hopes were fulfilled by the birth of a son, who received in baptism the name of Albert, after his Godfather, the Archduke. A second son, named Nicholas, was born in 1618. Rubens afterwards painted them both, life-size, in full Spanish costume. The picture is charming, in spite of the want of beauty in either head. Two copies, by the Master's hand, are preserved; the best known is at Dresden; the less beautiful, and, as is proved by the traces of enlargement on the canvas, the original, is in the Liechtenstein gallery at Vienna. The celebrated portrait group in the Pitti Palace at Florence, known by the name of the four philosophers, and representing Hugo Grotius, Justus Lipsius, Philip Rubens, and the painter himself, belongs to this time. It is a picture, which, even placed where it now is, bears comparison with the greatest masterpieces of Italian portrait art. A gigantic undertaking absorbed the manifold conceptions of the master during his first ten years in Antwerp, this was the Jesuit Church, which he first built, and then adorned with thirty-six very large paintings. These, completed in 1621, were unfortunately destroyed, when the church was struck by lightning on the 18th of July, 1718.

Such a constant strain upon the energies of the master was to be maintained only by a wise moderation in work and in pleasure, and by an invariable regularity of life, which allotted a fixed time even to amusement. He was particularly fond of riding, and set a great value on beautiful horses. A picture in the Berlin Museum, representing three riders in the three different paces, is an artistic monument of this "chevalresque" fancy. The early morning hours, in which mind and body are the strongest, were used by him for composition. Directly after breakfast, he began his studio work, in which the superintendence and direction of his numerous pupils played an important part. In 1611 he could scarcely prevent the over-crowding of his studio, and, as he politely pleaded in self-justification, he was obliged to put off more than a hundred young people until a more convenient opportunity.

On the 7th of September in the same year, Rubens received from the Guild of crossbowmen a commission for a work, which, in many respects, may be adjudged his masterpiece, and which constitutes the most costly ornament of the cathedral of Antwerp, (there is a smaller copy by himself in the Academy of that city.) It is an altar-piece in three compartments, of which the centre is the world famed, and ever admired "Descent from the cross." A more natural and grand composition has never existed.—The successful blending in the figures of bodily labour, in which all, in masterly gradation, take a part, and spiritual sensation; the union of the

purest realism, with regard to form and means of expression with the ideal significance of the event, which shines throughout, make it an unparalleled success.

This work also shows a grander proportion of form and motion, and a purer beauty of delineation than is often found in Rubens, it never, indeed, occurs again in such completeness; to all this is added a colouring, which, although brilliant, displays in softened harmony, the harrowing expression of grief in all the faces. There is, perhaps, only one other picture in existence, which, like this, exerts an overpowering influence on all beholders, and sets all verbal description at defiance, that is Raphael's Sistine Madonna. Like the old gable groups which are supported at the sides by resting figures, the intense excitement of the centre dies gently away into the subjects of quiet refreshment which fill the two wings of the picture, the "Annunciation," and "Simeon in the Temple," the one expresses rapture, and the poetry of hope, the other, manly inspired resignation. There is a legend, to which little belief is to be attached, but which may yet suggest the reasons felt by the master, for bringing together these pictures in such a work. It relates that the guild had ordered from Rubens a picture in glory of their Patron St. Christopher, and that they were not pleased with the completed picture, which failed to express their intention. Rubens explained that he had represented nothing but "Christopheri:" (Christ-bearers). The guild insisted on seeing their Saint painted full size, after the accustomed manner; and so Rubens was obliged to represent St. Christopher on the outer side of the wing. The whole was set up in the year 1614; Rubens received for it the modest sum of 2500 gulden; (£208), and a pair of gloves for his wife, which, judging from the price, must have been very splendid, as they cost eight gulden and ten heller!

There is another picture so nearly related to the Annunciation that it must have been painted at the same time,—the "Return of the Holy Family from Egypt," in the gallery of the Duke of Marlborough, at Blenheim, where there is the best private collection in the world of Rubens' pictures. Among many other works, there followed the splendid "Adoration of the Kings" (in the Louvre), which was painted for the Archduke Albert, and which distinctly recalls the art of Veronese. This scene is one of Rubens' finest conceptions, on account of its rich variety of arrangement, which gave full scope to the Master's delight in colour and love of splendour. Another picture shows the influence of Paolo Veronese, the "Washing of Christ's feet, in the house of Simeon the Pharisee." It is splendid, and voluptuous, approaching the costume of the time, like the works of the great Venetian, but rather crowded in composition. An influence of a very different nature, namely that of the sombre and powerful style of Caravaggio, is evident in two pictures in the Antwerp Museum, in the "Communion of St. Francis" (1619) and still more in "Christ on the Cross." The three crosses are placed in the foreground, and the moment is chosen, at which Christ is pierced with the lance, while the legs of the thieves are broken. 'A repulsive picture of the utmost bodily torment.' The expression of the Magdalene, kneeling at the foot of the cross, is most affecting; she is represented, stretching out both hands, seeking to avert the blow, as if it were pointed at her own breast. From this time, the scholars of Rubens began to take a large share in the execution of his works, on account of which different portions of the same picture are often very unequal. Van Dyck and Jacob Jordaens specially worked on the figures (according to a legend of the atelier, Van Dyck was employed even on one part of the "Descent from the Cross"); Franz Snyders executed fruit, animals, and other accessories, Lucas van Uden and Jan Wildens, landscape backgrounds. He reserved to himself the revision of the pictures, the last finishing touches of the brush, which, through the astonishing

rapidity and certainty with which he worked, sufficed, in an incredibly short time, to give, as far as he thought necessary, his own impress to the pictures. He was accustomed, at least after 1618, to estimate a day's work at 100 gulden, an enormous sum, but which does not surprise us, when we consider the amount of work which he thus accomplished. For instance, in 1618, he undertook to paint a picture for the altar of the Fisher's guild in Mechlin. The centre, twelve feet high and ten feet wide, represents the "Wonderful Draught of fishes," with many portraits of members of the guild; on the inner side of the wings are St. Peter, with the piece of money, and the youthful Tobias, with the fish; on the outer side are the patrons of the Guild St. Peter and Andrew. These five pictures are still to be seen in their place in the Church of Notre Dame.—On the altar were also, now lost, represented, in smaller size, Christ on the Cross, and at the sides, Christ walking on the Sea, and Jonah cast forth from the whale. For these eight pictures, some of them gigantic, Rubens received, according to the receipt, payment for the work of ten days—1000 gulden. The receipt before mentioned (dated March 12th, 1624), runs for 1800 gulden, as an equivalent for the work of eighteen days on an altar-piece for St. John's Church at Mechlin, one of the most beautiful representations of the "Adoration of the Kings," containing one-and-twenty figures of life size, with four pictures on the wings from the legends of St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, and three smaller pictures on the altar, which have now disappeared.

Rubens' most beautiful mythological picture, the "Combat of the Amazons," (now in the Pinakothek at Munich) is one of the most beautiful works ever conceived by genius. This unsurpassed composition is well-known. The war rages over a high-spanned bridge, and all conceptions of heroism and horror, all the beauty and wildness which the situation of the combatants can express, are so freely lavished, that all appears to follow in natural sequence, and yet the whole, to the minutest detail, is penetrated by the highest art. Never was a conflict of desperation and annihilation represented more truly, and, at the same time, more beautifully. The colour is of transparent lightness, and not calculated for the display of strong contrast. The manipulation is light and spiritual, and imparts to the whole composition a clearness suited to the importance of the details, at the same time, preserving the impression of a direct inspiration.

The fame of Rubens was now at its height. It was natural that he should be summoned to undertake important artistic labours at a distance. The Archduke's ambassador at the French court, Baron de Vicq, whom, with his wife, Rubens afterwards painted out of gratitude, thought of his great Countryman, when Maria de Medici, widow of Henry IV., undertook the plan of adorning a gallery of the Luxemburg palace with pictures, representing scenes out of her own life. Towards the end of the year 1620, Rubens was summoned to Paris, and an agreement was made with him for the painting of more than twenty-one great pictures (every one to be twelve feet high, and about twenty-two feet wide). His rapidly designed sketches, some of which are now at Munich, others in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, were approved of and Rubens returned to Antwerp, where all his energies were called into play, for the Queen pressed the completion of the work. Therefore it was that his scholars took a larger part in this work than in any other; and thus, in May, 1625, the whole series was completed.

The pictures, which are now in the long gallery of the Louvre, represent the most important events in the life of the Queen, from her birth, until her reconciliation with her son Louis XIII., but they are so confused, and even overloaded, with mythological and allegorical accessories, which intrude, with such naïve effect, into the realistic and civilized world of the seventeenth

century that Rubens has often been severely criticised, but only with apparent reason. For he was obliged, firstly, to conform to the debased taste of his noble patroness, and, secondly, he succeeded in representing this miscellaneous assemblage with so much indubitable reality, that these wonderful beings appear but to be the embodied conceptions and language of the people displayed; and it only seems strange, that there exists in real life no faculty for the perception of this merry crew. At the same time, there has been so much complaint respecting the tediousness and want of beauty in these fanciful scenes, that instead of simply rejecting these creations of a true artist which are so different to his usual style, we may be justified in making the enquiry, how such scenes, which do not lie beyond the limit of artistic possibility, can be depicted in such a way as to give pleasure? It would be difficult to produce a similar cycle, in which, it being granted that nothing absolutely inadmissible or inexcusable should be offered to view, so pure and full an enjoyment of art might be found, as in the cycle of Maria de Medici. These pieces, on which Rubens has evidently principally worked himself, are among the most beautiful of his creations. On bringing the pictures to Paris, Rubens painted his masterly portrait of the Queen as Bellona and the likeness of her parents. A second cycle from the life of Henry IV., for which the Queen, after the brilliant success of the first, had formed the plan, was not executed.

Rubens made use of his residence in Paris, in 1625, for the formation of new and important connections. He had painted the Duke of Buckingham, the frivolous, yet at that time all-powerful favourite at the English Court, to whom, in the interest of his Patroness, the Infanta Isabella, he had made over, for the enormous sum of 100,000 gulden, his rich collections of art. He was soon in a condition to require these new connections.

But as between the Italian and Antwerp epochs, a sad fate now intruded, marking a turning point; he was now startled from his happy rest of artistic production by a heavy loss. After, he had been plunged into deep sorrow by the death of his friend Jan Breughel in the year 1625, (born at Antwerp in 1568), the loss of his wife, which followed on the 29th of September 1626, quite overwhelmed him. His desolated home became insupportable to him, and he sought excitement and distraction in a long journey to Holland, where he met with a most honourable reception. He had scarcely returned, when he was called to take an active part in the political affairs of the day.

The war with the Netherlands had entered on a threatening phase, and Rubens received a commission to carry on negotiations for a peace with England, and an armistice with Holland.

In July, 1627, conferences began at Delft, but, in consequence of the indolence and indecision of the Spanish Court, they led to no result, and, after a full year, Rubens was summoned to Madrid, to give information, and arrived there in September 1628. He spared no trouble, in depicting the fearful condition of his Fatherland, and he met with the most gracious reception. Yet this led to no decision, and his stay in Madrid, which was unexpectedly protracted to seven months, was of greater advantage to Rubens as an artist, than as a diplomatist. The King, Philip IV. and his minister Olivarez, were men of high cultivation, and ardent friends of art, and an acquaintance with young Velasquez, twenty-two years his junior, was of great interest to both parties. Rubens himself designed eight large pictures for the decoration of a state room in the Royal Palace, which display, in some parts, great freshness and originality, but which were executed at Antwerp in the usual way. He painted other pictures alone, amongst them a representation of the characteristic subject of contemporary Spanish art known under the name

of the "Immaculate Conception." An "Adoration of the Kings," now in the Museum at Madrid, is said to be the most beautiful of all the numerous pictures which Rubens has painted on this subject; a "Crucifixion of St. Andrew," most touching in its effect, is also renowned.

But Rubens specially unfolded the wealth of his unequalled gifts in a series of nine colossal religio-allegorical pictures which the King presented to Count Olivarez for the decoration of a Church founded by that minister at Loeches near Madrid. Two, representing the triumph of the Catholic faith, and the feeding of the Prophet Elijah in the Wilderness are now in the Louvre; a "Gathering of the Manna," "Abraham and Melchizedek," the "Four Evangelists" and "Four Fathers of the Church," are in the Grosvenor Gallery in London; a "Triumph of Christian Love," in a private Gallery. Two others, the "Triumph of the Church," and the "Triumph of Christianity over Idolatry," are still in Spain. The very spirited sketches, formerly in the new Palace at Madrid, were, unfortunately, executed by pupils in an inferior, and partially rough style. Among the five portraits of the King and Queen, painted by Rubens, was an equestrian portrait of the King.

Towards the end of the year, and probably as a result of the climate, Rubens was assailed by the malady which embittered his latter years, and was at last the cause of his death; namely, the gout.

The insupportable financial deficit under which Spain now began to suffer, in consequence of the celebrated capture of the silver flotilla by the Dutch, gave a spur to the course of the negotiations and, on the 27th of April, 1629, Rubens left Madrid with the necessary instructions. The King, under a growing conviction of his diplomatic ability, overwhelmed him with marks of honour. He appointed him Secretary of the Secret Council of the Infanta, and presented him with six splendid Andalusian horses, to which Count Olivarez added a diamond ring worth five hundred ducats. Rubens travelled home with the utmost possible rapidity, through Paris, which cannot long have detained him, for on the 27th of May, he had set out, by way of Dunkirk, on an official mission to England, and the representation of Spanish interests at that Court could scarcely have been entrusted to a more competent person.

Rubens united in himself all the qualities, which, by his mere appearance, were calculated to win the favour of Charles I. of England. This monarch was a passionate and cultivated lover of art and collector of pictures, and also a fervent admirer of beauty, and of easy unconstrained manners; and, on the other hand, Rubens felt himself transplanted in London into a beneficial atmosphere.—The charms of the country, the beauty of the race, the stable wealth, and the abundance of splendid works of art, gave him the impression that England was "worthy the curiosity of every man of culture."

So, during a long period, for he remained at least until April, 1630, he promoted, by his mere presence, the work of peace, which was deterred from completion by the fickleness of the Spanish Court. The treaty of peace was not signed till the end of 1630.

But Rubens made use of his stay as an artist. As an artistic embodiment and introduction to the message which he was chosen to bear, he presented to the King an allegorical picture, now in the London National Gallery, representing the blessings of peace defended by wisdom and courage, a work, which, on account of its beautiful heads, golden tone, and careful finish, deserves to be reckoned among his best. A very extensive commission, which the King submitted to his brush, was not of an inspiring nature; and therefore the pictures which resulted from it bear a character of cold calculation, without life or motion, while the coarse execution of Jacob Jordaens

removes all remaining sense of enjoyment. This work was the painting of a ceiling in the great banqueting-hall at Whitehall, the whole to be a glorification of James I. (the father of the King), whose person and government,—particularly in the impartial eyes of a politician like Rubens,—offered no material whatever for such an undertaking. The artist therefore amused himself by testing to the utmost his artistic skill: this he did by arranging his figures so that they might appear either on or above the ceiling, thus creating for himself technical difficulties, in overcoming which he might display his infallible knowledge of art. The fee of £ 3,000 was in proportion to his fame, and to the King's regard from him, not to the value of the performance. Far more important, but, unfortunately, almost unknown, are eight cartoons almost completed, representing scenes from the Life of Achilles, intended by the King to serve as patterns for tapestry. The portrait of the celebrated patron of Art, the Earl of Arundel in Warwick Castle, painted about this time, is one of his finest productions in that style.

If anything were now wanting to ensure to Rubens the favour of the King in its fullest measure, it was granted to him, when, at his persuasion, Charles obtained Raphael's seven cartoons for the tapestries of the Vatican.

On the 21st of February, 1630, the delighted King, solemnly and with his own hand, knighted the artist in Whitehall and presented him with the costly dagger which had been used in the ceremony. This brevet of knighthood gave to Rubens and his posterity the right of bearing on his own arms the golden lion on its field of gules from the English Royal Standard. At parting, Charles gave him a very valuable diamond, which he took from his own hat-band, and a chain with his portrait.

But Rubens was not even yet allowed to retire undisturbed into private life. King Philip required exact and authentic information respecting the state of the peace negotiations, and so Rubens set out again on the long journey to Madrid. His reception was brilliant. On the 18th of July, his eldest son, Albert, was assured of the succession to the dignity of Secretary to the Privy Council; the Master's own Knighthood was confirmed, and he was admitted to the dignity of a Knight of the Golden Key.

It appears strange, that, under such pressure of artistic work and political business, Rubens could have found time to think of his own concerns, and to form so important a resolution as that of a second marriage, and yet this took place on the 16th of December 1630. He married Helene Flourment, daughter of Daniel Flourment and Clara Stoppaert, a striking beauty of sixteen, belonging to one of the richest and most illustrious families of Antwerp. What she was to him, is proved by his works. He often painted her, with ever new enthusiasm, in the most various positions, and situations, and made use of her, yet oftener as a model in his compositions. Care is required, not to seek for her portrait everywhere, like the Belgian admirer of Rubens, who discovered the likeness of the Painter's second wife in a portrait which—unfortunately—but certainly—was painted five years before her birth. And yet this ridiculous error has an explanation of deep import. With his first wife, Rubens lived happily, as, under favourable circumstances, husband and wife are accustomed to live, but in Helene Flourment, the ideal of his art presented itself in bodily form before him. He had long painted her, in a thousand variations, before he found her, and when he possessed her, it was not the husband, who brought to his wife the tribute of love, by painting her again and again, but the painter, who offered his enthusiastic sacrifice to his muse. In the unparalleled happiness of this painter's life,

favoured as he was above millions, this fortunate discovery is one of the most inspiring events. The union was blessed with five children: Clara Johanna (born 1632), Franz (born 1633), Isabella Helene (born 1635), Peter Paul (born 1637) and Constance Albertine, a posthumous child. In the year after his marriage, Rubens was chosen as head of the Painter's Guild in Antwerp, and on this occasion, following the usual custom, he presented the chair, which is still preserved in the Antwerp Academy.

The paintings of the next year show not the slightest diminution of power, either in respect of number or value. Rubens returned with new energy from his political labours to the service of art. In the year 1633 he appeared only once on the stage of public affairs. He endeavoured at the Hague to bring to a satisfactory conclusion the negotiations with the Dutch, whose demands were continually increasing in boldness; but the petty jealousy of grandees who believed themselves to be affronted, compelled the Infanta to recall him before his mission was accomplished. The death of this Princess which soon followed, (she died on the 2nd of December) freed Rubens from any personal obligation to public service, and he gave up all diplomatic business for ever. The Brussels Museum possesses two of the paintings of this time, distinguished by mature power and spirited freedom; these are an "Adoration of the Kings," and a "Crucifixion."

When, in the year 1635, the Cardinal Infant Ferdinand, Brother of Philip IV., on being elected Stadtholder of the Netherlands, made his triumphal entry into the Antwerp, Rubens and his school had a truly gigantic labour to perform. In the time between the beginning of the year and May, the enormous surfaces of eleven triumphal arches, with which the town intended to honour its high-born governor, were to be covered with innumerable historic-allegorical paintings. For all these Rubens prepared the designs, which are now partly preserved at Antwerp and at St. Petersburg. He was, unfortunately, denied the pleasure of seeing the effect of his work, for a severe attack of gout prevented him from carrying out the wish of the magistrates that he should act as guide to the Prince on the day of his entry. But Ferdinand graciously visited him at home, and examined, with great interest, his new collection of art treasures.

There are, in different galleries, about twenty pictures of Helene Fourment. One of the most beautiful is in Blenheim, it is full figure, life size, and represents her in a rich black costume about to set out on a walk, accompanied by a page; its chief object seems to be to show, by contrast, the dazzling brightness of her complexion. Resembling this, is a picture of the Hermitage, in which a broad beaver hat shades the face. One of the most remarkable is, undoubtedly, the portrait in the Belvedere at Vienna, which represents her on the point of stepping into the bath. A fur covering carelessly thrown around her, partly conceals her form. The most charming witness to the new happiness of his home, and one of the most beautiful pictures of the kind ever painted, is at Blenheim, and represents the Painter with his wife leaning on his arm, and holding a little child by silken leading strings. This incomparable picture, beaming with beauty, was presented by the Town of Brussels to the Duke of Marlborough in gratitude for final deliverance from the burdens imposed by the wars of Louis XIV. From the appearance of the proud, stately pair, superior to all earthly cares, it might be imagined that they had a princely revenue at their disposal, and that it would not be difficult for them to give 93,000 gulden for the acquisition of a beautiful Country seat. This was, in fact, the sum which Rubens gave for the old gothic castle of Steen, near Mechlin, in which, from that time, he spent the summer months.

In the year 1636, Rubens received a commission from the Jabach family, in Cologne, to paint a picture from the Legends of St. Peter. He chose the crucifixion, and devoted himself with

enthusiasm to the painting inspired in its composition by the works of Michael Angelo da Caravaggio. But it was not placed in its destined position until after the death of the great master. Twelve hundred gulden were paid for it,—a most moderate sum,—for it was one of the very rare pictures of Rubens' latest period, painted by himself, with scarcely any assistance, and this can only be said of one other of his later pictures. But here the Master had laid upon himself the task of displaying his artistic capacity to its utmost extent. This picture was ordered by the grand-duke of Tuscany; and was therefore destined to shine amid the distinguished masterpieces of Italian art; it is now in the Pitti Palace, at Florence. It represents, in allegorical form, the lamentable condition of Europe arising from a long succession of wars. Mars rages forth for the destruction of the world, refusing to be held back by the caresses of the distressed Venus. A Fury drags him onward, Pestilence and Famine, and all the horrors of devastation, in characteristic symbol, accompany him. Europe follows weeping, a beautiful woman, clad in robes of deepest mourning, and bowed down by grief. The colouring is of dazzling brilliancy, and bewitching harmony, and the expression, in all parts of the picture, attains the highest perfection; powerful, and yet subdued, a true masterpiece for a Master at the end of his career.

The state of his health became more troublesome. From this time, he painted only small pictures; that is, landscapes in the composition of which he attained characteristic greatness with such depth of expression, that his labours even in this branch of art struck out a new path, and formed a new epoch. Besides this, he busied himself with the direction of his scholars, and the oversight of the numerous, and sometimes celebrated, engravers, who copied his works. He corrected the drawings with his own hand, superintending their execution. It is calculated that more than fifteen hundred plates were taken from his pictures. It must be remarked, in closing, that the number of his paintings was much larger than would appear from this biographical sketch, for here only those works have been mentioned which stand in connexion with the circumstances and vicissitudes of his life; and many pictures in other styles, such as his purely historical compositions, his hunting scenes, his genre and fancy pieces, have been omitted. It is enough to repeat, that he excelled in every conceivable branch of art, and that the sum of his activity, as displayed in more than a thousand pictures, drawings, and etchings, is almost inconceivable.

But the sufferings of gout increased, and his strength gradually declined. In April, 1640, he felt that death was near, yet once more, the torch of life flickered brightly, and when, on the 9th of May, he wrote to his friend Lucas Faidherbe the sculptor to congratulate him on his marriage assumed an unconstrained and humorous tone. But the end soon came. On the 27th of May, he felt it necessary to make his will, and three days later, on the 30th of May, 1640, he died.—The grief was great and universal. He was temporarily interred beside his wife in the family vault of the church of St. Jacques, but two years later his remains found their final resting-place in a chapel behind the high altar of that church. His widow placed one of his pictures above the altar, and it would have been difficult to make a more suitable choice. It represents the Virgin and Child, adored by Saints, among whom, St. George, as elsewhere, bears the beautiful features of Rubens. The picture has a tender sweetness of expression, with a truly brilliant, electrifying glow of colour. A hundred years later, his descendants inscribed on his grave the pathetic and somewhat laboured Epitaph, written after the taste of the day by his friend Gevaerts, before which even the most careless beholders will not fail to stand for a moment's meditation. "The traces of such an earthly life cannot be effaced for ages."

According to his will, all the works of art left by Rubens were sold, and, in consequence of the wide spread demand for mementoes of him, and the large biddings of wealthy purchasers, they realized the considerable sum of 280,000 gulden. Helene Fourment afterwards contracted a second marriage with a Count Berzeyck. None of Rubens' posterity have made themselves specially remarkable. The descendant by a female branch, who piously atoned for the neglect of former generations by setting up the inscription, excused himself for this presumption in a postscript, with the information, that the male line of Rubens was already extinct. Such spirits as Rubens are of incommensurable greatness, in our poor earthly life, and they do not, according to ordinary laws, give birth to their like. It is as if the spiritual life absorbed their whole being, and left no portion to the mortal corporeal man. They concentrate in themselves the capacities of a period, and consume, in their imperishable works, the whole creative power with which they have been endowed.

B. M.



F Snijders

FRANS SNYDERS (OR SNYERS).

Frans Snyders takes a prominent place amongst those artists who worked with Rubens. He was born at Antwerp, and baptised there on the 11th of November, 1579. His father's name was Jan Snyders, his mother's Marie Plaetsen. Until the year 1593, he was a pupil of Höllenbreughel, and later of Hendrik van Balen. But a free access to the imposing works of Rubens was of more importance to him, than the influence of his teachers.—He became a Master in the guild of painters in 1602, and married, on October 25, 1611, Margaretha de Vos, the sister of the painter Cornelis, and of Paul de Vos. Little else is known concerning the circumstances of his life. Even the important occurrence that he, following in the general procession, visited the Eternal City, can only be inferred from the fact, that in the year 1619, he was received into the Company of the "Romanists," becoming Elder of the Society in the year 1628. He lost his wife by death on the 2nd of September 1647; he died himself on August 19th, 1657, and was buried by her side in the Church of the Franciscans.

Snyders was highly appreciated as a man and as an artist. He painted for the king of Spain, and for other princes. Rubens, and Jacob Jordaens often worked with him, and thus the three painters assisted one another. His broad treatment added to his powerful colouring formed a beneficial and harmonious union of their various styles. Rubens gave him an especial mark of confidence, by leaving the arrangements for the sale of his works of art to him, with Jan Wildens and Jacob Moermans. Van Dyck painted his portrait.

No Master excepting Rubens has cultivated the dramatic portraiture of animals with such power and force, and with such passion for art, as Snyders. In his numerous large domestic interiors the truth of every detail is even more striking than the skill displayed in the arrangement of the picture. In these drawings, his colouring was frequently faint.

B. M.

DAVID TENIERS

(THE YOUNGER).

David Teniers the Younger follows Rubens and Van Dyck, as the third Master of the Belgian school of painting.

His grandfather, Julianus Tenier or Teniers (the orthography is still doubtful), an honest shopkeeper, resided in his house, "tot den schild van Ceulen," (the Cologne Arms) on the shoe-market in Antwerp, and died on the 4th of May, 1585. His son, born in 1582, by his second wife Janna van Maelbecke, became the elder David Teniers. This painter studied for a long time in Italy and in the "atelier" of Rubens, was received, in 1606, as a free master, into the Painter's Guild of St. Luke, and married, on the 12th of October, 1608, Dympe Cornelissen de Wilde, daughter of the Admiral Cornelis Hendrickx and Philippine Dolyns. David Teniers the Younger was the child of this marriage. He was born in the year 1610, and baptized in the Church of St. Jacques on the 15th of December. David Teniers the Elder died in 1649. The transition from the mannerisms of the older school to the style of modern times may be traced in his works. He instructed his son, who, however far, surpassed him.

It has not been ascertained, who were the Masters of young Teniers. His Father has been named as his teacher, and the similarity of their artistic tendencies renders this assumption very probable. It is impossible that he should have been the scholar of Adrian Brouwer, as this painter became a free master of the Guild of St. Luke only one year before his supposed pupil. The fact that Rubens instructed the elder Teniers need not belie the belief that he was also the instructor of the son. The all-surpassing fame of Rubens, and the close intercourse which was maintained between the two families, as well as the style of the younger artist, all tend to confirm the statement, that he received lessons in art from the head of the school.

In the year 1632 to 33, David Teniers was admitted, as the son of a Master, into the Guild of St. Luke. After he had won much popularity by the pleasing exercise of his art (the contradictory assertions of older Biographers, like many other foolish reports circulated by them, have little foundation in fact), he took steps for the establishment of his household. On the 22nd of July, 1637, he married Anna Breughel (who had been baptized in the Church of St. George on the 4th of October 1620), a daughter of Breughel, a ward of Rubens. By the middle of the year 1648, their family consisted of five children. Two more were born, one in February 1653, and another in the same month of 1655. They first saw the light in Brussels, whither, at some time during this period (the exact date is not known), David Teniers had migrated with his family as Court Painter to the Archduke Leopold William.



DAVID TENIERS

D

In May 1656, Anna Breughel died, and was buried on the 12th of the month. In October of the same year, Teniers married again. His second wife was Isabel de Fren, daughter of Andreas de Fren, Secretary to the Council of Brabant, and of Anna Maria Montfort); she was baptized in the Cathedral of St. Gudule at Brussels on the 11th of December 1624). Four children were added to the family by this marriage. Teniers survived her, for on her epitaph at Perck her name is inscribed as the wife, not the widow of David Teniers. The artist himself died, at a great age, at Brussels, on the 25th of April, 1690, and was also interred in the Choir of the Church at Perck, a place between Vilvorde and Mechlin, where he had bought a pretty country estate on which stood the Castle of Dry-Toren (the three Towers).

David Teniers enjoyed a high reputation and European celebrity. In the year 1644 to 45 he was invested with the office of Elder of the Guild of St. Luke. The Governor General of the Provinces, Leopold William, admired his talent, and gave him much employment. He bestowed upon him the title of Court Painter, and the dignity of Chamberlain (*ayuda de camara*), and presented him with a gold chain and a medal. This position necessitated constant activity. He was commissioned to copy, on a small scale, the rich gallery of his princely patron. His copies were intended to serve as models for engraving, and in 1660, he published an extensive series of copper plates from the collection. One very remarkable and interesting style amongst the paintings of Teniers owes its origin to his employment on this gallery, namely that representing with the utmost fidelity and detail, the interiors of Picture Galleries or Collections of Antiquities.

The successor of Leopold, Don Juan of Austria, the natural son of Philip IV. of Spain, confirmed Teniers in his appointment, and it is said, even became his pupil in art. He at once recommended the artist to his Father, and a large number of commissions resulted from this introduction. It is related, that King Philip erected a special gallery for the works of his favourite artist; many of these still adorn the Museum at Madrid. William II. of Orange and Antonius Triest, the art loving Bishop of Ghent, were among his most assiduous patrons; Queen Christina of Sweden gave him a gold chain with a medallion portrait of herself, and he received a similar present from the Count of Fuensaldagne, in whose service he travelled to England for the purchase of Italian pictures.

This commission as well as the publication already mentioned, show that Teniers was not simply a mechanical painter, and that his taste in art was not onesided, but that he possessed a universal and scientific knowledge of the subject. This was clearly proved, when, in 1663, he gave the first impulse to the founding of an Academy in his native town of Antwerp, after the plan of those in Rome and Paris. The royal warrant is dated on the 6th of July of the same year, and it was confirmed on the 12th of October by the Council of Brabant. The civic authorities, in the following year, chose a suitable site, and thus was founded the artistic school, which in our days has again enjoyed so great, yet transient a reputation. Teniers had already applied for a patent of nobility. On the 10th of January, 1663, he renewed his petition, bringing evidence to prove that he belonged to an old noble family of Hennegau which had borne arms from time immemorial. On the 4th of November, 1667, he was shamed, or brought to reason, by the answer that there was no objection to the granting of his petition under the condition that he should be no longer allowed openly to carry on his "trade" (that is his noble art), for any payment or profit whatever," under pain of the loss of his title on

breach of the agreement. Teniers appears to have declined such an honour, for the subject is not mentioned again, and he never received a title of nobility. But the city of Antwerp reckons him amongst the noblest of her sons, and in the present day she has honoured the memory of the founder of her Academy by a monument, which, although not beautiful, is imposing, and has all the merit of excellent intentions.

Teniers was the first and the most famous of those artists who applied to the representation of common life that freedom and simplicity to which Rubens and those who worked with him had attained. He succeeds best in all belonging to this sphere, particularly in smaller pictures with few figures; for his heads suffer from a certain uniformity, and he seldom renders large masses with pleasing effect. But his peasants, smoking, drinking, and gambling; his barber's shops, with their highly realistic operations, and other like scenes, are unsurpassed. His rather rough humour appears in its most varied phase, although always employed on the same subjects, in his Fairs, and Peasants' weddings, which he frequently painted. But his comic vein finds its most subtle and pleasing exercise in the draperies, which he borrowed from his relatives of the Breughel family, in the apparitions of witches and devils, the temptation of St. Anthony (one of his favourite subjects) and other like works. His numerous "Alchemists' studies" belong to this class; in these pictures he has represented somewhat of the broken humour of futile endeavour, which works with attractive, and often impressive effect. But in the delineation of mind, of lively passion, and of strong feeling, he often fails. He succeeds admirably, as may be well imagined, in guard rooms. In Animal pieces and Landscapes he is distinguished by an unusually correct feeling for nature; his scenery, particularly in his large pictures, is always arranged in accordance with the highest principles of art, and materially assists the effect. His copies of old masters, especially of the Venetians, have already been mentioned. These often became acknowledged "Pasticcios," that is, deceptive imitations, thus furnishing an excuse for the number of more or less gifted imitators who subsequently painted under his name. He sometimes even kept the works of other artists on his easel.

The special qualities which distinguish Teniers from all other genre-painters of his school are, truth of delineation, freshness and simplicity of movement, effective artistic arrangement (where the masses are not too large), tender and harmonious *chiar' oscuro*, and spirited gradation of colour, which through its thin layers reveals with strong effect the strokes of the pencil.

His style passed through several phases, a fact not surprising in so long a life of activity. He worked through a heavy brown tone, and almost decorative manner, up to a clear and warm colouring, which, under careful handling, became gradually cooler. His pictures of this period, from 1640 to 1660, are the most valued. He afterwards adopted a more powerful colouring, which again degenerated into the dull tone and uncertain manipulation of old age. The Galleries of St. Petersburg, Paris, Vienna, and Munich, are the richest in works by his own hand. But other great galleries possess numerous and often excellent pictures by him. His fertility was as surprising as his originality and his artistic completeness.

B. M.



N. Berchem.

NICHOLAS BERGHEM.

The most important and celebrated of those Dutch Painters who were incited by a visit to Italy to take the beautiful scenery of that country as the subject of their pictures, and who delighted in the representation of landscape with shepherds and sheep,—buildings and ruins, as seen in the South—was Nicholas Berghem of Haarlem.

He is said to have been born in the year 1624, but this date can hardly be reconciled with the fact, that, according to his undoubted signature and the unmistakable evidence of his own work, he painted the landscape background of a picture by Gerard Dow, which that Master (born in 1613) accomplished in his nineteenth year. His father, Peter Berghem, was a painter, and his first instructor in art. He afterwards profitted by the teaching of Jan van Goyen, Nicholas Moyaert, Peter Grebber, Jan Wils (whose daughter he married) and Jan Baptist Weenix, all of whom he excelled. His visit to Italy can only be inferred from his pictures. He died on the 18th of February, 1683, at Amsterdam, and was interred, on the 23rd of the same month, at the "Westerkerk." A likeness of himself and his wife was painted by Rubens, and now hangs in the Grosvenor gallery in London.

Berghem was a very conscientious and richly gifted artist, but his talents did not prevent him from falling into the same error as all others, who worked in the same manner. He was unable to master the wide difference between his native mode of feeling and style of art, and the natural scenery of a foreign country; so that his works fail to produce a perfect and harmonious effect, although, in many cases, they betray true poetic feeling. He was an excellent draughtsman, and even excelled in portraiture, but unfortunately his larger life-size compositions suffer from a want of thought and taste. He was successful in small battle and sea pieces, but his fame rests principally on his landscapes. His execution always shows him to be a ready and skilful artist, but his colouring is very unequal. A great uniformity is observable in his figures. At a comparatively early date he became careless in his manipulation and neglected the study of nature. In spite of this, he was often employed by the most celebrated masters of his day, even by Ruysdael and Hobbima, to enliven their paintings with men and animals. It is not improbable that his great industry was due to the incessant claims of his covetous wife. He also engraved on copper.

B. M.

PAUL VERONESE.

It is reported that the aged Titian accorded some praise to the Painter Tintoretto, while finding many faults with his style, but that he held Paul Veronese in high estimation, as the greatest painter of the rising generation. Paolo Caliari (according to his family name) was not a pupil of Titian, he received his first art impulse from his father, the sculptor, Gabriele Caliari, in Verona, where he was born, in 1528, and was instructed by his uncle, the painter Antonio Badile. He first painted in his native city, and later at Mantua, and at Siena in the neighbourhood of Brescia, where he adorned the castle of Count Porti with frescoes. Afterwards Venice became his second home, he entered the city at the time of her highest artistic glory, when Sansovino, the architect of the Library, had the control of Venetian architecture, when Titian was still in his renown power, surrounded by numerous scholars and followers, when Tintoretto sought in hot haste to lead painting, into untrodden regions. His fancy was captivated by the magnificence of the buildings, the cheerfulness of the life, the splendour of the upper classes, and the varied industrious life of the lower classes of society. He felt attracted by his natural disposition as well as by the tone of thought then paramount in Venice, to the especial study of colour; he was soon drawn in the Venetian school, by the influence of its greatest master, as well as by that of its younger members. He was distinguished from Tintoretto, whose unvenetian peculiarities he never followed. He remained faithful to the traditions of the school, his treatment of his subjects was rapid and expressive, rather than impassioned and dramatic. Even the visit which he paid to Rome, in 1563, in the train of the Venetian ambassador, Girolamo Grimani, worked no change in his artistic tendencies.

If he ever approached the dramatic, it was in the numerous pictures which he painted for the Church of Saint Sebastian at Venice. Some ceiling-pieces for the sacristy and the Church were his first important works in the island city; these were followed in 1565, by three large pictures in the choir, representing the leading scenes from the legend of the Saint; at St. Sebastian's first public acknowledgment of Christianity, when, in spite of the entreaties of his grey-headed father, his wife and children, he strengthens Marcus and Marcellinus in the faith, on their way to death. 2nd. Sebastian on the rack, faithful to his convictions; 3rd. Sebastian expiring, pierced through with arrows, beholding through the clouds the glories of heaven. Rich architectural perspectives in the most magnificent renaissance style adorn the back grounds; and numerous side-figures, gazing in wonder or sympathy, press around, dressed in the Venetian costume of the time. Their number tends to hinder the full and clear development of the leading subject, and even the acting figures, although always maintaining an admirable grandeur, have sometimes a strange



Paolo Caliari.
genannt Paolo Veronese.

hesitation in their attitude and manner, and are thus wanting in dramatic decision: In place of this, Paul Veronese maintains a dignified composure, and his subjects remain well-proportioned in moments in which Tintoretto would have been overcome by feverish excitement.

Paul is still more in his element in such a heroic and well-known subject, as "Alexander before the family of Darius;" lately removed from the Pisani Palace to the National Gallery in London. In the Doge's palace, he completed the work of Tintoretto by his ceiling-pieces, amongst which those in the "Sala del Collegio," especially "the enthroned Venice," are the most beautiful. In these compositions he adopts the principle, invented by Mantegna and perfected by Correggio, of "*Sotto in su*," and represents the figures in bold foreshortening, as if a real scene were transpiring above in unlimited space. If the great masters, Michel Angelo and Raphael, were right in condemning by their ceiling-pieces, that striving after illusion, which led later artists into the wildest mannerism, it must yet be conceded to Paul Veronese, that by means of his genial power over aerial and lineal perspective, he attained the desired effect. There are fine specimens of his ceiling-painting in the Louvre, and in the Museum at Berlin, with some allegorical paintings from the German trading-house at Venice. The Belvedere also possesses numerous works from his hand, but the Master can be best studied in Germany, in the Dresden Gallery. There the king's daughter at the finding of young Moses, appears as an Italian Princess, in gorgeous apparel, surrounded by her court, her ladies, a Moorish dwarf, leading a dog—and halberdiers. Of equal beauty are "the Adoration of the kings," which is especially enchanting in its colouring; the Madonna, approached by a founder with family, all led by faith, hope, and charity, a masterly composition, with many naïve and affecting features; and lastly, the wedding at Cana. He painted many pictures on these and similar subjects. In the "*Salon carré*" at the Louvre hangs the gigantic picture, completed in 1563 for San Giorgio Maggiore; here the wedding of Cana is represented with still more brilliant groups, all the conceivable princes of the world are seated at the board, whilst in the foreground, many celebrated Venetian artists, including Titian, Bassano, and Paul himself are performing music. On the opposite side, there is a kindred and still more beautiful work, "The Feast in the Pharisee's House," in which the Magdalene is anointing the feet of the Saviour. There are two similar banquet pictures in the Academy at Venice. These paintings, principally with figures of life-size and bold treatment, were painted for the decoration of cloistral refectories. Leonardo's 'Last Supper' was designed for the same purpose. But the physiological characteristic of Leonardo, that depth of thought, by means of which he expressed the religious element, is scarcely found in Paul Veronese, who in place of this does not arouse any devotion, or ecclesiastical enthusiasm, but rather sensualizes the subject by his artistic treatment. The pleasures of life and of the table form the soul of his compositions, and the only compensation offered to the spiritual element, is in the selection of a Biblical subject as a pretext of these representations. When sacred personages, or Christ himself appears in such pictures, they do not attract the gaze and form the centre of the subject; they are always noble, but purely human in conception, and taking a part subordinate to the general whole. Aristocrats of distinguished bearing and with the demeanour of men of the world are seated at the board, engaged in intimate conversation with courtly ladies, who are mostly too corpulent and voluptuous in their appearance, to be beautiful. Servants hurry to and fro, foot-soldiers keep watch at the stairs, pages and Moors are in attendance, dogs snap crumbs from under the table, beggars wait for alms on the threshold, women from amongst the people press in with their children, and

listen behind the pillars, while from the balconies of grand buildings, troops of inquisitive spectators gaze down upon the distinguished company. While Titian usually attains his effects of colour by a few simple tones, in Veronese, introduces magnificent costumes of the period, Oriental garbs, beautiful marble halls, with splendid goblets and table decorations. Twilight heightens the effect, and a soft silvery light takes the place of golden sunshine.

When the old Dutch masters and the Florentine fresco painters of the 15th century made use in their Biblical representations of the figures, costume, and scenery of their own epoch; they did it in veracity and simplicity, they could not imagine any forms but those around them. This was no longer the case either with Paul Veronese, the son of the intellectual and cultivated renaissance period, or with the public for whom he painted. He was aware, that in this respect he allowed himself artistic freedom. But, at that period, in the midst of the mundane life of the renaissance, there had arisen a previously unknown severe ecclesiasticism, which took offence at this method of handling, and thus Paul "had to report himself before the Inquisition, on account of one of his feasts" at a Pharisee's house. He was accused of disrespect to the Saviour, in the introduction of dwarfs, foreigners, buffoons, dogs, arms and such extravagances, into these scenes. Paul appealed with courageous determination to the licence permitted to the artist, and he made no alteration in style throughout his life.

Paul's noble personality, which appears clearly from this recently discovered protocol, is confirmed by older witnesses. Sandrard quotes his remark, that the grandest part of the art of painting consisted in "good-breeding, honesty, and good manners," and adds, that he had none but noble thoughts. He is described to us as prudent in the conduct of life, beloved of every-one, circumspect and judicious at home, an excellent father to his children, and thrifty of the wealth which he gained by his art. We believe our informant who tells us, that Paul "was magnificent in dress, and always wore velvet shoes," we are also convinced of the truth of the remark: "he was always honest in his dealings, and served no-one for the sake of unusually large gains, however much he succeeded in retaining the favour of great lords."

In his later years, he declined a brilliant offer from Philip II. of Spain, on account of his work in the Doge's palace. He was right in refusing to leave Venice, as its life was his inspiration. He died on the 20th of April, 1588, in full strength, and at the summit of his fame, and was buried in San Sebastian, in the midst of his creations. His brother Benedetto, his sons Gabriel and Carlo Caliari, who had up to this time worked in his studio, sought with skill, but without talent, to work on in his manner, and signed their productions as "the heirs of Paul Veronese."

While he was the leader of art in Venice, degeneracy and mannerism was prevalent around him. But in Paul himself, the old Venetian spirit worked on, he proclaimed the glory of Venice, with more energy and vehemence than it had ever been proclaimed before, and his works are the last exponents of the renaissance-spirit in Italy.

A. W.



Ant^o Vandyck

ANTON VAN DYCK.

"The Cavalier painter" was the name which van Dyck obtained from his fellow-artists in Rome, and he wears the same character for us in his portrait in the Louvre. Here we may admire his manly features, his dark eyes, his erect figure, and his pointed beard, which, with the exception of his regal patron, Charles I., was surpassed in beauty by none of his contemporaries, and which left his expressive mouth completely uncovered. It is no wonder that he was one of the foremost pupils of Rubens, the prince of painters.

But he did not commence his studies in Rubens' studio. Anton van Dyck, the son of a prosperous Antwerp merchant, Frans van Dyck, and of his second wife, Maria Cuypers, was born on the 22nd of March, 1599, the seventh of twelve children, and at the age of ten, he was placed under the instruction of Hendrick van Balen. But after he had been received as a Master in the guild of painters, in the year 1618, we find mention of him for many years as an assistant of Rubens, who possessed a compulsive power which forced all the younger painters, who studied under him, to adopt his style. Notwithstanding the difference in his inner nature, van Dyck could not resist this influence. His early pictures, such as 'the two Johns,' and 'the scourging of Christ' in the Berlin Museum, seem only an echo of Rubens' art. Gradually other influences were exerted upon him. We find him in 1621, in England, employed by King James I. At the end of 1622, he returned home to bury his father, but in the following year he appears in Italy, where his master had spent so many productive years. Van Dyck gave his master two of his paintings as a parting gift, and Rubens was so gratified with them, that he presented in acknowledgement, two of the most beautiful steeds from his stable. Van Dyck next visited Venice, and was influenced by the rich colouring of Venetian art; he then remained for a time in Rome, and at last penetrated as far as Sicily. The most splendid example of this period of his art is the large sitting portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio, in the Pitti Palace at Florence, in which we see the Cardinal as he was—emaciated indeed, but worldly wise, intellectual, and aristocratic. Van Dyck remained long in Genoa, and painted portraits of noble personages. Most of these still remain in the palaces of Brignole-Sale, Balbi, Cattaneo, and Durazzo, and on account of their depth of colouring and simplicity of outline, retain an individual character amongst his productions.

The painter remained absent for five years, until, as Joachim von Sandrart relates, he again "spread his sails for Antwerp." He arrived there in 1628, and found himself at once in a position, second only to the great Rubens. We learn from the French historian, de la Serre,

that Marie de Medicis, on her visit to Antwerp in 1631, after having inspected the stately dwelling of Rubens, betook herself to the house of Van Dyck, who had painted an excellent portrait of her. There she saw the Titian-Cabinet, a room adorned with copies of the great Venetian's masterpieces, and was convinced by the beauty of Van Dyck's own creations, that he would soon be extolled as the Titian of his century. In addition to portraits he now painted a great number of religious pictures, and his fame was attested in the Netherlands by the commissions which he received from the leaders of Catholicism for magnificent altar-pieces. But Van Dyck did not possess that inspiration, dramatic power, and fertility of imagination which were displayed in full force in the works of Rubens. He indeed painted dramatic scenes, such as 'the crucifixion of Christ' in the Cathedral at Mechlin, or 'Samson's Imprisonment' in the Belvedere at Vienna, and was master of his subject, though evidently influenced by certain compositions of Rubens. But in other branches of art he displayed much originality, and unfolded qualities foreign to Rubens. He was in his element in quiet scenes, in which sweetness and sentiment might predominate, thus displaying a nature susceptible to feeling and enjoyment. He introduces a sweet expression into his pictures of the Madonna, with kneeling saints, or figures of the donors, such as the 'Virgin, with the Flemish married couple' in the Louvre, or the 'enthroned Mary, with Saint Rosalie and the blessed Præmonstrant Hermann, in the Belvedere at Vienna, or 'the Holy Mother with the Child Jesus, surrounded by penitents,' in the Berlin Museum. He succeeds in the delicate representation of the idyll, as in 'the Holy family, surrounded by a circle of adoring Cherubs,' at St. Petersburg, or in the picture in the Pinakothek at Munich, in which the Jesus-child, lying asleep on his mother's bosom, with Joseph gazing upon him, is placed in a landscape, which invites to rest and dreams. In this picture there is an expression of melancholy; while sorrow and suffering are still further depicted, in the solitary figure of 'the Saviour on the Cross,' in the Belvedere, in which the light on the figure is heightened by the back-ground of clouds; and especially in the numerous representations of 'the mourning over the Body of Christ,' belonging to his different periods. Amongst these are the small, richly-coloured picture at Munich, the large pathetic picture at Berlin, and finally the two master-pieces in the Antwerp gallery. The larger of these is perfect in its composition, the corpse could not be more beautifully placed; by it are the Magdalen and John in tears, but the mother of Christ stands erect, she looks towards heaven, and the attitude of her hand appears to express the words: It is Thy will, Oh my Father! The second painting does not embody such elevation in grief, but the feeling it expresses is deeper and more affecting. There is a wonderful contrast between the passionate despair of Mary, on whose bosom her son's head is resting, and the mild but true grief of the beautiful angels and of John, who points towards the dead body. In all these works Van Dyck draws more correctly than Rubens—he avoids excess in form and colour, and shows an equal power in treatment of the subject.

Van Dyck has painted no genre pictures or scenes of peasant and soldier life, such as exist from the hand of Rubens. He has also left few mythological representations, and even if "the Danae" in Dresden, betokens a sympathy with Venetian art, yet in such creations we miss the joviality and decision of Rubens.

Although Van Dyck rejoiced in the quiet atmosphere of home, yet in the year 1632, he carried out a plan, which he had long formed. He went to England, to the court of Charles I., who was a patron of art, and possessed in his gallery the richest treasures of Italian painting. This monarch had befriended Rubens, both as artist and man, and was now prepared

to welcome his most celebrated pupils. Van Dyck had been preceded at the court of Whitehall, for the splendour of which he was well suited by his courtly manners, by two distinguished men, the Earl of Arundel, the celebrated art collector and friend of Rubens, and Sir Kenelm Digby, the naval hero and savant, whom he had already met in the Netherlands. A suite of rooms was assigned to Van Dyck in the Palace of Blackfriars; also a similar residence at Eltham, and on the 17th of October he was appointed court painter, with the annuity of £200 sterling, while Daniel Mytens, another Dutch painter in the king's service was receiving only £20 sterling, and a century earlier the great Holbein had received only £30, from Henry VIII. Previous to this time, on the completion of his large portrait of Charles I. and his family, now in Windsor Castle, Van Dyck had received the honour of knighthood.

He thus obtained a more brilliant position than Holbein, but shared his fate in another respect. From this time Van Dyck also confined his attention to portraiture, for a certain want of imagination having rendered the English as a nation, indifferent to other branches of art, portraiture, in consequence partly of aristocratic pride, and partly of their inclination, to place a high estimate on individual personality, always has played an important role with them. In Windsor Castle, there is a room called the Van Dyck room, containing portraits by Van Dyck. The palaces and country-seats of the English aristocracy are filled with his works, he is also represented in all the continental galleries. Even after a critical separation of authentic and unauthentic pictures, the number of his paintings is astonishing, considering the short period, during which they were executed. We find the head of King Charles repeated three times, in three different positions, in a picture at Windsor, which was sent to Bernini as a copy for a bust. Also at Windsor, and in another position at Blenheim, we find portraits of Charles I. on horseback, accompanied by his equerry. In the "Salon Carrée" at the Louvre is the masterpiece in which we see the king in hunting costume, with his suite and horse behind him. In the Dresden Gallery we see him in regal attitude, standing by a table; also a portrait of his queen Henrietta Maria. Here his noble features display refinement and dignity, and yet a cloud hovers over them, suggesting those qualities which led the monarch to his tragic end. Amongst the most pleasing subjects painted by Van Dyck, are the portraits of the children of Charles I., those at Windsor and Berlin, representing the five children, Prince of Wales then seven years old in the centre, with his hand on the head of a large bull-dog, and also the three children with two setters, in Turin, Windsor, and Dresden.—Some of these portraits are more conspicuous for stateliness, others for a sweet naturalness in the children, who are yet unmistakeably the children of princes.—Around the Royal family are representatives of the nobility.—The richest group is to be found at Petworth, in Sussex. In the dining-hall are half-length portraits of five proud beauties, several of whom are ladies of the Percy family, the former owners of the property; but the most beautiful is Elizabeth Cecil, Duchess of Devonshire, a lovely young blonde, dressed in white satin, with a rose in her hand. No one has shown a more delicate appreciation of English beauty than Van Dyck. The clear transparency of his flesh tones is heightened by his clever treatment of the drapery materials; satin dresses as well as transparent gauzes, serve to adorn these beauties. His hands especially are unequalled, and he loves to display them in expressive, and yet careless attitudes. And to the beauty of the impersonation is added the beauty imparted by its animated surroundings. Amongst the female portraits in German galleries are the rather phlegmatic 'Blondine' from the year 1639, at Darmstadt, the 'mother caressing a child on her knee,' and the pensive 'Lute-player' at Munich;

but especially 'Maria Luisa de Tassis' in the Lichtenstein Gallery at Vienna, called 'the beauty of Antwerp,' who in stately dignity almost excels the English beauties.

And yet we might fairly give the preference to his portraits of men, as we feel, when we remember the portrait in the London National Gallery of 'van der Geest,' the patron of art, in the Berlin Museum, of the Prince Thomas de Carignan, (however unimportant the man himself may be), and in Munich the figure of the Landgrave Wolfgang Wilhelm, with a large dog. Amongst the English notabilities we find those men, who afterwards fought in the wars of the king and parliament, principally knightly figures, with hair falling down to their shoulders, the mark which distinguished the cavaliers from the opposition, or "Round-heads," and which was superseded in the next generation who no longer possessed it, by wigs; the heroic 'John Stanley, Earl of Derby,' pathetically pointing towards the sea, the scene of his great deeds, 'the Lord Treasurer Richard Weston, Earl of Portland,' in attitude of repose 'the King's Nephews, the Princes Rupert and Moritz,' afterwards valiant leaders in the civil wars (in the Belvedere at Vienna), van Dyck's patron, the Earl of Arundel, who is best represented in the portrait in the possession of the Duke of Sutherland, in which this impetuous nobleman is seated in an arm-chair. Finally, Charles' unfortunate minister, the 'Earl of Strafford,' a powerful head, with broad forehead, and bold decided gaze. In a master-piece at Blenheim we see Stafford dictating to his secretary, who listens with fixed attention to catch every word; an example of Van Dyck's power in the representation of groups. Frequently in these the artistic takes the place of the dramatic character, as in the colossal picture of Count Pembroke's family, at Wilton House. By the side of these distinguished personages we may always observe with pleasure the original, often jovial groups of art brethren, represented either in finished paintings or in light etchings, which have since been completed by other engravers, and which, with engravings from Van Dyck's oil paintings form a complete work of 'a hundred portraits of celebrated contemporaries.'

In the field of activity afforded to him in England, Van Dyck could have become, as Sandrart says, "an immoderately rich man," had he only "kept his house in order, and resisted the onslaughts of amorous cupid." But the painter of the aristocracy was not free from the customs of aristocratic life. Van Dyck was an admirer of women, and attached them to himself by his magnanimity as well as his attractive manners, some of his mistresses belonged to the highest ranks of society. He also lent an ear to Alchemy, that dangerous and fashionable passion. Yet the aspersions of his contemporaries must be received with caution, for Van Dyck's will shows that he had the control of large sums of money.

At the close of his thirtieth year, he married the Lady Mary Ruthven, one of the Queen's court ladies. But he was not contented even during the following period of household happiness, for during his continual portrait painting he desired vainly for leisure for the execution of great compositions.

At last such an opportunity offered; a plan was proposed for the decoration of the walls of Whitehall, and here Van Dyck hoped even to compete with Rubens, who had painted the ceiling. But with the first obstacles, the plan was given up—Van Dyck, in much annoyance, in the year 1640, undertook a journey home, then hastened from Flanders to Paris, on hearing of a projected scheme by the king of France for the decoration of the Louvre, but arrived there too late, and after his second disappointment returned in ill-health to England.

Here circumstances awaited him which were calculated to produce yet further depression. Politics wore a threatening aspect, and in March 1641, the artist witnessed the dispersion of that

regal family whom he had so often painted; once more in the month of May, Charles bought his own life,—by the death of Strafford. At that time, Van Dyck was already seriously ill. The king, on returning from Scotland, promised the physician £300 sterling, in case of his recovery, but the sick man gradually declined until December 9th, 1641, when he died at Blackfriars, only a year after the death of Rubens. He was buried in the choir of St. Paul's. On the day of his burial, his infant daughter, who afterwards married Sir John Stepney, was baptised. His widow subsequently married Sir Richard Price.

Van Dyck disappeared from the stage, just as the revolution broke in upon those brilliant scenes, in which his characters had played their part. The old glorious days were over, which had indeed been marked by conflict, and yet in which men did not suspect the volcano beneath. The studio of the artist had been a favourite resort of the fashionable world. It was arranged like a princely dwelling; here, in accordance with the etiquette of good society, were to be found cavaliers and elegantly dressed ladies. Music was performed by professional artists, and was followed by animated conversation. The king's barge often landed from Whitehall, and brought his Majesty to watch the artist's progress. But as the evening drew on, and the busy painter laid down his brush, the servants thronged in, the candles were lighted, and the tables richly set. Sir Anthony Van Dyck took a pleasure in inviting his sitters to the table, in order to watch them during unconstrained conversation. Is not this evident in his master-pieces? In his intercourse with men, he understood the individual and embodied permanent character in conjunction with transitory expression. The personalities in Van Dyck's pictures stand before us, as they moved in a society in which intercourse, while dignified, was easy and unconstrained. But although never perfectly unconventional, they have no affectation. Truth of character is always noble, and these individuals make an effort to appear their best selves, for they know, that they are always in public. All that is rough or passionate is held in control by the dignity of good breeding, and yet in these apparently peaceful natures we discern nobility of mind, as well as ignoble passions, pride, intrigue, unprincipled selfishness, courage, chivalry, the capacity for self-sacrifice; the artist has succeeded with consummate skill in the delicate delineation of these various characteristics.

Van Dyck had no pupils worthy of himself. Cornelius de Vos (1585? to 1651) was his friend, and, although his senior, was influenced by him. The Dutchman, A. Hannemann, who came to England at the same time, imitated him with some success. Van Dyck's successor in England was the Westphalian Peter von der Faes, called Sir Peter Lely (1618 to 1680) the court-painter of Charles II. But he fails in truth and character, his compositions aim at effect, and his elegance is cold and artificial.

A. W.

TITIAN.

Pieve di Cadore is a small city situated on high ground in the midst of the eastern alps, and surrounded by woods, fringing the abrupt sides of the valley through which runs the river Piave. It is on the road, leading from the Pusterthal to Treviso, and not far from the German border. It was the birth-place of Titian, that great master, in whom the pictorial art of Venice reached its culminating point. His family name was Vecellio, and this name was held in high reputation in his native town; but, as has been the case with other great Italian artists, as for instance, Raphaël and Michel Angelo, his Christian name was accepted by his contemporaries, and has consequently been handed down to succeeding generations. Titian Vecellio was born in 1477. In his tenth year, the boy was sent to Venice, to his uncle, who was established there; soon afterwards, he was placed with a painter; thus it appears, that Giovanni Bellini's studio was the third, in which he received instruction. He owed to this great master his exactitude of execution, and Vasari's reference to an earlier work by Titian, the likeness of a nobleman of the Barbarigo family, in which every hair and every line on the satin jacket was painted with such delicacy as to stand alone, only serves to show, that at the beginning of his artistic career, even in independent work, he surrendered himself to the industrious elaboration of the old technicality. Meanwhile Giorgione had arisen, of the same age as Titian, and also a pupil of Bellini, and introducing a new artistic treatment, which produced such an effect upon Titian, that he commenced a close imitation of Giorgione. Albrecht Durer, on his visit to Venice, appears to have been unaware of the existence of this new tendency, although soon afterwards it completely gained the upper hand, and overshadowed the earlier school. In 1507 Titian, on the recommendation of Barbarigo, was commissioned to paint the façade of the German exchange—the other having been painted by Giorgione. The manner in which the rival entered upon his work, treading in the path traced out by Giorgione, led to a rupture between the artists, which had a melancholy termination in the early death of Giorgione. From that time Venice possessed no painter, who could compete with Titian. He was commissioned to paint a large picture in the Doge's palace, where the two Bellinis had also painted; this picture, as well as the earlier works, were afterwards destroyed by fire. In the year 1513 the reversion was assigned to Titian of the Sanseria, the office of broker in the German exchange, lucrative posts of honour usually assigned by the Council to some eminent painter. Three years later, on the death of Bellini, Titian entered on the enjoyment of the office.

His monumental works in Venice of this earlier period, have all perished, as have his fresco paintings in the Court of Justice at Vicenza. We have an opportunity of judging of this epoch of his painting, and of estimating the grasp of his power after his victorious commencement, in



Ticianus

the study of a group of pictures which he painted between 1514 and 1516, for the Duke of Ferrara, principally at his court. A little cabinet in the castle at Ferrara was adorned with mythological pictures. Titian added the landscape to one of these, which the aged Bellini had been unable to finish, and painted three additional pictures. While the first is now at a retired country seat, belonging to the Duke of Northumberland, two others, a Feast of Venus and a Bacchanalia are in the gallery at Madrid, and the fourth, 'Bacchus, perceiving Ariadne,' is in the National Gallery in London. In the centre of the picture is the god, descending from his chariot to seize the beautiful woman, who feigns to fly. The Bacchanalian troops, in which the fair girl who strikes the cymbal, is as powerfully portrayed as the jovial Silenus on the ass, winds its way down the mountain side, between an alley of trees. In the background is a sea shore, with landscape and dark mountains, and beyond the blue-green sea level beneath the blue canopy of heaven. The fullest, most glowing tones unite in the concert of colour, which is crowned by an expression of heavenly joy. In no previous painting had the harmony of colour exercised such sway, and so resembling the harmony of music. The whole treatment is dominated by this idea; the purely dramatic element retreats to the background, and all the figures seem under the influence of a musical harmony.—For the same palace in Ferrara, Titian painted on a panel (according to Vasari) "the magnificent half-length portrait of Christ, to whom a malicious Jew is showing a piece of money, with the inscription of Cæsar—the celebrated 'tribute-money' in the Dresden Gallery. The portrait of Ariosto, whom Titian learnt to know in Ferrara, now in the National Gallery in London, dates from the same period. The poet is dressed in the richest materials, and adorned almost like a beautiful lady, with a gold chain encircling his neck several times, and even a bracelet, but the rarest and most beautiful part of the picture consists in its expression. Its laurel background serves to complete the poetic symbolism—can we not discern in these two works, the promise of Titian's manifold power?

Like a true child of the Renaissance, he made use of all the materials from ancient mythology, which furnished poetic inspiration to his age, or, at least, to the circle in which he moved, and which were becoming as familiar to society and art as the subjects from Christian legend, which had long been the only traditional topics for artistic treatment. He does not wish to retain the spiritual interpretation of the classic myths, or to become an imitator of the ancient masterpieces. What he represents, is only the beauty of human existence, in its undisguised and natural aspect. And in this respect, he shows his affinity with the antique school, however much his artistic conception and style may differ from classic art, which was almost exclusively plastic. The mythologic ideal is to him only a name, almost an excuse for his delight in the representation of human, but especially womanly beauty, and yet this name is no empty sound, for it is connected with that higher capacity, by means of which, in his communings with nature, he elevated the actual and the commonplace to a higher life.

Venus is represented by a recumbent woman, with a young lute-player seated at her feet. The original is in the Fitz-William Museum at Cambridge, and an old copy in the Dresden Gallery.) But in spite of the winged cupid at her side, she is little embodied Venus as does that female figure on the couch, in the Uffizi at Florence, who appears to take pleasure in lying unclothed, in full display of her beauty, while her servants in the background are searching for her dress in a chest. Although it is probable that the original of this picture was the beloved of a prince,—as we see her here, she is more than the image of a beautiful woman, she is an apotheosis of womanly beauty, ennobled by the ecstatic joy of the existence into which she is

elevated. Sensuality has indeed a share in such pictures, but only such a share as is justified by art. They contain none of the affected refinement and assumed charm which may be traced in modern French paintings of similar subjects; the beautiful naïveté of the conception throws all ideas into the remote background. What allegorical meaning had the artist in other pictures of the same style? 'The three ages' in the Bridgewater Gallery in London, and the so-called 'heavenly and earthly love'—rightly named 'love and prudery' by J. Burckhardt—in the Borghese Palace at Rome? This also represents an existence replete with beauty, the figures appear to belong to a golden age, in which life itself is the only aim of existence. And if reflection is stimulated by the motive of the subject, it is rapidly lost in the dreamy enjoyment, which is aroused by the whole tone of the picture.

It is especially in such paintings, that a new artistic element assists in giving character to the composition, this element is that of landscape, which was first used in Italy by Titian and his Venetian companions. Venice itself, the island city, offered few subjects for landscape representation.

"No verdant glades here meet your raptured gaze,
Nor in the scent of roses can you bathe."

Only sunlight, damp sea air, and a bluish-green expanse of water,—but perhaps, for this very reason, the poet longed the more ardently for inland trees and meadows, and for the long time of mountain tops which clear weather displayed on the horizon. The picturesque, magnificent wildness of the Alpine valleys, in which Titian had spent his childhood, is immortalised by him in numerous paintings with heightened romance and fancy.

But Titian's artistic individuality is not exhausted in his capacity for the representation of womanly beauty, or of the charm of country, and of human existence. The 'tribute-money' bears witness to his power in the treatment of religious subjects. Here we are surrounded by no atmosphere of devotion and miracle, a style after which Bellini had already striven. But the most elevated nobility of which human nature is capable, is embodied in this Christ, and the inward victory of this noble, but mild nature, over human narrowness and vulgarity, is the spiritual meaning conveyed by this simple, but impressive work. Two heads and two hands suffice to represent this profound physiological situation, whilst gentle gradations of colour unfold a glorious harmony—Even in spite of its sensuality of flesh tint and golden hair,—painted from pure delight in beauty—Titian's penitent Magdalen, in the Pitti Palace, also retains its spiritual purport of affecting penitence. What a mysterious power of expression is contained in his John the Baptist, in the Academy at Venice. Whilst he here works by means of simple groups and figures, at other times he, like Gentile Bellini, clothes the circumstances of the sacred legends in the glamour of actual life, by the addition of numerous pictorial figures, and by attractive genre-episodes in the background, as in Mary's presentation in the Temple (in the Academy at Venice) in which the elevated expression of the youthful maiden, who is advancing towards the Holy Place, distinguishes her from the rich groups around. The Madonnas and Holy Families show the idyllic character prevalent in the Venetian school, maternal joy, childish simplicity, a quiet contented existence is depicted, Titian's leading motive being usually more oppressive and individual than is usual with other artists, as for instance, with Palma Vecchio. In the Madonna with the rabbit, in the Louvre, and in the National Gallery in London, in which the Holy Catherine presses the child Christ passionately to her lips, the landscape adds a poetic effect. The most attractive of these subjects at Dresden

is in a more subdued style, here the Madonna receives homage and the distinguished lady who advances towards her as the holy Magdalen, forms an imposing contrast to the finished heads of the men around, represented as saints.

The most beautiful of all Titian's works, to which, in an especial sense, the name of a holy conversation may be given, is the Madonna of the Pesaro family in 'Santa Maria de' Frari' at Venice, this name is even more appropriate to it than to Bellini's enthroned Mary. It is not the drawing, but the harmonious colouring which determines the style, even symmetry is overruled by a dramatic arrangement of the subject. The stately representation of the old style is abandoned, all the personages are placed in connexion with one another, and in the interchange of conversation and feeling. On the left hand kneels the founder, who has consecrated the work after a victory over the unbelievers, behind him stands a warrior, who uplifts his banner, and waves it over the captive infidels. But although the Madonna bends tenderly towards him, he does not dare to approach her without a mediator; St. Peter has taken his place as intercessor upon the steps of the throne, and, at the same time, St. Antonius of Padua directs the gaze of the child Christ standing in indescribable beauty, with his half-raised foot, towards the four men and the beautiful boy who kneels on the right hand, without venturing to raise their eyes towards the object of their worship. Eleven pillars are reared above this group and from the clouds above winged cherubs descend with wreaths of victory. The large picture now in the academy at Venice, the ascension of Mary, and which may be considered Titian's religious masterpiece, was originally painted for the same church. Below are the disciples, in excited astonishment at the miracle, above the whole heaven in agitation and joy, angels are hovering round, making music, and singing with childish simplicity, the Madonna in her touching excitement a living embodiment of heavenly longing, and yet so humble in the midst of the glory which surrounds her, higher still, the all-powerful God the Father, extending his arms towards her; the whole is freely handled, glowing with colour, and replete with irresistible inspiration. Another Venetian masterpiece of Titian, also expressive of the highest dramatic power, combining terror, with nobility, 'The death of Peter the Martyr,' was lost in the unfortunate fire in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul in the year 1567. Titian is not always happy in his Christian martyrdoms. His 'Crowning with thorns' in the Louvre (a similar picture has been recently added to the Pinakothek at Munich), is open to the objection that with all the beauty and depth of its colouring the scene is depicted with the addition of horrors which may be pleasing to a northern taste, but such as Raphael never permitted. As if in atonement for this defect, the Louvre preserves another creation by Titian, 'The entombment of Christ,' in which grief is represented in its full weight and passion attains its highest point of excitement; this expression is maintained by all devices of colouring, half-light, and by the concurrence of landscape accessories, but the conception is at once so noble and expressive, that the emotional is not felt at the expense of beauty. As a touching lamentation this picture takes as high a rank as is held by the ascension of Mary as an inspired thanksgiving song of joy and delight.

Titian's religious works, from 'The tribute money' to 'The entombment,' which belongs to the artist's later epoch, show that although he does not frequently enter the field of dramatic treatment, yet he is able to create noble individual characters, which, with physiological depth, he places in animated action as easily as in more quiet situations. It is this quality which renders him a master in portraiture. Although his power of representation roams over numerous

branches of art, embracing voluptuous beauty as well as depth of feeling, and embodying the joys of quiet, peaceful existence as well as excited passion. Yet the even theme of portraiture is requisite to show the full genius of the artist.—With him, as with Raphael, Holbein, Rubens, or Rembrandt, we must unconditionally compare portraiture with the productions in which fancy is allowed a freer scope. Portraits are a touch-stone of the ability of the artist, for the representation of individual life. Confined within fixed limits, artistic power works with increased concentration. The poetic element in the conception, the quality which already distinguished the portrait of Ariosto, may be observed in all later efforts in this branch of art. We are accustomed to consider the Venetians in opposition to other Italians as realists, and know that colouring is the principal means used by them in the representation of the actual. And yet Titian's pictures are not realistic in the sense of those of Jan van Eyck, Holbein, or Velasquez. The realisation of the minute details of actual life is not his aim. He always lends to his portraits the character of truth, but it is by elevating his subject into a higher sphere of existence. Jacob Burkhardt says, "The Divine element in Titian consists in clothing men and things with that Divine harmony which should and does reside within them, although it is often disturbed and hidden; what is in reality trusted, limited and dispersed, he represents as entire, happy and free. "All accessory and smaller features disappear, retreating before the great and important. He does not confine his representations to the limited situations in which they may be found at any particular moment, he looks beyond the momentary and transitory, to the permanent, without thus losing the striking elements in his situations. He feels and represents all the characteristics which are deserving to be retained for the benefit of contemporaries and for posterity. All Titian's portraits have an aristocratical element, either nobility in external circumstances, or nobility of intellect or beauty. To the first class belong Charles V.'s knightly portrait in Madrid, the portrait of Francis I. in the Louvre, Philipp II. of Spain and the Cardinal Hippolyte of Medici in fantastic attire, in the Pitti Palace, two Venetian nobles in the Louvre, and others in German galleries, especially a few portraits in Vienna. Under the second class, we may refer to Titian's own powerful half length figure in advanced age (in the Museum at Berlin) also to the portrait of Pietro Aretino in the Pitti, which is highly interesting, although in this the intriguing and prominent features of the individual are very conspicuous; to the third belong many female beauties, whom the artist has clothed with wonderful charm.—In the Pitti Palace hangs the 'Bella di Titiano,' recently so beautifully engraved by Mandel, with its expression of voluptuousness and fascination; the same figure, which he has painted in the nude in the Tribune of the Uffici, also the lovely half length of the so-called Flora in the Uffici, who, lightly clothed in her white dress, offers roses to the by-standers, the luxurious woman at her toilet in the Louvre, behind whom a man is holding two glasses, in order to display the beauty of her form from the other side—probably Laura de' Dianti, the mistress of Alphons I. of Ferrara. Lastly that often repeated figure, which is supposed to represent Titian's daughter; the finest and also most familiar example being in the Museum at Berlin; the reposing figure in a heavy damast dress, with gay and easy grace holding up a silver vase containing fruit, a bold and yet indisputably natural position, unsurpassed in painting of the flesh tints and of the golden hair, and with glance and aspect of enticing charm. She is usually called Lavinia, and Titian had indeed a daughter of this name, who, in 1555, was married to Cornelio Sarcinelli. But he had also another daughter Cornelia—who, in the year 1530, was a lady in waiting to the Countess Elisabetta of Pepoli. A letter is still in existence from Federigo Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua

addressed to the countess, in which, with expressions of praise, he recommends Titian, who was coming with the object of painting his daughter Cornelia.

But we must return to Titian's family history, and the external circumstances of his life. His intercourse with Alphons of Ferrara, which we have already noticed, was only the first of numerous connexions with the rulers of Italy. As early as 1513, Pope Leo X. had summoned him to Rome; there the knightly cardinal, Hipyolyte de Medici, gave him employment, and his services were also claimed by Frederigo Gonzaga, with whom he frequently corresponded. The letters breathe a spirit of mutual confidence, which, considering the artificial tone of society, can only be explained by the existence of such personal qualities as the painter possessed. His contemporaries extol the humility and gentleness of his nature, the fertility of his imagination, and the correctness of his judgment, not less than his affability, his pleasant manners, and personal attractions, which never failed to charm all who conversed with him. This is attested by his letters, we have only to read the words, with which he sent his Magdalene to Gonzaga. He expresses his consciousness that his hand and pencil were far below the great ideal which was in his mind. "Meanwhile grant me your forgiveness," he adds, "and in order to make this casier, the Magdalene, with her hand crossed upon her breast, has promised to entreat for it as a favour." In the year 1530, Titian was summoned to the Camp of Charles X. at Bologna, where, by means of his art, as well as his personal charms, he soon won great repute. This is confirmed by two anecdotes, which it is unnecessary to repeat; but a tangible sign of the royal favour was displayed in Titian's elevation to the dignity of "Knight of the golden spur," and "Count of the Lateran Palace." The royal warrant which confirmed these distinctions was sent to him from Barcelona in the year 1533, nothing can be more honourable than this diploma, which calls him the 'Apelles of our century' and which dwells as much upon his eminent virtues as upon his rare artistic talent. In 1536, Titian was in the Imperial Camp at Asti, from there, in the midst of the tumult of the war with France, he wrote to Pietro Aretino. In 1548 and 1550, he was at the diet of Augsburg with the Emperor. Titian received much patronage and many high rewards from Charles V., although he often experienced great difficulty in obtaining the sums promised to him, and on this account, was compelled to make frequent applications to the Emperor and to Philip II. of Spain.

Before his journey to Augsburg, he had undertaken another most important mission. In 1546, he was summoned by Cardinal Farnese to Rome. A lodging was assigned to him in the Belvedere, and he was commissioned to paint the portrait of Pope Paul III. He admired the monuments of the Eternal City, and the works of Raphael, and enjoyed personal intercourse with Michael Angelo. On his return, he visited Florence, and was overwhelmed with astonishment at the works of art in that city. But the impression thus produced upon him did not exercise any decisive influence on his style, which was so early formed, that, having once started on his career, he scarcely passed through any further shapes of development or changes of manner. After this time he did not paint with such minute finish as in the 'Tribute money.' His later works display a more direct artistic aim, and are executed in a bolder and broader style. but his art, in its essential features, remained the same.

Although Titian enjoyed the intercourse of so many of the great and powerful, he was able to maintain his own independence, and it is a characteristic fact, that even the most brilliant offers could not entice him from Venice, which had become a true fatherland to him. He stood in the presence of princes as a free citizen of the republic, and to this harmony of being, which

Titian displayed in his personal character, as much as in his acts, belongs also the freedom of his existence. Like Rubens, he led in Venice a distinguished and truly princely life. It cannot be ascertained whether he had been married before he settled there. A document which speaks of his union with a Donna Cecilia, is not clear on this point. Her son was Pomponio Vecellio, who joined the priestly order, and, through his father's mediation, obtained a lucrative benefice, but led a wicked and most extravagant life. Titian had also another son, Orazio, who became a painter, and remained with his father—and two daughters, who have already been mentioned. Titian's brother, Francesco Vecellio, was also an artist. Titian's house in Venice was out of the line of traffic. It was situated on the northern part of the town, and commanded a view of the Island of Murano on the one side, and the distant summit of the Alps on the other. This was the scene of an activity prolific in the production of great works, and of a social intercourse adorned by wit, genius, and courtesy, such as was peculiar to the epoch of the Renaissance. Two literary and artistic celebrities belong to Titian's most intimate circle; Pietro Aretino, the poetic blasphemer and literary tyrant of his age, whose licentious and corrupt character bore, indeed, a striking contrast to the noble nature of Titian, and the great Florentine sculptor and architect Jacob Tatti, called Sansovino, who, in 1527, had settled in Venice, and had erected the most splendid buildings of that period, particularly the Library. "In Titian's house at Venice," says Vasari, "might be met all the Princes, learned men, and other eminent persons, who at that time came to live in the city. When Vasari came to Venice in 1566, he visited Titian as an intimate friend. He found the old master of eighty-nine, brush in hand, painting, and the conversation with Titian was as great an enjoyment as the sight of his works. In the year 1553, Francesco Priscianese, who was present at a festival in Titian's house, left a written description of it. In the beautiful garden overlooking the sea, a brilliant circle was assembled, including Pietro Aretino, Sansovino, and the Florentine historian, Jacopo Hardi. The meal was seasoned with intellectual discourse; and in the evening the expanse of water was enlivened by innumerable gondolas, containing beautiful ladies, while strains of song and music filled the air."

"Titian," says Vasari, "was always in good health, and as happy as any master of his art. Heaven gave him nought but success and prosperity." There is something majestic in this life, full of peaceful satisfaction in existence, of brilliant production, and uninterrupted success. In this respect it may best be compared to the career of Rubens. What a contrast it presents to the stormy and troubled lives of Rembrandt and Michael Angelo! Titian's nature did not develop early. We hear of no original works by his hand before his thirtieth year. But then he raises himself to a height which he maintained to the most advanced age. It was only at last, when he was almost ninety years old, that age appeared to produce any effect on his work. Vasari wished that in his last years he had painted only for amusement. "*Titianus, fecit, fecit*," he wrote on the very late, and not very successful 'Annunciation' in San Salvador at Venice, in order to emphasize the fact that he had painted it himself. With respect to the frescoes in the great chamber of the Town Hall at Brescia (which were finished in 1569, but have since been destroyed by fire), the Council would not be convinced that they were by the hand of the Master. But though, at this period, he may have lost his certainty of touch, his mental powers were unimpaired. If we admire the extraordinary vital powers of Bellini, these were far exceeded by Titian. He attained the age of ninety-nine, and only a universal epidemic set a term to his existence. On the 27th of August, 1576, he and his son Orazio were carried off by the plague.



Leonardo da Vinci.

LIONARDO DA VINCI.

The art of the 15th century bears the impress of incompleteness. All its productions, good and bad, show an emancipated individuality, the true mark of the Renaissance. To bring all this seeking and striving to its appointed goal, to unite in himself all the dissevered threats of the new intellectual life, to direct to their true aim the beginnings of the Renaissance, and to inaugurate its period of highest glory, became the task of one of the most wonderful men who ever lived, unquestionably the greatest artist of the 15th century, Leonardo da Vinci. He was to the art of his age what Lessing was to the German literature of the last century, ("at once the creator and the standard of perfection,") the last of the combatants who, with the closing eyes of death beheld the victory achieved. This parallel, which might be carried out into numerous and interesting particulars, is wonderfully striking. Periods, which, like the 14th and 18th centuries, embrace so rich a development of thought, necessarily experience the same crises of culmination, and produce at those crises characters akin to each other.

Lionardi was born in the year 1452, at Vinci, a little fortress in the valley of the Arno, belonging to the town of Florence. He was the natural son of a Notary in the employment of the Florentine Government, "Messer Piero," who, at the time of his birth, was only twenty-three years of age, and of an unknown mother, named Catarina. The child was legitimized in his early youth, and was brought up in the paternal house with the eleven legitimate sons of Ser Piero. Those incredible talents which made him the greatest and most accomplished man in an age which produced many great and accomplished geniuses, were early displayed. In capacity as well as in knowledge, he left far behind him all "those masters" who had previously been the pioneers of art, and, to make use of Waagen's expressions, descriptive of his comprehensive genius, it would be difficult in the circle of history to find another individual richly endowed as Lionardo with the gifts of body and mind.—A rare beauty of feature as witnessed by extant portraits was combined with a form of stately growth, and with well proportioned limbs. He was skilled in all manly exercises, and was a graceful and dexterous rider, an excellent fencer, and a perfect dancer. He possessed also such strength of body that he was able to bend a horse-shoe double, to twist the clapper of a great bell, and to stop the most restive horse at full gallop. In art he ruled, with consummate mastery, over the realms of painting, of sculpture, and of architecture, and at least as an accomplished performer—of music, and, by his singing and lute playing, he charmed all the world. He occasionally composed poetry, and none of his contemporaries in Italy could equal him in improvisation. He also made several attempts at engraving. But all this by no means exhausted his talent; he was a mathematical genius, and not only occupied his mind with the most difficult problems of this branch of knowledge. but

turned these to account in many designs of practical utility.—He perfected into a science the theory of perspective, he was a most distinguished director of hydraulics, and as a builder of fortifications he was so celebrated that many princes in Italy sought to obtain his services. He invented several most complicated machines, and ingenious automata. He pursued the study of the anatomy of man as well as of the horse, an animal which he passionately loved, much farther than was necessary for his artistic purposes, his thirst for knowledge drew him on until he could trace from its very beginning the growth and formation of the human frame. To all this were added such rich and graceful powers of conversation, that his society was universally attractive.

With such gifts it would be supposed that he would find no difficulty in the successful accomplishment of his desires. But his infinite capacities were consumed in the last stages of the conflict in which he was placed, the abundant and varied nature of his talents became an obstacle to his progress, and seldom have the works of a great man been ruled by a star of more adverse fortune. It thus happened, as in the case of Lessing, that in spite of the importance of his artistic productions, his powerful influence on the art of his time and of the succeeding generation rested principally on the scientific establishment of principles and modes of working.—Through these he determined the course even of Raphael and Michael Angelo and was the only painter among the great Italians who, in his own independent style, may be said to have founded a special, and, to a certain extent, a classical school of art.

It is a remarkable fact that, like a more modern master, intimately related to him in many ways, the French Idealist Ingres, who also contended for beauty and purity of form, plastic rounding of the figures, and grandeur and sublimity of conception, he should have been utterly wanting in true inventive power. Many compositions containing few figures, bear witness to his correctness of delineation, but besides the great master-piece which combines this element with so many others, he executed no complete composition, and among his innumerable drawings, by which he is principally known, as so few of his large pictures, have been preserved, there is not a single great composition.

In connection with this fact, the advice which he gave his scholars, in order to excite their emulation to varied discovery, appears very remarkable. He directed them to examine minutely heaps of broken walls, or stones of different colours, until in idealistic significance they could recognize in them such scenes as landscapes and battle pieces, figure-studies, or wonderful heads. This same method has been pursued in our days by the insipid routine, of fashion mongers, who have developed their most admired creations from the spots of colour placed in juxtaposition without design or plan.

Among the many objects which the boy pursued with zeal and success, no one gave greater promise than that of drawing and modelling. His father recognized in his productions more than ordinary skill and power of imitation, and resolved to show some of them to his friend Andrea Verocchio, the celebrated sculptor.—Andrea was astonished at the talent and directed Ser Piero to allow Lionardo to visit his studio.

¶ If fate sometimes acts unfairly towards the noblest beings, she yet leads such chosen instruments as Lionardo by those paths, which will incite and encourage them to accomplish the greatest things of which they are capable. Lionardo could scarcely have been committed to the charge of any master more fitted to direct him, for this intercourse brought two kindred souls into such close contact, that the stand-point of the Master may be regarded as a natural preparation for the pupil. Andrea, called, according to Florentine custom, after his father, di

Michelangelo was born at Florence in 1432, and died in 1488; he was a pupil of Donatello whom he faithfully followed in indiscriminate naturalism. The reality of life without higher conceptions sometimes overwhelmed him. Beginning like his Master with the occupation of a goldsmith, he became one of the most splendid workers in bronze in Italy. Various works in silver for the altar of the Baptistery at Florence are by his hand. The acuteness and correctness of his artistic life won for him the surname of Verocchio, the true—or sharpsighted. He was the first to introduce the custom of moulding separate portions of the body in plaster for purposes of study, and this custom gave rise to the practice of preserving death-masks or likenesses of the departed.

This most important work in bronze is the colossal equestrian statue of the Venetian Captain, Bartolommeo Colleone, in the square before the Church of St. John and St. Paul at Venice. This work was cast by Alessandro Leopardi, who also took some part, though to what extent cannot be decided, in the designing of the model. At Florence, there is a large group of Christ and Thomas, and a David in the Museum.

His works as an architect and painter were not very extensive, but were important to art, because he transferred to the canvas the plastic modelling and rounding of form, with that careful study of nature practised in sculptural art, and in many other directions endeavoured to give a scientific foundation to artistic technicality. To all this was united a most vivid sense of womanly beauty; several of his drawings of women's heads must have excited the admiration of young Leonardo, and roused him to repeated attempts at emulation. Only one complete painting by Verocchio has been preserved, a Baptism of Christ in the Academy at Florence.—A credible report given of Vasari refers one of the Angels' heads to Leonardo, who, according to the universal custom, assisted the master in painting and sculpture.—This part of the picture is by far the most beautiful, and it is said that when Verocchio found himself surpassed by his pupil, he gave up painting. He seems to have lost even the spirit and inclination to complete the picture, for the figure of John the Baptist remained unfinished.

The predilection of Verocchio for the study of animals, and especially of horses, with his many personal attractions and accomplishments, as praised by Giovanni Santi, the Father of Raphael, in one of his poems, afforded many points of contact between him and Leonardo.—This connection was still further promoted by intercourse, and later by intimate friendship with the thoughtful Perugino and the amiable and industrious Lorenzo di Credi, who also pursued their studies in Verocchio's studio.

Leonardo's efforts were principally directed to the representation of pure and noble form. He modelled those heads of women and children which became so celebrated, and which with their graceful expression acquired the elements of the later Leonardo type,—he also spent much time in drawing. But meanwhile he strove to fathom scientifically the laws which should govern the artist. He became the founder of the style which the Italians call "*maniera moderna*." Although he here made the highest beauty his aim, at other times he took a ghastly pleasure in the representation of the hideous, the monstrous and the ludicrous. The dominion of fancy which still clung to the Renaissance as the remains of mediæval days, thus maintained its power over the freest herald of matured beauty.

On one occasion, Leonardo's father wished to compliment a landowner by the present of a painted window, which he commissioned his son to design. Leonardo covered the window with a horrible monster which with its fiery eyes and poisonous tongue so alarmed the astonished father that he had the discretion to bestow an ordinary painting on the landowner, and to sell

his son's production to a dealer for a hundred ducats. It was afterwards sold for three times that sum to the Duke of Milan, Ludovico Sforza, surnamed "*Il Moro*," and was the means of introducing Leonardo for the first time to this prince. A monstrous and hideous head of the Medusa, entwined by serpents, of which the well-known picture in the Uffizi gallery at Florence is not the original, and scarcely to be esteemed a faithful copy, was finished in the same style, and a Neptune surrounded by sea-monsters was painted for a friend in an equally fantastic fashion.

He sought far and wide for specially ugly and misformed men, in order to gain a distinct impress of their image and to reproduce it on paper, he also assembled common ordinary men around him, and by the help of his friends arranged them in easy attitudes, and then studied their motions and grimaces. All the larger collections of his drawings contain pictures with caricatures of such extraordinary expressions as to indicate a special culture of ugliness. And yet this was only the reverse side of a deep study of nature, the ultimate end and aim of which was the discovery and representation of the highest beauty.

There is no product of nature or of the ingenuity of man which he would not have embraced in his art. A great sketch-book in the Louvre presents a varied collection of most diverse elements. His careful elaboration of detail intruded itself into his earlier works, often destroying the effect of the principal feature of the picture. In one of his representations of the Madonna and child the whole attention of the beholder is absorbed by a glass vase containing a few flowers, on account of its truth to nature. In a cartoon of Paradise painted in grey, which was a design for a carpet to be woven in Flanders for the King of Portugal, the infinitude of elaboration bestowed on the landscape, particularly on a fig-tree and some plants in a meadow, were specially praised.

All these and in many like works have fallen a prey to time, and there exists no accredited work of the first period of Leonardo, till 1492, when he appears as a complete master of his art. But it can scarcely be doubted that a fresco of the Virgin and Child with the donor of the picture, in the Cloister of St. Onofrio at Rome, may be assigned to this period. If this picture, with its conscientious truth to nature, and its modelling which yet retains the spirit of Verocchio's atelier, nearly belongs to such an early time, it proves that Leonardo, even in his younger years, had visited Rome. As this is exactly the time at which the masters, Sandro Botticelli, Cosimo Rosselli, Domenico Ghirlandajo, Luca Signorelli, and Pietro Perugino, all well-known and highly esteemed by him, were working in the Sistine Chapel, we may venture to assume that an ambitious and enthusiastic painter like Leonardo would have found his way to Rome, in order to watch the progress of his friends' labours, and at the same time, to reap instructive enjoyment from the Eternal City and its monuments.

We must here take notice of two pictures, in order to prove that they are not, as is asserted, works of Leonardo's youth. This is the more important, because the pictures belong to a German gallery, and, unfortunately, there is no opportunity in Germany of correcting by comparison any false impressions which exist respecting them and their master, for throughout the whole country there does not exist a single genuine example of the noble Florentine. A picture in the Dresden Gallery, of about 1470, professes to be an early work of Leonardo, and was bought of a dealer in London, in 1860, as a Lorenzo da Credi. It represents the Virgin and Child, in a room; the Child is stretching out its hand for a bunch of grapes, and in the left is the Infant John in adoration. Nothing in the picture points to Leonardo, and the authority, as well as the reasons for the change of name can scarcely recommend it. If the

picture bears a remarkable resemblance to a drawing in the Dresden Collection also attributed to Lionardo, the designation of both is incorrect, although the original designation may be considered correct. But a worse error has been committed respecting another picture on the same subject in the Berlin Museum, representing the Virgin kneeling and supporting the Holy Child on a red cushion. This picture has neither the technical skill nor careful manipulation which mark the Dresden work, and it is far inferior to it in beauty and softness of outline. Such productions should never be attributed on insufficient authority, to a Master of the first rank; much less should they be so attributed on the inconclusive yet convenient negative argument, as to who else at that time could have executed such a work.

From the year 1482, the history of Lionardo can be clearly traced. Among the many studies with which he was occupied, he had been employed in the construction of military machines and fortifications. The fame which his successful labours in this department had won for him, brought him before the notice of a man who was in special need of such inventions, the afore-mentioned Ludovico Sforza, who, in 1482, or at latest 1483, summoned him to his Court at Milan. This is much more credible than the pretty story which relates that the Duke sought to attach Lionardo to himself on account of his excellent lute-playing and his talent for improvisation.—Such an invitation would never have been accepted by Lionardo, whose consciousness of his own powers was already developed and well-founded, nor would such an idyllic conception of the circumstances agree with the highly practical nature of the Prince and his political position. In the year 1480, he had usurped the dominion which belonged by right to the nephew Gran Galeazzo Sforza. He kept this prince in a kind of honourable captivity and was obliged to be himself prepared to withstand all assaults. How little sentimentality was mingled in the relations between Lionardo and Sforza may be abundantly proved by a memorandum belonging to the Painter, written apparently after a personal interview, and containing a list of the services which he was expected to render to Ludovico. This document enumerates, under nine heads, a long list of new bridges, mines, bombards, etc., for warfare by land and sea, and its concluding paragraph exhibits Lionardo's artistic capacities, in a manner so characteristic of the man and of his age, that we transcribe it entire.

"In times of peace, I think that I can equal any other man in the art of building and that I excel as much in the erection of public and private edifices, as in the conveyance of water from one place to another. Item—I shall work in marble, bronze, and clay, and shall produce in the art of painting as much as can be produced by any other man, whoever he may be. I shall be able also to devote some labour to the Bronze horse, which is designed as a monument to the undying fame and eternal glory of your noble father, and the illustrious house of Sforza "And," he concludes, "should anyone venture to declare that any of the afore-named enterprises are impossible or impracticable, I offer with the greatest willingness to make trial of them in your park or in any other place agreeable to your Excellency, to whom I most humbly commend myself."

This report seems to have resulted in the settlement of Lionardo with a large yearly salary at Milan. Here his varied talent attained its most brilliant triumphs. He was able to instruct the Milan professors of fencing and riding in their own arts. His singing, accompanied by a silver lute in the shape of a horse's head, constructed by himself, charmed the whole distinguished company. He became the brilliant centre of all circles. He invented decorations and costumes for festivals, and devised the most original surprises. When the young Duke Gran Galeazzo

celebrated his marriage with the Princess Isabella of Arragon, Lionardo introduced Paradise, and the seven planets, with homage and congratulations, to the young pair. By means of a most ingenious mechanism devised by himself, the planets were led up one by one to the princely pair whereupon the Divinity ruling each planet stepped forward, and sang graceful verses composed by Lionardo's countryman Belinçioni in praise of the bride; a similar ceremony was repeated at the marriage of the "Moro" to Beatrice d'Este. On this occasion (in 1492) Lionardo designed the interior ornamentation of the castle, and made a plan for a bath-house for the Duchess in the garden of her mansion. He was also appointed architect of the Cathedral.

When Lionardo came to Milan, that city was in respect of art far behind other towns and provinces of Italy and especially Tuscany, Umbria, and even Venice. No one of the sweet sounding names of the painters of the fifteenth century refers its origin to Milan. The few Milanese painters of the time of Lionardo were distinguished by a strict exactitude of form and by a correct knowledge of perspective. Ludivico Sforza persuaded Lionardo to institute a school of painting. Though this school was called an Academy, the instruction was exclusively in Lionardo's hands, so that the Institution bore a greater resemblance to an artist's atelier than to our academies. This was proved by the result. We find in Milan, and in other places, a large number of excellent scholars, who worked on in Lionardo's manner, and who, in individual importance, far excel the scholars of Raphael and Michael Angelo.

Lionardo's most important literary work, the "*Trattata della pittura*" (Treatise on painting), originated in the exigencies of teaching and of his own practice; but notwithstanding this it is much less perfect than most of his productions. He had no time to attend to the complete arrangement of his subject; the greater part of the work consists of detached miscellaneous hints. Important sections are almost entirely wanting while observations on other favourite topics are repeated without end.

One passage in the work may give some idea of the earnestness with which he embraced the study of art, and of the disposition which he himself maintained, and which he demanded from all the true disciples of art. He affirms that it is above all things incumbent on a painter, to bestow the utmost finish upon his work, and never to be satisfied with it himself, as his creation does not, like musical composition, vanish as it rises, but remains for ever before the eyes of men; thus every fault will bear witness to the incapacity of the artist. Then he continues, "And if you wish to excuse yourself by the fact, that you had to battle with poverty, that you had no time to study, and to form yourself into a true painter, that will only be a further reproach to you; for in striving after perfection, you gain nourishment for the spirit as well as the body. How many philosophers, born in the possession of riches, have renounced these, as hindrances to their progress."

Besides all this, Lionardo worked assiduously on the cultivation of his own mind. He studied perspective with the celebrated mathematician Fra Luca, surnamed Vacioli, and in acknowledgement of Vacioli's services he executed the drawings of the regular bodies. The Professor Della Torre at Pavia gave him practical and theoretical instruction in anatomy, and during these lessons he executed exact and elaborate drawings, many of which are still extant, and are regarded by modern anatomists with astonishment.

In his artistic capacity he was engaged for several years, on the colossal bronze equestrian statue already referred to in his own words of Francesco Sforza, the first Duke of Milan who belonged to the house of his patron. In accordance with his usual perseverance he spared no

labour in exact detailed execution of this grand work which was slowly accomplished with much painful self-criticism. He made a great many designs which are now in the Queen's collection of drawings at Windsor, and in which horse and rider were exhibited in every stage between rest and impetuous motion. He seems at last to have decided upon representing the figures at rest. The Duke, with his general's staff in his hand, is preparing for battle. A fallen soldier beneath the horse has been dexteriously turned to account for the support of the heavy mass.

In order to complete his preparation, he cast models of several horses and worked on with unflagging zeal, so that in the year 1490, the gigantic task was accomplished. Sforza required that the erection of the statue should be accompanied by a festive procession. Lionardo was obliged to obey, and the heavy fabric was broken. The height of this statue was twenty-three feet, and this height can only be duly estimated when it is compared with that of the equestrian statue of Frederick the Great in Berlin, by Rauch, which is eighteen feet. The refounding of this statue could not be completed by Lionardo till 1496. But at that time the Duke had been reduced to such straits by his extravagance, and by the necessary expenditure on preparation for a threatened war with France, that the casting for which Lionardo required two hundred thousand pounds of brass, could not be begun.

This disappointment threw a doubt on the eventual success of the work, yet there was still hope, and the master, in the mean time, undertook all necessary preliminaries at his own cost. But who could describe his feelings, when, at the taking of Milan by the French, in 1499, his splendid statue, the fruit of weary study, and of the incessant labour of thirteen years, was used as a target, by Gascon archers, and maliciously destroyed before his own eyes; and yet the French at that time marched in the van of civilization. A second restoration was impossible, in 1500, the Duke was carried a prisoner to France, where, ten years afterwards, he died in misery. This gigantic undertaking, which the master had twice regarded as accomplished, had wasted many years of his life.

The last trace of the statue occurs in 1501. Duke Hercules of Ferrara endeavoured, through his ambassador, to obtain the horse for his own monument, but the French do not seem to have acceded to his request, and with this notice all further information is lost. It may be assumed that Lionardo had produced a wonderful work of art, for he had endeavoured to rival the models of two preceding generations, Donatello's Gattamelata in front of the Santo at Padua, and Verocchio's "Colleoni." And he possessed sufficient artistic genius and technical knowledge to maintain his superiority.

"Inward excitement is strikingly expressed in the countenance of John the Baptist, and particularly in the expression of the two Pharisees (or rather a Pharisee and a Levite), who are looking on; in the Levite the feeling is suppressed, but breaks out involuntarily. The costume belongs rather to the fifteenth century, and recalls the style of Lorenzo Ghiberti, while the naked form seems worthy of the grand and free style which marks the golden age of Renaissance." This opinion of J. Burkhardt may, with justice, be applied to the whole of Lionardo's sculpture.

The entire absorption of his time in the equestrian statue may be inferred from the fact, that until the year 1496, there exists no record of any paintings by his hand. Likenesses of the Duke, the Duchess and their sons, painted on oil on the wall of the refectory of the Dominican cloister, have long since crumbled away.

By far the greater number of his pictures have suffered in the lapse of time, from his con-

stant experiments in the use of new pigments or cement, or new preparations of canvas, or varnish; the non-success of these endeavours is manifested in the ruinous and dilapidated condition of the few pictures which, to the present day, have resisted the storms of time.

These experiments were another proof of his constant exertions, which never satisfied himself, and his zealous and occasionally predominating interest in the various technical branches of his art. The science of his time did not place at his disposal sufficient physical or chemical knowledge to afford a firm basis for his experiments, or to give him any certain control over them, and in his zeal for his important and, as he hoped, successful innovations and improvements, he forgot the fundamental principle which recommends the first trial of experiments *in corpore vile* (on a worthless object). Instead of this, he with unjustifiable confidence, applied it to his own masterpieces, and the result was fatal to his work.

None of his other plastic works are now in existence. It is, however, maintained by contemporary writers, that the greater part of a bronze group over the north door of the Baptistery at Florence, representing the preaching of John the Baptist and bearing the name of Lionardo's fellow-student Giovanni Francesco Rustici, was his own work. This supposition shows that Lionardo was considered the first sculptor of the school of Verocchio, and that therefore any great work was attributed to him, simply on account of his acknowledged superiority in plastic art.

This group is pervaded by that exalted tone which is especially found in the paintings of Luca Signorelli.

Other portraits painted during his stay in Milan have disappeared. Yet the portrait in the Louvre, said to be the "*Belle Féronnière*," a mistress of Francis I. of France, but more probably Lucrezia Crivelli, may be referred to that period, on account of the brown local tint in the shadows and the yellow brilliancy of the lights. The head, with its close braids of glossy hair is turned towards the left, and has a very simple yet bewitching expression, a black band with a diamond clasp encircles the forehead, and a red dress, trimmed across the front with gold lace and embroidery, enhances the artistic effect. O. Mündler, a reliable and cautious art connoisseur, includes among the pictures of this date a profile of the before-mentioned Isabella of Arragon, the wife of Giovanni Galeazzo Sforza, and affirms that it is the only finished painted portrait by Lionardo in Italy. It hangs next to the unfinished and faded likeness of Galeazzo, in the library of St. Ambrose at Munich; the two portraits were erroneously marked with the names of Ludovico il Moro and his wife.

Madonna and Child, with St. John the Baptist, at Parma, and the Archangel Michael probably still belong to the year 1492. A very beautiful Madonna, in the possession of a private person in London, must also be considered an early work, because it does not present the peculiar type of Lionardo's heads. There is much vivacity in the position of the Child, as it gazes upwards at its mother's face.—The delicate chiaro-oscuro of the flesh-tints is suggestive of Lionardo's subsequent style of colouring.

The small Madonna of the Duke of Litta at Milan also presents the boldly-rounded forms, the grey-brown flesh-tints and the elaborate softness of execution and correctness of drawing of this early period. A careful but apparently unconventional study of nature has imparted to this picture a veracity which is enhanced by the important addition of the back-ground, with its massive mountain forms, an addition occurring also in the last named picture. This early introduction of natural scenery may be attributed to the impression made upon Lionardo by the neighbouring Lake of Como with its Alpine surroundings. This picture is yet more important

in another respect, as for the first time in the representation of the Madonna, it exhibits that combination of the highest ideal beauty of form, with the expression of fervent feeling, which has scarcely been attained by any other painter but Raphael.

Lionardo made still further progress in the conception and composition of his subject, in the "Madonna with the bas-relief," so called from the small sculpture in the corner. This picture is the possession of Lord Moslyn at Cratton Park. It appears to be the original of a considerable number of repetitions, existing in various collections, some with important alterations, and these repetitions have given rise to the assumption that the work was not by Lionardo.

Frequently his ideas and conceptions alone are elaborated or even pirated by his numerous scholars. But this cannot be always assumed. Here the execution is worthy of the conception. The Virgin is depicted with the round head of the earlier period and with delicately formed hands, the Child on her knee bends down with smiling face towards the little John the Baptist who is kneeling with folded hands. On the right, St. Joseph, his arms crossed over his breast, with the benevolent and inquisitive expression of age; he was painted with "a decision bordering on hardness," from a well-bred sharp-featured model—while on the left, also behind the principal figures of the picture, St. Zacharias joins with deeper and more mature feeling in the devout adoration of his son. In the celebrated repetition of this picture in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, the Infant John is wanting, and the place of Zacharias is filled by St. Catherine. The execution has the same elaborate detail as in the former picture, with a delicate softening of the outline. It may be considered that this picture composed on the basis of maturely developed art, formed the foundation of a new conception in representations of the Holy Family. It presents a grave, yet natural family scene; thus the subject is freed from the conventionality of the strictly religious picture, and yet preserves throughout a nobility of tone and effect, which maintains the dignity of high art.

The celebrated "*Vierge aux rochers*" in the Louvre, belongs to the later years of Lionardo's stay at Milan. It derives its name from the steep rocks by which the Virgin is surrounded. Here Lionardi has struck out a new manner representing the plastic roundness of form on a flat surface at the same time, retaining the warm local flesh tints, while he tones down his shadows almost to black, and passes through gradual shades of grey nearly to white light. He called this style "*lo fumata*," the smoky, or smoked. Where it has been pursued, we find that metallic brilliancy of form, enhanced by the graduation of local tint, which is most frequent in the later pictures of Lionardo. The half-length picture of John the Baptist, of almost life-size, in the Louvre, painted about the same time, is distinguished by its effective chiaroscuro, and by its ecstatic, enthusiastic expression. A "Charity," formerly in the Gallery at Cassel, probably also belongs to the Milan period. This picture was originally designed as a nude figure of Leda and her children, but from considerations of decency it was painted over, and through this operation was transformed, according to the national conception, into an embodiment of self-sacrificing, thoughtful love, the second of the three Christian virtues.

In 1496, Lionardo commenced, as a commission from the Duke, the crowning labour of his life, the world-renowned "Supper" in the Refectory of the Dominican cloister of Santa Maria delle Grazie at Milan. "It is the first large painting in which the painter combined with accurate scientific certainty all the means which he had at command, in a drawing, linear, and aerial perspective arrangement, light and shadow, of reflections, etc. This picture was executed on a scale much larger than life, on a wall twenty-eight feet long, by ten feet high.

The idea of placing a representation of the last meal of Christ with His disciples in the refectory of a religious order, was so obvious, that it had been previously adopted. But it had not become common to introduce such pictures frequently and with suitable effect until the sixteenth century. The subject allows of a superficial, as well as of a deeper conception. The first, limited to the bare representation of the meal, only found its advocates where the eternal conception had taken the place of the historical, as, for instance, among the Venetians, and but seldom even there, for a natural awe prevented such profanation. Yet both Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese, were guilty of this mistake. Two moments may be selected for the representation of the deeper conception of the subject, either the most important moment, in a dogmatic point of view, of the institution of the Sacrament; "Do this in remembrance of Me," or that moment of more tragic reality in which the traitor was pointed out. In the first of these scenes, a highly gifted master, like Luca Signorelli, could go so far as to subordinate the grouping, the common meal, and all its accessories, to the absorbing interest of the moment. The second scene he conceived at two different moments, at the first announcement. "One of you shall betray Me,"—or at the designation of the traitor: "He that dippeth the hand with Me in the dish, the same shall betray Me."

The first of these forms the foundation of Lionardo's "Last Supper." It is, undoubtedly, the most fruitful, the richest, and the most affecting, but, at the same time, the most difficult for pictorial art, as scarcely any task can be more critical than to represent the effect of a spoken word upon a company at rest. This can only be accomplished by a combination of eminent psychological depth and truth with the richest variety and most perfect arrangement. The intimate knowledge on the part of the spectator of all that is implied in the picture, gives a comprehension of the scene, but does not overcome the difficulty of representing, in twelve countenances, a reflection of the same feeling, and yet this has been accomplished with a combination of variety and unity. The high wisdom of the incomparable master has been manifested in grappling with not only apparent, but real hindrances to the triumph of his art, and in avoiding the slightest appearance of exertion or calculation.

The long table stretches all across the picture, leaving room for one figure at each end, while the other figures are seated behind it. This is even an advantage, as it imperceptibly prevents the useless multiplication of meaningless parts. "Expression can only be conveyed by the upper part of the body, and therefore the feet are superfluous in art." (Goethe.) Christ is seated in the middle, with slightly bended head, it seems as though he could be heard to speak, while his lips tremble with emotion. Yet he restrains himself with Divine composure. The words have passed from his lips, and are now reëchoed and reproduced in the souls and bodies of his disciples who are arranged, on both sides, in equal numbers, by groups of two or three; every group presenting in itself a wonderful gradation, a complete unity of composition, contrast and expression, while standing in clear and natural relation to the next group and to the central figure.—Individuality and character are vividly expressed, with sentiment and involuntary action. There is no cold calculation, no useless fitting of blank space,—the whole is complete, and pervaded by one spirit, that spirit of the Word, which has flowed from those lips.

"In the whole arrangement, the lines of the table and of the room, Lionardo is as symmetrical as his predecessors, but he surpasses them by the higher ideality of his conception. The divine element of this work consists in the embodiment of the supernatural as a natural and necessary feature of the composition. A powerful mind has here opened out its treasures before

us, and by means of wonderfully balanced contrasts, has united, in one harmony, every shade of expression and of external aspect. What a race of men are these! From the highest to the most abject, they are types of all humanly first-born sons of consummate art. And again, in a mere artistic point of view, all is new and powerful costume, fore-shortening contrast. In looking even at the hands it seems as if all previous painting had been a dream, and had now awaked for the first time." (Jacob Burckhardt). "The movements of the hands," says Goethe, "could only be conceived by an Italian. Among this nation, the whole body is full of meaning; every limb takes its part in the expression of feeling, of passion, and even of thought. Lionardo, who paid special attention to all characteristic features, could not fail to turn his enquiring gaze to such a national peculiarity, and in this one particular the picture is unique, and cannot be too closely examined.

If we ask, why does Lionardo live in the memory of men, and why is his name on all tongues? we must point to this one work, just as in Holbein's case, our thoughts naturally turn to the Madonna with the family of the Bürgermeister Meyer. This one extant masterpiece has absorbed the fame of all destroyed or remote and less important works, and it is enough to assure immortality to its creator.

We cannot, alas, speak of the picture, as in preservation. The history of this immortal work, which has been compelled to pay its tribute to destruction, is, perhaps, yet more tragic than the tragedy of the equestrian statue. It passed finished from the master's hand, finished in the fullest sense of the term. Yet all its life has been a slow death.—The necessity of more careful elaboration than was possible with the materials used in fresco painting had tempted Lionardo to paint on the wall with oil colours. These colours did not bind together, and crumbled away. Yet this was not all. The Dominicans had been compelled by Duke Ludovici to erect their cloister on this particular spot, and had, therefore, intentionally built badly. The wall on which the picture was painted, was sunk deep into the damp foundation,—between the unequal temperature and pernicious vapour of the kitchen and refectory. In the year 1550, the damp cloister was submerged by a flood; the waters penetrated into the refectory and entirely spoilt the ill-constructed wall. So, by the middle of the sixteenth century, the picture was quite faded and ruined. After a hundred years more, in 1752, men continued the work of destruction which the elements had commenced. The lowly brethren of the cloister found the door of their refectory too low, and broke away that part of the wall on which the feet of the Saviour and a portion of the table-cloth were painted. Afterwards a coat of arms was hung close to his head. In 1726, a swindler, by name Bellotti, who pretended to possess the secret of a new renovating varnish, received permission to restore the picture, and carried out his undertaking behind a scaffolding, painting over the whole picture from top to bottom. In 1770, a certain Mazza was called in to repair the mischief,—but only committed a second and worse misdemeanour. He handled the picture with sharp iron instruments, and then daubed over it, in accordance with the commission he had received. A new prior of the monastery had only time to rescue three apostle's heads from the operation of his sacrilegious brush.

In 1796, Napoleon came to Milan, and gave strict orders that the refectory should be spared, but the generals who followed him paid no heed to his directions. Lionardo's "Last Supper" adorned the stable of the French horses, once more bearing their owners, the pioneers of civilization over the fertile plains of Upper Italy. It may be conceived without any stretch of imagination, how beneficial the atmosphere of the stable must have been to the already mutilated picture. From the stable the refectory became a hay magazine, and, at last, after being for some

time completely walled up, it became, in 1807, a place of pilgrimage for the friends of art, to whom the too tardily appointed custodian could only show the melancholy remains of such a master-piece as is scarcely produced once in a thousand years.

When the Vice-king of Italy, Eugene Beauharnais, undertook the restoration of the monastery, and the protection of the monument, he commissioned the director of the Milan Academy, Giuseppe Bossi, who had been from youth a zealous student of Lionardo's works, and a distinguished connoisseur of his art, to prepare materials for the production of a copy to be the same size as the original, which copy, in order to withstand more surely the storms of time, was to be executed in mosaic. For the accomplishment of this task, Rossi, with the greatest conscientiousness consulted other old copies in addition to the mutilated original. One of these had been executed in the life-time of Lionardo, by L. Uggrone, and the other, in 1612, by the Milanese artist Andrea Bianchi, surnamed Vespini, at the instance of the artistic Cardinal Frederigo Bianchi, and in anticipation of the speedy and inevitable destruction of the original. The result of Bossi's labours may be seen in the colossal mosaic of Raffaelli, finished in 1816, which adorns one of the principal walls in the Church of the Minorites at Vienna.

Lionardo's own sketches and studies for this picture are of the highest interest, and of inestimable worth. The head of Christ in the Brera at Milano, takes the highest place, and next in value are the heads of the apostles in the possession of the Grand-Duke of Weimar.

An Ascension of the Virgin, in water-colour, with the Duke and Duchess as donors, and St. Dominik and Peter Martyr, was painted at the same time as the Last Supper.—This great semi-circular picture, formerly over the door of the Church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, has disappeared since 1726, in the most mysterious and suspicious manner.

Soon after the completion of the 'Last Supper,' Lionardo and his patrons were involved in pecuniary difficulties of which he complained bitterly. On the 20th of April, 1499, Sforza, according to a document still existing, presented to Lionardo, in payment of his debt, a small vineyard outside the gate of Vercelli. Just at this time, however, his reign came to an end, and Lionardo returned to his native city.

On arriving in Florence, Lionardo expressed a wish to paint a picture which had been ordered from Filippino Lippi for the high altar of the Serviten Church. This amiable and modest artist withdrew his claim, but Lionardo delayed even the commencement of the cartoon. At last it was completed, and for two days all Florence, in unanimous rapture, made pilgrimage to the studio. The Virgin is represented holding the Child, who is bending down to the Infant John the Baptist. St. Anna is seated beside them; she gazes at the Virgin with enthusiastic affection; while she points with one finger towards Heaven, as if to indicate the divine origin of the Child. The heads present all the elements of the Lionardo type, a long oval form, and pointed chin; the large, bright, gentle eyes unspeakably charming in their expression, the thin straight nose, and the lovely mouth, which, even in repose, wears a most bewitching smile. This elaborate yet partly unfinished Cartoon is in the possession of the Royal Academy of London.

But Lionardo did not carry out the picture from the Cartoon. A gigantic plan of rendering the Arno navigable by the construction of a canal between Florence and Pisa, entirely occupied his mind.—The execution of this idea was reserved for later generations, while a yet bolder conception, that of raising the Church of San Giovanni, as it stood, from its position on the pavement and placing it on a flight of steps, was simply regarded as an impossibility. But in

1502, the notorious Caesar Borgia, seeking to consolidate his own authority, laid claim to Lionardo's services, and gave him the appointment of architect and general engineer. These two natures, raised as they were above the common mass of men, may have had mutual attraction, the undeniably great qualities possessed by the son of the dissolute Alexander VI. may have found some point of contact in the extraordinary genius of the painter; Lionardo entered into the employment of this violent man, and travelled over a great part of Italy in the interest of Borgia.

Directly after his return, in 1503, the Government of Florence conferred upon him the honourable commission of covering a wall in the Assembly Hall of the grand Council (the Palazzo Vecchio), with an extensive painting, which should celebrate some glorious event in Florentine history. He chose the victory of the Florentines over the troops of the Milanese General, Niccolo Piccinino, at Angliari, on the 21st of June, 1440. In 1505, he completed the Cartoon in the Papal Hall of the cloister of Santa Maria Novella, which was assigned to him as a workshop; during this time he received a considerable salary (fifteen gulden a month).

With reference to this payment an incident transpired, recorded by Vasari, which shows that Lionardo was fully and rightly aware of the great value of his labour, and that he insisted upon the acknowledgment of his dignity by others. The paymaster gave him a part of his salary in copper coins which, however, were not then as now reserved exclusively for beggars, but at least stood on the same level as our small silver coinage. But Lionardo proudly rejected the purse, saying, "*Non sono pittore da quattrine!*". (I am no farthing painter!").

It is impossible from existing materials to gain any clear conception of the composition of the Battle of Anghiari,—yet it must have been somewhat complicated. Lionardo in his yet extant memorandum brings into prominence, as the principal subject of the picture, the figure of the patriarch of Aquileja. After an inspiring oration to the troops, the patriarch prays with folded hands to God, while St. Peter appears in a cloud and speaks to him. Starting with this commencement of the transaction, the picture must also have embraced the later scenes, and must have depicted the hottest stages of the conflict itself, and have followed that conflict to a bloody, but victorious conclusion. One of the most celebrated groups represented the fierce contest of four knights around a standard.

But with regard to this third masterpiece of Lionardo, we must again speak of what has been, and confine ourselves to conjecture; for it was never finished, and nothing remains of the original sketch. Lionardo's restless passion for experiments was the cause of his failure. Instead of using the reliable fresco materials, he again attempted to paint on the wall with oil colours, which he sought to make permanent by using a new mixture with the first wash. But this medium proved so utterly useless that the painting crumbled away under his hand. At the same time occurred the failure of his great undertaking of turning aside the bed of the Arno, and thus compelling the Pisans, by the withdrawal of their water supply to surrender. This failure was occasioned by a miscalculation in the levelling. Lionardo relinquished, in despair, his work at the Palazzo vecchio, and on being met by the humiliating reproach, that he had received payment, whilst his work had been unsuccessful, offered to return to the government all the money he had received up to that date; this offer of repayment was rejected by the Gonfaloniere Pietro Soderini, who had promoted the commission.

In 1513, some traces of Lionardo's work yet remained on the wall, but now the cartoon has disappeared like the "Bathing Soldiers" of Michael Angelo, which was intended for the opposite side of the same hall, and was also executed in competition, it was, however, seen by

Rubens, who made a small water colour drawing of that part, representing the contest of the knights around the standard, and which is now in the Louvre. His work is powerful, and depicts a conflict in which the figures present difficult attitudes, and the mutual hatred of the combatants is shared by the horses; even this small reproduction displaying a surprising freedom of action and boldness of form.

Lionardo was, at the same time, engaged on a picture which lay very near his heart, and in which he could not satisfy himself. The likeness of Mona (Madonna) Lisa, the wife of his friend Francesco del Giocondo. This "portrait of portraits," as J. Burckhardt rightly names it, hangs in the Louvre. In order to avoid any expression of fatigue, he took care that she should be entertained, while she sat to him by song, lute-playing, and pleasant company, and the Master laboured unweariedly to render faithfully the lovely features and wondrous charms of this woman. "As the Sistine Madonna represents the purest virgin, we see here the most beautiful matron woman indeed, and without sublimity or fanaticism, but with a quiet, restful composure, with a look and smile, an impression of gentle self-consciousness, which impart unceasing pleasure to the contemplation of her face. It seems as if all her thoughts slumbered, as if love, hatred, and all that can move the heart, were summed up in the sensation of satisfied happiness. Lionardo worked four years at the picture, and then, when it seemed to have reached the highest point of completion, he gave it up as unfinished. Such a portrait was never painted, since there were painters in Italy." Lionardo surpasses all others in that which is peculiar to himself, in modelling and imparts to the objects of his art a breath of higher life which fully embodies his ideal. As in most of his pictures, he calls in the aid of landscape, and by this means, he completes that dreamlike effect which passes all description. The tone of this picture has suffered by the lapse of time, so that it now seems as if veiled and surrounded with a fine cloud of vapour.

The unfinished sketch in brown, of the 'Adoration of the Kings,' in the Uffizi at Florence, may belong to the same period. Though this picture is somewhat crowded in composition, its exuberance of design, and the grandeur and variety of its expression are admired. Unmistakeable imitations of it are attributed to Raphael; a proof how highly the work was esteemed.

In the absence of exact chronological data, the composition representing Christ, at twelve years old, among the doctors, must here be mentioned. The best completion of this work, in colours, by Bernardino Luini, is now in the English National Gallery.

In this picture Lionardo conceived the scene as it had never been conceived before, as a silent and certain triumph of the pure and the holy over bigotry and prejudice. The magnates of the Jewish synagogue are represented only by a few half-length figures, which are thrust into the background by the surpassing spiritual supremacy of the central figure.

After these original works, of which the period is undecided, we may refer to a work of doubtful authenticity, the beautiful woman's head in the gallery at Augsburg. This picture was restored a few years ago by a masterly hand, and has thus recorded its original beauty and become a gem of the collection. But O. Mündler must be right, in doubting whether the picture was by Lionardo himself, and in recognising in it only the general type of the school, although his designation of the painter (Gran Pedrini), may not perhaps be confirmed. We must agree with him, "that the Master was never guilty of such flat execution, such glassy transparency of colour, such coldness of tone, and dinginess of shadow." The case is proved still more conclusively by the modification of the Lionardesque type of head, its grand, yet tender expression, is here imitated in general outline, without that indescribable spirituality, which constitutes the

chief charm of Lionardi's heads. As little can his name be appended to a head of Christ, painted in oils on a white marble tablet, which hangs under glass in the north aisle of Antwerp Cathedral.

The unpleasant misunderstandings which had arisen at Florence, as well as the personal interests which attracted him to Lombardy (especially his school and his property) induced Lionardo at the beginning of the year 1506, to request leave of absence from the Florentine government, and to return to Milan. Here he soon formed a connection with Charles d'Ambroise, the general lieutenant of Louis XII. of France.—The Comte d'Ambroise himself came to Florence, and on the 18th of August presented a petition for the prolongation of Lionardo's leave of absence. Soderini granted his request, in language which clearly expressed his dissatisfaction with his lingering hope for the completion of the Battle of Anghiari. On the 16th of December, the Comte d'Ambroise returned his thanks, in extravagant expressions of gratitude, and of admiration for Lionardo's person and talents. "We will acknowledge that, by his execution of all that we have required of him, in plans, buildings, and other matters which lie within the range of our supervision, he has so far fulfilled his commission that he has not only satisfied us, but has filled us with admiration." Louis XII. was so delighted with a little picture by Lionardo as to express his desire to the Republic through his ambassador that the painter might be allowed to remain in Milan until he could visit the city in order that he might commission the much admired master, to paint some Madonnas, or other pictures, or possibly his own portrait.

In the course of the next year, Lionardo was firmly established in the service of the King. He was commissioned as director of the waterworks, to undertake the widening of the bed of the Adda and other rivers, as mentioned in the years 1508 and 1509. At the entrance of Louis XII. into Milan, in 1509, after the victory over the Venetians at Agnadello, Lionardo designed paintings and frescoes for the triumphal arches. In payment for these services, he received the right of taking a certain quantity of water out of the canal of St. Christofano, and he appears to have made a large profit by the sale of this water for the irrigation of neighbouring estates, for he repeatedly set a high value on the privilege. It was confirmed, in 1512, by the Son of the Moro, Maximilian Sforza, who, by the help of Swiss mercenaries, established his authority in Milan.—At this time Lionardo accomplished few artistic works, partly from want of commissions, partly on account of his absorption in scientific undertakings. Yet the cartoon which serves as a model for the numerous copies by his pupils now existing of the "St. Anna and her children," belongs probably to this period. The most beautiful of these copies, falsely attributed to Lionardo, is in the Louvre, and is supposed to be the work of Salaino. The Virgin is seated on her mother's knee, bending down to the child, who is playing with a lamb.—The scene is a rocky landscape, of powerful effect, and in the peculiar arrangement of the picture, we find a reminiscence of the thoughts which had been implanted by the Authority of the Church.

On the eleventh of March, 1513, Cardinal Giovanni of the house of Medici, was chosen Pope, and assumed the name of Leo X., and the election excited a hope in the mind of Lionardo, that he might receive artistic commissions from his fellow-citizen. He therefore, on the 24th of September, 1514, set out for Rome, accompanied by his two favourite scholars Francesco Melzi and Andrea Salai or Salaino. He introduced himself to Baldassare Turini, the Overseer of the Vatican by the presentation of a 'Virgin and Child,' a little picture of elaborate workmanship, but which, on account of the materials used in its execution, was already faded in the time of Vasari, only fifty years later.

The Pope gave him a commission for a picture.—Lionardo, still wishing to perfect his

technical materials, mixed oil and herbs for a new varnish instead of proceeding with the design. This displeased the Pope, and he uttered the remark, that "he will never succeed who thinks of the end of the work before the beginning." Lionardo felt the more mortified by this remark, as he was obliged to acknowledge its justice, and this restless and investigating disposition had often before deprived him of the expected result of his labours. This disappointment, combined with many other circumstances, among which may be reckoned the brilliant success of Michael Angelo, at the Roman court, induced him to leave Rome, but the step did not imply that there was any rivalry between the two great men, or any attempt on the part of either to supplant the other. Lionardo felt, as he was, old, and abandoned the field to the giant representative of the next generation, perhaps not without grief, but without bitterness or discomfiture. He returned to Milan.

After the battle of Marignano (fought on the 13th and 14th of September 1515), the young King Francis I. of France, a patron of art, and a lover of splendour, became ruler of Milan. He took Lionardo into his service at once. During the residence of the court at Pavia, the Master paid his compliment to his new Patron in an artistic and ingenious fashion. He constructed for a festival a lion, which, after it had run through the hall, and presented itself to the King, opened his breast, and displayed the *fleur de lys*, the arms of France.

In January 1516, Lionardo followed the King to France, and took up his abode at Ambroise, as Court painter, with a salary of 700 Scudi.

But the King was disappointed in the expectation of obtaining work from Lionardo, who appears in his last years to have done next to nothing; the only work which can with any certainty be attributed to him is a Leda, but so many distinct compositions lay claim to be this Leda, that a decision between them is very difficult. It is most probable that the original work no longer exists, and that those copies are genuine, in which the Leda is standing upright, and entwining her arms around the neck of the large swan.

Lionardo's appearance was commanding, and calculated to inspire reverence, his bearing was dignified and self-possessed. In art, as in life, beauty was a necessity to him. He loved to diffuse a certain splendour around him. When he went out, he was followed by a more or less numerous suite, of which his pupils formed the chief adornment. These pupils belonged to rich and noble families, and many of them had embraced the profession of art rather from choice than necessity. They were reckoned among the most eminently handsome men of the age, and their existing portraits testify that they justly claimed distinction. Two amongst these pupils who enjoyed Lionardo's especial favour, were chosen to accompany him to Rome. Though Lionardo was the creator of the most entrancing type of womanly beauty, and the painter of the charming portraits of women, we find no record of any deep-seated passion in his life or even of any matrimonial connection. His habits were original, and often capricious. The unsatiable spirit of enquiry and restless love of invention, which were displayed in his cogitations over difficult and important problems, and his experiments for their solution awakened in him a love for the mysterious. This character was communicated to his works, and was enhanced by his extraordinary dexterity of hand, and by his accustom of appending explanatory notes to his plans, drawings, and models. These notes were obscured by abbreviations and other devices, and were mostly written with the left hand from right to left; they were consequently very difficult to decypher and could only be conveniently read by means of a looking-glass. The character of his art stands out in remarkable contrast to the decision and strength of his nature. He combined

plaster modelling of form and delicate gradation of light (in the manipulation of which Correggio was the most accomplished master) with tender beauty, a gentle expression often bordering on melancholy and enthusiasm, and with pleasing and graceful motion. Only occasionally in some sketches and studies are there signs that the powerful nature of the Master could revel in deformity. In his finished works, the influence of passion in expression and movement, and the representation of power and strength are almost entirely absent, it is impossible to divine how much of his own force Rubens may have added to the pathos and wildness of the original in his copy of the Anghiari knights. In Lionardo, art appears in its perfection as the purified, mild, and inspiring production of all enthusiastic mind, and a restless, unsatisfied life, he represents the mould which is broken away to permit a full view of the immortal beauty to which it has given birth. His outward circumstances were brilliant, with the exception of a few passing reverses. The salary he received in France was more than sufficient to maintain him in comfort, and during his declining years he was free from debt.

On the 23rd of April, 1518, the aged Lionardo, feeling the approach of death, drew up his will, which is still in existence, and is dated from Cloux near Amboise. After ordering a large number of masses for himself, and arranging for a solemn and gorgeous funeral, he appointed the Milanese nobleman, Francesco da Melzi, then twenty-eight years old, as the sole heir and executor of his last testament. Melzi was to receive his books, instruments, and his Manuscripts, which filled fifteen volumes. Most of these are now in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, and some in the Institut de France "at Paris." He divided his vineyard between his faithful servant Battista de Villanis, and Andrea Salaino who has been already mentioned, who was famed for his beauty, he is called "servitore" or servant. Villani also inherited the privilege of the use of the canal water. Lionardo's brother received a capital of 400 scudi deposited in a Florentine bank. A servant maid and other poor people were also mentioned in the will. Melzi, with expressions of the most touching affection, shared his inheritance with the Florentine relations of Lionardo, who departed this life at the Castle of Cloux, attended by all the consolations of the Church. Though endowed with the most wonderful gifts, his life was full of disappointments and blasted hopes, and he rarely attained his exalted ideal.

Let us part from his venerable form with the quotation of two monumental records which throw a clear and pleasing light on his mind and character.

The first is a Sonnet, the only poem written by himself, which has been preserved, and its wise reflections are most characteristic of his manner of thought and feeling.—It bears tokens of bitter self-irony, and closes with an expression of bad, yet submissive resignation. The following is a modified translation, after Riemer.

"Let all thy power be subject to thy will,
 "For will unserved by power is counted vain,
 "And he alone to wisdom can attain,
 "Who when he cannot, never says he will.
 "This is the source of all our joy and ill,
 "To know when we should will, and when refrain,
 "And he alone can act, who can restrain,
 "His wish, to a true knowledge of his skill.
 "We dare not will all we have power to gain,
 "That oft seems sweet which better proves to be,
 "Oft has despair been followed by delight.

"Then, gentle reader, harken to my strain
"If worthy of success thou fain wouldst be,
"Content thyself with wishing what is right."

The second is the Latin epitaph which his friend Vialto wrote at his request during his life-time. Without recording his deeds or his deserts, he enumerates what he has not been, and says at the close, "I profess to have been an admirer and scholar of the Ancients; in one thing I have failed—in the harmony of relation and form. I have done what I could, and beg for indulgence from posterity."

Of all who have implored such indulgence, none needed it less than he.—His direct and indirect influence supplied in others, all that was wanting to himself, and when humanity seeks through the wide range of centuries its most noble and glorious productions, it will always regard the 'Last Supper' and the 'Mona Lisa' as pearls of the first rank. The fact that so many of his pictures are unfinished, or have fallen a prey to time, was a grief to the master while he lived, and is a subject of great lamentation to all lovers of the beautiful; but even this misfortune may be turned to his advantage. His clear and undimmed star shines with brightest and purest light, in their affectionate memory, while a universal and involuntary sentiment of reverence and gratitude rises in their hearts at the melodious sound of the name of Lionardo da Vinci.

B. M.



ANTOINS
DE
ALEGRIS

Correggio.

CORREGGIO.

Beside the four celebrated names of Lionardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo, Raphael, and Titian, public opinion places a fifth, that of Correggio, thus completing the cycle of great masters who flourished in the palmy days of the Italian Renaissance

The three first belong to that school of Italian art of which Florence was the birth-place, and Rome the stage, but Titian belonged to an entirely different school, namely the Venetian, which was partly a compliment and partly a contrast to the Florentine school. Antonio Allegri, surnamed Correggio, again stands quite by himself, having no connection with either of these schools, for none of these great cities, which were the centres of political and intellectual life in Italy, could lay claim to the honour of his birth or his residence. His birth-place Correggio, after which he was named, is a little town in the North of Italy, not far from Reggio, which was then the capital of a small principality, and his chief works were painted in the adjacent unimportant town of Parma, which about that time was subject successively to the Dukes of Milan, and to the Pope. But it was alone with respect to locality, that this artist's position was isolated. He did not belong to the same era of painting as the other great masters we have named, for whereas they were the highest development of an artistic tree, which had been growing for centuries, Correggio may be said to have begun with himself, and it was owing to this isolation that many years elapsed before he was valued at his proper worth. For a considerable time the great artist world of Italy took no notice of him, and Titian first directed the attention of the habitants of Parma. to the beauty of his cupola painting. Annibale Carracci, in a letter written forty-five years after Correggio's death, laments that one, who was more than a man, who was an angel in human form, should have had to pass his life in the uncongenial atmosphere of a town, where people thought of nothing but eating, drinking, and love-making, and where he was not understood and appreciated in accordance with his merits. Vasari, who was his contemporary, gives us some valuable information about many of his pictures, but of the artist himself he knew very little. He speaks in a general way of his needy circumstances, but the truth of this statement has since been entirely contradicted on documentary evidence, he also tells a number of mythical tales similar to that found in other old writers. In conclusion he regrets that he was unable to obtain a likeness of Correggio, for owing to the artist's secluded life no one had painted him, and he had been too modest to paint himself. Here we may take the opportunity of saying that the portrait which accompanies this biography cannot claim to be genuine. It was only in later times that a desire for the great master's likeness arose, and that

several heads were produced which were asserted, without authentic proof, to be portraits of Correggio. The fact seems now established that Antonio was born in the year 1494. His father, Pelegrino Allegri, was a merchant in good circumstances, and the boy's education in art seems to have begun early. He had an uncle, living in Correggio, who was an artist, of whom we find the following amusing, and not altogether flattering mention, in a book of the sixteenth century. "Like one of our painters of Correggio, named Lorenzo, who intended to paint a Lion, but painted a goat instead, and wrote underneath it, 'a Lion.'" From such a teacher Correggio, at most, could only have learnt the rudiments of art. The supposition is now probable that Francesco Bianchi named Frari, who lived in the neighbouring town of Modena, was his master, and this is borne out by the similarity existing between the picture of the Madonna by that artist, in the Louvre, and the earlier works of Correggio, as the St. Francis in Dresden. It is true that Correggio was only sixteen when Bianchi died, but he was very precocious. Above all, however, our artist was influenced by Andrea Mantegna, a master of great importance, in the earlier days of the Renaissance, and one of those who stood on the threshold of the glorious period of the fifteenth century. Mantua, that town so rich in art, the home of the reigning family of Gonzaga, was evidently the source from which Correggio drew his best inspirations, as it was not too far from his home, but it cannot be clearly proved that he ever lived there.

Andrea Mantegna's death occurred as early as the year 1506, but his works—the great frescoes in Churches and Palaces, and his altar pieces remained as illustrations of his art. It was an opposite rather than a kindred nature that Correggio saw revealed in these pictures, but his fervid and sensitive spirit was deeply impressed by the calm, grandeur, and severity of a mind that built up art on the sure foundation of knowledge. To this example he owed his careful drawing, his mastery of foreshortening, and his power of giving roundness to forms. His excellence in perspective, with his knowledge of antique forms were due to the same source. Sometimes, however, we can see traces of the Lombard school of Lionardo da Vinci in Correggio. How or where he could have come within its influence we cannot say, but in the wondrous cheerfulness which is the key note of all Correggio's pictures, we are reminded of that bewitching smile which plays upon the features of all Lionardo's young girls; and his managements of chiaro-oscuro, in which he particularly excels, also connects him with Lionardo.

The first picture which named Correggio to be a master was painted in 1514, for the Minorite monastery of St. Francis in his native town. We have already mentioned this picture, the Madonna with St. Francis, afterwards placed in the Dresden Gallery with the rest of the Modena collection.

The various influences which he had felt, are manifested here. We have already referred to the influence of Bianchi; the expression of the chief figures also suggest Lionardo da Vinci, and the Holy Virgin stretches out her hand in blessing, in the same way as Mantegna's Madonna della Vittoria, which was then in Mantua, and is now in Paris. But even at this date we become aware of entirely new elements. Although the traditional dignity of the altar-piece obtains in that picture, Correggio's peculiarly ardent spirit already breaks through all restraint, and in place of the usual solemn ecclesiastic devotion, we have a blissful enthusiasm which is quite new.

One of his most remarkable religious pictures during the years immediately following was the Betrothal of St. Catherine with the infant Christ; its lovely cheerfulness caused the exclamation of Vasari, that the bends were made in heaven.

Until the year 1518, Correggio's home was the scene of his industry, but about that time he received his first great commission in Parma, to decorate the abbess's room in the convent of St. Paul with frescoes. Notwithstanding the religious nature of the house, the paintings were of an entirely secular character, but owing to the delightful unconsciousness which was the result of the classical education of the Renaissance age, this gave no offence. The tastes of the jovial and splendour-loving Joanna of Piacenza, coincided with those of the artist. Her coat of arms, which was reproduced several times in the decorations, carried three half-moons, and, therefore, she chose for her tutular deity the chaste Diana, goddess of the moon, whom we see represented rising in her chariot over the fire-place. The roof, divided into sixteen compartments was transformed into a green bower. The sixteen oval apertures afford glimpses into the blue heavens, where beautiful cherubs appear grouped in twos and threes, full of sport and play shouting with joy and teasing one another, and provided in the character of Diana's followers with her attributes of spears, dogs, and bugle. About the same time, Raphael also represented mythological characters surrounded by green foliage, in his ceiling paintings in the Farnesina at Rome. His principal excellence consists in the preservation of perfect beauty of form with the adaptation of each group to a given space. With Correggio this is not at all the case. His figures are often cut off, and the action of the piece is disturbed, by the line of the frame, but though this may cause a certain loss of harmony in the parts, the whole adequately represents that harmonious effect which was in the artist's mind. In this instance nothing can exceed the reality and beauty of the cherubs. In the lunettes underneath these apertures various ancient deities are painted in grey on a grey ground.

The sentiment throughout is idyllic, even the fatal sisters, the dark goddesses of destiny are transformed into beautiful young creatures with wings, by this painter of grace and sweetness.

The paintings in this retired place from which the public was long excluded, are in an excellent state of preservation, but the other frescoes by Correggio in Parma, which he painted in the following years, were not so fortunate. The picture of the Annunciation in the Church of the Annunziata, and the extremely beautiful Madonna della Scala, which was at one time over one of the town gates, the Porta Romana, have been greatly injured, and his principal works, the last great frescoes, he painted in the Church of San Giovanni and in the Cathedral, are mere ruins.

The paintings in the church of San Giovanni were executed between 1520 and 1524, and according to the contract and receipt, he received 272 gold ducats in payment. On the 3rd November 1522, before he had finished these paintings, he made an agreement to paint the cathedral for the sum of 1,000 gold ducats, with another 100 ducats for the expenses of gilding. Between 1526 and 1530, the decoration of the cupola was finished, for which he received altogether 500 ducats, but the choir was only painted after his death by an inferior artist. In both these churches we can only get a faint idea of the pictures which have been injured by the smoke of taper, and by the damp, and we require to see Toschi's water-colour copies, and the engravings taken from them in order to leave our impressions confirmed. In the lunettes over the door of the sacristy in the transept of the church of San Giovanni we see the Evangelist John, one of the finest figures Correggio ever painted; the Coronation of the Virgin was originally in the half cupola over the pulpit, but when the choir was enlarged at a later period, only some fragments of this picture were saved. The piece containing the principal figures is now kept in the Library.

In the centre of the Cupola the Saviour is represented floating heavenwards, and around him are the Apostles, seated on clouds. They are handsome men and youths, almost nude, and apparently under the influence of some powerful feeling, for there is an expression of inspired enthusiasm on their faces. A countless multitude of angels and wingless cherubs hover round them. John is seen below, but he is here represented as an old man, and appears to be looking at all that is passing as in a vision. Under the cupola, in each of the four spandrels on which it rests, are an Evangelist and a Father of the Church, the former is instructing the latter who is writing. They are grand dignified forms, also resting on clouds which are supported by lovely angels, while celestial youths are scattered in graceful attitudes at the foot of the vaulted arches.

In the monastery of San Paolo, Correggio had already sought to represent events as if actually passing in the skies, but here he is governed by the same idea in a far greater measure. He abandons the old principle in order to limit the boundaries of space occupied by the picture, and adopts a kind of perspective which the Italians call "*di sotto in su*." We see no overarching dome, but endless depths of ether. "Correggio was the first," says Jacob Burckhardt, "to put the glorious heavens into a measurable space and to fill them with floating figures. His predecessor and example in this respect was Andrea Mantegna, as is proved by the now half destroyed wall painting by the latter, in a room of the Castello di Corte; but Correggio's method is so different that he is accredited with having founded that style of dome painting of which the chief aim is to deceive the imagination, and which became popular in the 17th and 18th centuries. No paintings in this style have ever equalled those in San Giovanni, which are massive, and yet executed with freedom. Correggio does not fill his skies with masses of architecture. He discards this method which was practised by Mantegna to a limited extent, and by his followers in excess, because it is open to the objection of only giving the right perspective effect when seen from certain points, and when the spectator changes his position, the illusion is destroyed. His only auxiliaries are clouds, whereon his figures recline and float with all the appearance of real beings. The spectator sees them from below; those which are represented in motion are very much foreshortened, the foreheads of the upturned faces almost disappear from view, and in others represented in a sitting posture the knees are drawn up till they almost touch the chest. They all seem possessed by a feeling of intense heavenly bliss, and the deeper the surrounding darkness, the more wonderful is the light which the artist has diffused over the undraped figures.

In the cupola of the Cathedral, Correggio goes a step further. In the spaces between the windows we have the apostles either singly or in couples, gazing, with an ecstasy bordering on intoxication at the spectacle on high, the Ascension of the Virgin. Behind them on a parapet are flaming candelabras, and wingless cherubs in bold groups intended for angels, but resembling followers of Bacchus. In the four spandrils are the patrons of Parma, but both they and the angels which surround and support them, are in such violent motion and agitation, that the groups are sometimes mere knots of tangled limbs; finally in the cupola itself exuberance of motion and feeling reaches its climax. The Heavens are peopled by multitudes of forms. The virgin rises with outstretched arms; celestial cherubs nestle at her feet, and in her bosom, angels hover around her, making music; above other angels float towards her, and Saints in a blaze of glory are waiting to receive her.

If Correggio painted noble figures in San Giovanni, in the present case his work was fraught

with a mightier enthusiasm, an enthusiasm full of passion, and impetuous to excess. But though the effect is charming, it must be confessed that the material is rather more prominent. The statuesque repose which was formerly the most impressive part of religious art is lost, the figures present themselves to us feet foremost, and parts of the body not consonant with spiritual expression are brought into prominence. It was not wonderful, therefore, that in the beginning of Parma could not enter into the spirit of this conception, and that the saying of a vulgar craftsman that this was a "ragout of frogs," became historical. Correggio is a great artist in all that he does, but here he treads on dangerous ground, and his imitators fall at once into senseless mannerisms.

As early as 1519, before he had begun these paintings, Correggio had married Girolama Merlini, the daughter of a deceased ensign bearer of the Marquis of Mantua. That same year his maternal uncle bequeathed to him his land and moveable property, but it was not till after a lawsuit of several years' duration that Correggio got possession of this inheritance. As in addition to this, his wife's marriage portion was not insignificant, Correggio was now in very comfortable circumstances, and, being married, he was the only great artist in Italy at that time who was leading the life of a good citizen. In 1521, a son, Pomponio, was born to him, and between 1524 and 27, three daughters came into the world in Parma, where the artist resided for some time, owing to the great works he was commissioned to execute in that city.

Besides his great fresco-paintings, Correggio painted a number of pictures, also characterised by that nobility, which is the essential quality of his great representations, and is attained by the accessories of composition and drawing, light and colour, and by the position and attitude of every separate figure in its relation to the rest of the picture.

We must not look for depth of expression, lofty sentiment, or pure religious feeling in Correggio; his was an emotional nature and a vein of sensuousness runs through all his works, but the manner is charming in which sensation quivers in the very finger ends of his figures; the most subtle working of the nerves is revealed to us. Hence we do not feel the influence of serene self-contained beauty in these works, but whilst looking at them, our feelings catch some of that emotion which, in its fullest expression, constitutes their chief attraction. This attraction we find in all, but more especially in his youthful and female figures. These forms have no kinship with a traditional ideal; they are animated figures taken from the life, but at the same time imbued with Correggio's peculiarly joyous spirit. There is a charm too in the attitudes of all his separate figures; they seem to move with a delightful sense of freedom and of pleasure in existence. In spite, however, of the softness and elasticity in the forms, the outlines do not possess the highest beauty. This sort of beauty, as well as the dignity of ecclesiastical representation, formed no part of Correggio's art theory, for his object was to fix the instantaneous and the fortuitous, and the charm of his pictures, as well as of his frescoes, is due to the fact that his figures have the same appearance that real people would have if placed in similar positions, and if seen from the same point of view. To produce this effect, Correggio employs perspective and makes extensive use of the science of foreshortening, for which he is qualified by his unparalleled skill in drawing and his knowledge of form. These alone are not sufficient, however, atmosphere and light and shade are necessary, and in a much greater degree in pictures than in frescoes. What is most wonderful in Correggio's pictures is the impression of space they give. The forms are round and the gradations of distance are rendered

with unequalled subtlety. This is mainly achieved by the aid of what is termed *chiaro oscuro*, the intermingling of light and shade in such a way that colour is perceptible in the darkest parts, and the transition to the highest lights is effected by means of reflection and the finest gradations of half tints. This *chiaro oscuro* is also an auxiliary in producing the effect of nobility. The richest glow of colour and golden light when spread over the whole canvass, as in Venetian paintings, gives a majestic repose to the picture. It is this play of light and shade which flatters the senses, and gives the impression of nobility.

Among the earlier oil paintings of this period are two Madonnas of a purely idyllic character, and that picture of the virgin in Naples which on account of its fantastic head dress is called "*La Zingerella*," the gipsy. She is sitting in a southern wooded landscape and is bending over the sleeping child in her arms. Equal to this in originality is the little picture in the National Gallery in London which is called the "*Madonna della cesta*," or "*Vierge au panier*," on account of a basket near the principal figure. The whole sentiment of this little gem is subdued and tender like its colouring. Who thinks of the holy Virgin in looking at this picture? We only see the mother and her child. The infant sits on her lap moving the little limbs in a wonderfully natural way: she is trying to imprison the two little hands of the restless child on which she looks down with the tender smile of maternal joy. In this picture we admire that special quality which was observed in Correggio so early as the 16th century, viz. his natural easy treatment of hair. With these idyllic pictures a somewhat larger painting in the Parma Gallery must be classed; the "*Madonna della Scodella*," or "the little basin," so called from a vessel which the virgin who is seated holds in her hand. It represents the Holy Family resting during their flight. The wanderers have found a pleasant resting place in a wood which is so painted as to give Correggio a place amongst the pioneers of Landscape art. They are attended by numerous angels, one of whom is occupied in drawing water for them, while a second ties up the donkey, and a number of others, floating in the air bend down the palm branches from which Joseph gathers dates for the child. The mother is looking at the boy with a happy smile and eyes overflowing with bliss, whilst he is trying to catch her hand, and gazes at the spectator with a lovely smile, as if wishing to draw him into the same happy mood.

In this same gallery hangs another picture, the "*Madonna of St. Hieronymus*" which was also originally painted for a church in Parma. Here, if anywhere, the religious sentiment is entirely lost in the sense of earthly bliss. The ecclesiastical style of grouping which had belonged to the altar piece is abandoned. The Madonna is seated under a red canopy which is stretched over trees, in the midst of a sunny landscape, and is surrounded by Saints. The attitude of the powerful figure of St. Hieronymus opposite her is somewhat ungraceful, and there is nothing unusual in the feature and expressions of the angels, of the Virgin, or of the lively Child; nor does the angel who is holding up Magdalen's box of ointment, as if intending to smell it, express any lofty idea. Yet how charming is the Magdalen herself, though certainly her attitude, as she lies on the ground with her face against the Child, is more that of a voluptuous woman leaning on her lover than of a Saint bending before the Redeemer of the world. In looking at the picture, however, we give ourselves over entirely to the sentiment of bliss it expresses and think of nothing else. Our eyes travel from the Magdalen's fair hair, with which the fingers of the divine Child are playing, to the exquisitely painted bare feet. The delicate flesh tints are in harmony with the shining draperies and the glad cheerfulness of the scenery. Vasari said of this picture that no one, however melancholy could look at it without being made joyful.

It was often called "Day" in contradiction to the pictures called "Night" in the Dresden Gallery.

This latter work always presents itself in the mind of the German public when the name of Correggio is mentioned. The picture called "Holy Night" was ordered in the year 1522, for the Church of St. Prospero in Reggio, and 280 liri (about £21) was given for it, but it was not finished much before the year 1530. The idea of representing the infant Christ as luminous in the midst of a dark night did not originate with Correggio, but in the apocryphical Gospel concerning the childhood of Christ, where the birth of the infant Saviour is thus described: "and behold the cavern was filled with a light surpassing that of torches and tapers and brighter even than the sun;" we meet with this idea in the Dutch Painters and also in the high altar piece in the Freiburg Cathedral by Hans Baldung Grien and in a picture by Holbein in the same place, but Correggio alone carries it out fully. The light is so wonderful that it seems to belong to a magic world; it is reflected on the mother's happy face, and the approaching shepherds are dazzled by it; nor do we take it amiss in the artist that he has made the shepherds somewhat commonplace in appearance. In the elaboration of this purely sensuous idea of light, which however goes beyond the senses in its effects, he had no need of a more spiritual expression in the faces.

In noticing the later ecclesiastical works, we must mention two Madonnas in Dresden, that of St. Sebastian, and that with St. George. The former was painted in 1525, for a chapel in the cathedral of Mantua, and the latter in 1530, for the brotherhood of St. Peter the Martyr, in the same town. They bear the same relation to the paintings we have already described, that the cupola of the cathedral does to the frescoes in the Church of San Giovanni. In these pictures more than in any other, the wealth of Correggio's artistic power is displayed, but it had already passed all bounds. The figure of St. Gimignanius, of which we have a side view in the first picture, and which recedes into the background in a wonderful manner, is very beautiful, and we are charmed by the grace of the little girl who nestles at his feet, holding the model of a church, but the ecstasy of the dreaming St. Rochus and of St. Sebastian, with upturned glance, approaches the theatrical. In the second picture we are charmed by the nude figures of the angelic cherubs, who are playing with the weapons of St. George, but the forms are too inflated; John the Baptist resembles a young faun. In these pictures the Saints seem to cast amorous glances at the Madonna; the coquettish attitudes of the angels, the bend of their curly heads, and their smiles are all in harmony. This conception too has its foundation in history, it exhibits the sensuousness which exists in the ecstasies and in the love of display of modern catholicism and therefore Correggio was the artist held in greatest esteem in the period of the Catholic Restoration. If, however, the spiritual element is subordinate in those pictures in which devotion is exposed through joy and exultation, this is not the case when the tone is sad instead of cheerful; in such pictures physical feeling is still the basis, but it rises to a higher spiritual expression. We will not cite as an example the Veronica in the Dresden Museum, as it is uncertain whether that picture was painted by Correggio. It may have been the work of an imitation.

The genuineness of the "Ecce Homo" in the National Gallery in London has also been doubted, but quite without grounds. It is not, indeed, in a good state of preservation, but the treatment is wonderfully fine. Every nerve of the thorn-crowned Saviour throbs with bodily pain; as may be seen in the quivering of his lips and in his overflowing eyes; and the Virgin

is rigid, as if in a state of convulsion or of half unconsciousness. At the same time there is a moral depth in this conception of pain, refined by the highest beauty.

The picture of "Christ on the Mount of Olives" now in Apsley House, belonging to the Duke of Wellington may be considered the gem of Correggio's paintings.

The scene is at night, and a light from heaven illuminates the central figure which expresses the victory of the mind over unspeakable agony. The only picture which in completeness of design on a small scale, will bear comparison with this, is the Magdalen in the Dresden Gallery, but here we do not find the vivid representation of remorse and contrition which we should have expected in this subject from a skilful delineator of the feelings. We see a beautiful woman, a physically beautiful woman with her bosom bare and her hair loose, lying on the ground in a wood, her eyes fixed on a book, and a sense of dreamy peace in the midst of the solitude of nature pervades the whole.

Finally, in two pictures, now in the Gallery of Parma, but formerly altar pieces in the Church of San Giovanni, we have representations of infinite pain. They are the "Lamentation over the body of the crucified Saviour," and the Martyrdom of Saint Placidus and Saint Floria. In the latter the horror of the event is rendered more intense by the shocking brutality of the murderers, and by the dismembered corpses which lie near; added to this, the ecstatic expression on the faces of the two martyrs who have just received their death-blow, is repulsive in its union of sentiment with the pain which is apparent in the very tips of their fingers. In such pictures of Martyrdoms, and not alone in his representations of ecclesiastical festivals, Correggio set the example which was followed by the artists of the Catholic restoration. Though the picture just named is so offensive to our taste that we feel inclined to abjure Correggio for ever, our eyes are attracted towards the excellence of its drawing, and the bewitching charm of its colouring.

In the year 1530, Antonio left Rome and returned to Correggio disappointed, as we find from his contemporaries at the reception which his cupola paintings had received from the unappreciative public, and probably also depressed by his wife's death, which must have occurred about this time. In his home he gradually recovered his spirits and often undertook works which did not meet with objections from a better informed priesthood or from a population unaccustomed to his style.

It was probably through the instrumentality of the little court at Correggio, and especially through Veronica Gambara, the enlightened and benevolent widow of Duke Giberto X. who expressed her admiration for the artist in a celebrated letter, that Correggio obtained commissions from exalted personages, particularly from Federigo II., Duke of Mantua. In this way a new region was opened to him, the field of ancient mythology, then so interesting to the higher classes, whose inclinations led them towards a classical education and an easy cheerful life of sensuous enjoyment. Some pictures on these subjects may have been painted earlier, but the greater number belong to Correggio's latest period. The National Gallery in London contains the "Education of Cupid." Mercury is teaching Cupid to read, whilst the winged Venus looks on, with a roguish expression. In the "*Salon carrée*" of the Louvre in the "Antiope asleep," watched by Jupiter in the shape of a faun. In perfection of treatment, this picture is only surpassed by that of "Danaë and the Shower of Gold," in the Borghese Palace in Rome, but, unlike other similar pictures, there is something ignoble in the expression of the central figure; this is atoned for, however, by the innocent loveliness of the cupids, sharpening their arrows

The picture of Ganymede stolen by the eagle, and that of Jo embraced by Jupiter in the form of a cloud, are in the Belvedere at Vienna. In the latter we have an effect of chiaro-oscuro which is almost diabolical, and a bold representation of sensual pleasure in the lovely youthful form, which stands out brightly against the misty darkness, and quivers with rapturous delight. A repetition of this picture, or perhaps only an old copy exists in the Museum of Berlin, which however possesses in the great picture of the Leda one of the most original of this class of compositions. Leda, with the swan, represents cheerful resignation, and while she is herself emblematic of present enjoyment,—past and future, memory and hope are typified by her two bathing companions. One of them is gazing with longing eyes after the swan which is soaring into the air, while the other is vainly endeavouring to repel another swan, which is approaching. On the other side a cupid and a pair of cheerful boyish Amorettes are occupied with music. The rich cheerful landscape, with its luxurious vegetation, and the clear water that washes Leda's feet, are quite in harmony with these figures.

The two pictures in Berlin have a strange history. Louis of Orleans, son of the Regent, who had inherited them with the rest of his father's collection, wished to destroy them, and consequently the heads of Leda and Jo were cut out and burned. The repulsion felt by narrow-minded bigots to these pictures was due to their own want of refinement, and not to the character of the works. Correggio, even when he represents sensual subjects, is free from the impurity and licence which offend us in other pictures of this kind, painted in the 17th and 18th centuries, and also in modern French art. Whether his characters are excited by a blissful emotion, or pervaded by a sense of dreamy peace, it is a happy unconscious delight in existence which fills their being, and to the enjoyment of which they surrender themselves in perfect simplicity. In them gratification is innocent. They live in the golden time of which poets sing, in a world where all that is pleasant is permissible, and where the only rule of life is this:

"There are seasons there; one is for play, another for love, and the third for repose.

A fool is he who profits not by the seasons."

And indeed, in these pictures the conditions of perfect beauty, harmony between idea and form—are perhaps better fulfilled than in the sacred works. There is not a hair's difference between Correggio's angels and his cupids, and his Madonnas and Magdalens are sisters to the nymphs and beautiful women who were loved by the father of the gods, but here, languishing glances, tender smiles, playfulness, and intoxication of bliss, are not out of place, as they are in the altar pieces and domes of churches; and nowhere does the charm of his colouring and his power in chiaro oscuro appear to such advantage as in these pictures, which contain numerous nude figures. The delicate luminous flesh tints gleam softly through the surrounding atmosphere; they catch the light, and disperse it again in infinite gradations. The charming manner in which Correggio paints the surface of the body with its half-tones and reflections has never been equalled in art, and it is this mode of treating natural beauty which lifts it into an ideal region. From these works the artist was summoned away by an early death, on the 5th March, 1534. He was buried in Correggio, in the Church of the Franciscans, for which his first great altar piece had been painted. His father survived him. His son Pomponio who was then about twelve years of age, eventually became a painter of no great note.

Vasari, whose stories about Correggio's circumstances and person have so often been proved to be false, evidently exaggerates, when he sings of him that "he was a man of a timid nature, who worked with difficulty, and continuous effort, and with a heavy heart."

Although these remarks sound strange respecting the painter of motion and enchantment, of youthful cheerfulness combined with the pleasure of existence, of him whose name of Allegri suggests joyfulness, they are, to a certain extent, confirmed by facts. We know that part of his life was passed in a narrow and humble sphere, that the very unlaboured appearance of his pictures implies arduous work, and finally we have seen that when he left Parma, two years before his death, the shadows of a sad awakening was on his spirit. Joy and pain often dwell side by side, as seen in Correggio's works. Both, as depicted by him, proceed from intensity of feeling, and it is a grand proof of the power of genius that, in his later years, he returned to the painting of unclouded happiness, and youthful enjoyment of life. Genius alone enables man to depict, through his imagination, that which he has not experienced, and which has no existence in reality.



IACOBVS TINTORETVS. F.

TINTORETTO.

The most important among the first generation of Titian's scholars is Paris Bordone, the Painter of voluptuous female beauty; but among the later inheritors of his art the most pre-eminent by far is Jacopo Robusti, whose surname of Tintoretto was derived from the handicraft of his father, a dyer ("*tintore*.") He was born at Venice in 1512. Ridolfi relates, that Titian saw one day in his workshop some very spirited drawings, and enquired by whom they were. On receiving the answer that they were the work of the dyer's son, who had come into the atelier only ten days before, he is said to have given orders to another scholar, to dismiss the youth. This is only an anecdote. Yet Tintoretto's art was derived from Titian, whether he profited by the instruction of the great master for a longer or shorter period. But soon another genius, who then ruled the age, began to exercise a powerful influence over him. This was Michael Angelo. Tintoretto's motto, "the drawing of Michael Angelo, the colouring of Titian," involves a contradiction in itself. Michael Angelo's plastic forms and the brilliant colouring of the Venetian, seem opposing elements in art when regarded by the outer world. And although Tintoretto's colouring displays that perfect mastery of the art acquired in his native school, it fails to give perfect satisfaction, on account of the black shadows which are the consequence of an exaggerated attempt at modelling. The work is also too hasty, as the Painter frequently lends his art to the execution of extensive compositions containing a large number of figures. In these pictures there is a vast amount of machinery, with confused groups; unexpected and bold situations are presented to view, heaven and earth are set in motion, a storm sweeps over the scene. But his compositions are often only external forms without that inward inspiration which is penetrated by artistic grasp of subject, and which constitutes the greatness of Michael Angelo. There is much constrained foreshortening: many figures are inserted merely to fill up the space, and realism often drags the artist down to common-place existence.

He died at a great age, in 1594. He had produced during his long life an incredible number of paintings. His colossal oil pictures on canvas represent the Christian or the heathen Olympus, in immediate proximity with the stately daily life of Venice. Such pictures abound in many Churches, in the monasteries, the Schools of St. Mark and of St. Roch, the state chambers in the Doge's palace, and the amount of action crowded into the space is always extra-

ordinary. His festive representation of "Luna with the hours," in Berlin, is the best of his pictures in German galleries; and was painted for the German exchange in Venice. Fiery impetuosity and dramatic power are nowhere more strikingly depicted than in the "Miracle of St. Mark," in which the Saint is seen descending head foremost from the clouds to liberate the condemned slave from death; this picture was painted for the school of St. Mark, and is now in the Academy at Venice. But Tintoretto is most to be admired in those works in which he is least tempted to wander from the sphere of Venetian art in his portraits. He has not painted so many lovely women as Titian, but the Venetian nobles, the doges, the statesmen, and the Procurators of St. Mark, are represented by him with lifelike power and solemn magnificence.

ALBRECHT DÜRER.

Every-one connects the idea of a great artist with the name of Albrecht Dürer, and yet there are few who can justify their opinion by an acquaintance with his works. When at the present day his creations are presented to the gaze of the public, they are often viewed with indifference, or criticised as stiff, and wanting in taste. It is indeed impossible to understand and appreciate the master, without study, and we cannot also deny that he displays some repelling characteristics; these are not to be attributed to himself, so much as to the then existing state of German art. Dürer is great, not on account of these hard outlines, of these formalities, and imperfections, but in spite of them, and the artist, throughout his career, made unremitting efforts to free his art from the shackles by which it was bound.

We must not overlook the fact that the new artistic impulse which originated in the Middle Ages, took as deep and independent a root in the Teutonic North, as in sunny Italy. The realism of the brothers van Eyck, arising almost without preparation, devoted itself to the study of the actual, and took the place of the existing art of the Middle Ages which had only studied nature from a general point of view, and had frequently ignored it. But in the sequel, the south rapidly outstripped the North, for there the beauty of nature was in unison with that more cheerful aspect of life which is most favourable to art, there artistic interests formed the main-spring of life. In Germany, on the other hand, morality and religion, and not art, occupied the first place. And although Flemish art excited much enthusiasm throughout the land, yet art could not gain free scope. That depth of sentiment which finds its natural expression in fantasy, does not easily assimilate itself with the external world. Although the study of nature had powerful attractions, the spirit of the Middle Ages had exercised stronger sway in an opposite direction; the debased and lifeless late Gothic led to an arrest and crippled the feeling for form, and this tendency was increased by the ignorance of cultivation amongst the people, who only sought in art a medium of religious emotion. An additional influence was exerted by the unsettled state of German politics; whilst in Italy, art was the soul of the nation, there neither the debased, impoverished and disorganised courts, nor the unbridled, rapacious nobility, nor the clergy, degraded both morally and mentally, had any sympathy with its aims. Those states which are the abode alike of industry, and of good morals, are the only soil suited to art.

Amongst the flourishing German imperial cities, which were the birth-places of the nation's prosperity, Nuremberg, the home of Dürer, was one of the most celebrated. The epoch of the close of the middle ages, and the beginning of modern times, left its impress on the city, thus endeared before all other cities to the German heart. Even if the churches of St. Sebald,

St. Lorenz, and the Frauenkirche, will not bear comparison with the most celebrated German cathedrals, yet they have a peculiar charm afforded by their varied and homely style of art. Around them are still grouped the decorated dwellings of the citizens, with gables and portals, and richly ornamented fountains, sculpture and painting, thus united, lent their aid to the creations of architecture, and from the private dwelling to the houses of God have left no spot unadorned. The sculpture is in wood, stone, and bronze, as best suited the situation, thus the art of wood-carving and engraving in copper were developed by the side of painting, and the same artistic feeling may be observed in every branch of art. All still bears the impress of those patriotic, homely burghers, in whose land it drew its breath. It is true that we may also observe the exclusive tendency of the burgher sentiment, with evidences of constraint and barren mechanism. Some of the most celebrated masters, among them Albrecht Dürer's master, Wohlgemuth, and the brave stone-mason, Adam Kraft, are too frequently content with a narrow range, and are led by habit into a conventional style. Dürer and his great contemporary, Peter Vischer, were the first who were able by their own strength to burst these chains, and after violent combats, especially observable in Dürer, with the old mannerism to lead the new spirit to victory.

Dürer's father, who came from the little Hungarian village of Litas, settled in Nuremberg in 1455, where he practised the vocation of a goldsmith, and after some time, married Barbara, the daughter of Hieronymus Holbein. The son who was born on May 21st, 1471, was the third of eighteen children, most of whom died young, and was named Albrecht, after his father. The great painter left, amongst his sketches, a beautiful and affecting portrait of his father, a man who had spent his life in hard labour, in order to procure support for himself and his family, and had been forced to struggle against much opposition, but had won the approbation of all his acquaintances, "for he led an honourable, Christian life, he was a long-suffering and gentle man, lived in peace with his neighbour, and rendered gratitude to God. He had but little pleasure in life, was of a silent disposition, did not cultivate society, and was a God-fearing man." The portraits painted later by the son, agree with this description. The portrait in the Uffizi at Florence is one of Albrecht Dürer's first oil paintings of the year 1490, and that in the residence of the Duke of Northumberland is of the year 1497, when the father had reached the age of 60; those in the collections at Munich and Frankfurt on Maine are only copies. The expression of serious thought continued with integrity of purpose and be forgotten by no beholder. A portrait of his mother in chalks is in the collection of M. Ambroise Firmin-Didot in Paris, a thin old woman, with expressive features. Dürer took her into his own house, when his father died in 1502, and she lived with him until her death in 1514. In mentioning this portrait, we have anticipated a likeness of himself painted in early life, at the age of 13, in the collection of the Grand Duke Albert at Vienna. He appears as a boy, with long hair, the picture is unfinished, but is treated in a characteristic manner. In accordance with the business-like exactitude which Albrecht Dürer showed, and care in the registration and tabulation of all his work, he wrote in later years upon this sheet: "I drew this portrait of myself from a looking-glass, in the year 1484, when I was still a child. Albrecht Dürer."

The father, who made "earnest endeavours to bring up his children in the knowledge of God," paid careful attention to the training of his son Albrecht, sent him to a school and instructed him himself in the gold-smith's art, in which the young artist had made some progress, when his natural inclination, attracting him increasingly towards painting, the father at last yielded

to his wishes, and placed him under the instruction of Michael Wohlgemuth. "At that time," reports Burn, "God gave me the industry, to study diligently," but he adds, that he had much to suffer from the conduct of the servants; a remarkable evidence of the rough manners, which then prevailed in German studies, and which was occasionally manifested in the artist's productions. When Albrecht had finished his studies, his father sent him on his travels, in the year 1490, but we are not able to trace his course, he remained absent four years, and when he returned, to use his own expression, "Hans Frey made a covenant with my father, and gave me his daughter Agnes, and with her he gave me two hundred florins." His wife has not obtained a good repute with posterity, Dürer's intimate friend, the celebrated student Wilibald Pirckheimer, in a letter written two years after the death of Dürer, accuses her of being the cause of his early death. "Under the Providence of God, his wife must be considered answerable for this, for she grieved him to work day and night, 'for the sake of money,' and kept him from the society of his friends. "His selfish wife took care that he should not enjoy the cheerful society of his friends!" This appears to be the purport of these accusations, on which we must not lay too much stress, for we must remember Pirckheimer's peevish disposition; other passages of his letters bear evidences of suspicion and spite.

Dürer himself lived in peace with his wife, painted the portrait of his Agnes many times, and never complained of her. His marriage, which was childless, cannot be considered remarkably happy, but this may have arisen more from general than personal causes. Dürer raised himself by his own importance above the limited sphere in which he had been brought up, and to which his wife belonged, she, on the other hand, might have made an excellent wife for a man of ordinary capacity, but could not follow on his advancing track, and we can scarcely blame her, that, while her own interests were limited to her household concerns, she regarded with jealousy the more extended circle which surrounded her husband, and from which she was excluded.

Dürer was made a master in the painter's guild, at the time of his marriage, his diploma painting represented the ill-treatment of Orpheus by the Manaiides. Other classical drawings date from this time, the Albertina at Vienna possesses a "Bacchanalia" and a "Battle of the Tritons" of the year 1494, after engravings by the great master, Andrea Mantegna, who had been excelled by few painters of the early renaissance in the introduction into living art of the theoretic study of the antique and its forms, and who therefore exerted a great influence over the northern artists. His conceptions, those especially which obtained a wide circulation by means of engraving on copper, were the sources, from which Dürer also drew his earliest inspirations, and which made it possible for him to look beyond the limits of his native art, and to become acquainted with the models of antiquity as well as with the treatment of form as practised in modern Italy. And it is a significant evidence of the breadth of culture then prevailing in Germany, that young Dürer, in placing a test of his skill before his fellow artists, selected an antique subject.

Besides the portrait already mentioned of his father and mother of the years 1490 and 1497, Dürer's beautiful portrait of a young girl belonging to the Nuremberg family of Fürleger, now in the gallery of Baron Speck-Sternburg at Leipzig, is especially admirable in his early period, then of the year 1498 his own portrait in fashionable dress, the original of which is in the Collection of painters' portraits in the Uffizi at Florence; of the year 1499, three small portraits of members of the Tucher family, one of which is in the gallery at Cassel, and two in the Museum at

Weimar. The remarkably characteristic head of Oswald Krell is in the Pinakothek at Munich. Amongst his religious pictures, one of the earliest, is an altar-piece, painted for the church of St. Catharine in Nuremberg, and now in the Pinakothek at Munich; the infant Christ is surrounded by a familiar circle consisting of his parents and numerous small angels, in attitudes of worship; on side pieces, two knightly figures, standing in complete armour by the side of their horses, the Saints Eustace and George, portraits of life-like truth and expression, which probably bear the features of the two founders, Stephan and George Baumgartner; the first was on terms of intimate friendship with the painter.

A master-piece, now hanging in the tribune of the Uffizi at Florence, the "Adoration of the kings," painted for Frederick the Wise of Saxony, dates later, from the year 1504. But his pictures only represent a part of his activity, his love of handicraft, to which he was never false even in his most profound artistic moods, led him to various technical occupations, he drew, and modelled and embossed in wax, it also appears that he attempted wood-carving, and he especially directed his attention to the multifarious arts of copper and wood engraving. Both these arts held a leading part in the German artistic life of that period, they formed the representative art of the people, entering all houses, and penetrating into all lands, gaining access to every heart, and thus in union with the discovering of printing, to which they led the way, they became the propagators of new ideas.

The details which can scarcely be represented in colours, find their natural field in this elaborate art. Here the imagination of the artist has the free scope, it can reach the highest altitudes and can even embrace subjects which appear to be beyond the limits of representation. This fact gave to copper and wood engraving their importance in German art, which was characterized at that time, by its caress of fancy, and Dürer himself found, in engraving, the clearest and most natural means of expression, as, notwithstanding the careful execution of his paintings, he had little sense of colour, and his tastes lay rather in the direction of drawing than of painting; his celebrity being based on his inexhaustible originality, and his rich talent for composition. His early acquaintance with the goldsmith's art facilitated his progress in the technical part of copper engraving, which owes its origin to that handicraft. Although he must also have understood wood engraving, he could scarcely have executed his own designs, but probably confined himself to drawing the outline on the block, the cutting of which devolved upon a particular class of workmen, the form cutters; and a careful examination of Dürer's wood engravings will show that they have been executed by various and variously qualified workmen. He, however, exercised an important influence over this special branch of art, by presenting it with models worthy of imitation, and by superintending its operations. He himself undertook the printing, publication and circulation of his works.

Both his wood and his copper engravings were designed for sale, the choice of subjects for the wood engravings was influenced by a consideration of the taste of the larger public, for whom their cheapness rendered them suitable. The subjects were principally of two classes, either scenes from daily life, intended to afford amusement, with some introduction of instruction or of a moral lesson, or religious pictures, taken from biblical history, or from the legends of the Saints. The first class of drawings afford a remarkable and complete representation of the most characteristic features of German life of that period, with which no-one can be well acquainted who has not studied the works of Dürer. Here may be seen knights and foot-soldiers in proud array, the courier dashes over the land, the noble lady rides by on horseback, while the warrior

pays court to her; cooks, both men and women, appear with their pots and pans; the boor quarrels with his wife; again we see peasants occupied in animated conversation, accompanying it with uncouth gestures. Here a servant-girl is engaged in alluring an old man (love's message), a warning example. In the midst of these representations of peasant life, we have a strange monster (the wonderful pig) which had created great excitement some years previously. There also appear those fabulous beings then existing in the fancy of the people; we surprise the satyr family in the wood, we see the witch riding on the Blocksberg, and where a pair of happy and noble lovers are wandering together in peace (the walk), we see a frightful figure (death) concealing itself behind a tree.

But Dürer's creative art first manifested its individuality with tempestuous energy in the province of religion, in a series of fifteen large wood-cuts taken from the Revelation of St. John; here he oversteps the limits of pictorial art, and enters the province of poetry. He competes with the wild fancy of the biblical seer, in the representation of the improbable and the extravagant. His choice of such subjects shows us, how greatly he was affected by the religious enthusiasm then prevalent in the nation, he felt himself compelled to give a bodily form to the dark prophecies of the last days, and placed God's puritive judgments in his own time. There is scarcely any other work by the master, in which the eye has so much to overcome, we are repulsed by distortions and impossibilities, and yet even here moments of overpowering greatness penetrate through the obscurity. Such figures as the four angels commanding the winds, the apocalyptic horsemen, from which Cornelius took the subject for his master-piece, and the victorious arch-angel Michael, trampling on the dragon, remain imprinted on the imagination. Also in other religious subjects, as, for instance, in martyrdoms of the Saint, Dürer is impelled to an unrefined style of composition by the acts as well as the inclination of the unrefined public for whom he painted. But, on the other hand, we are in possession of works, and especially his numerous portraits of the Madonna, which amply compensate for these deficiencies. He pictures no mysterious worship of the Virgin, but simply represents maternal happiness and family life, in the familiar aspect of the present. No ideal type comes before us in the holy Virgin, her features, which are seldom beautiful in the generally received sense of the word, are always individual and deeply expressive, and the effect of the figure composition is heightened by the surrounding scenery, for in this province of art Dürer is also the true painter of home life, whether he places his figures in the household room, or in the midst of free landscape, encompassed by valleys, mountains, and streams, or in towns and cities. Amongst his earliest engravings on copper is "The Holy Family with the grass-hopper," so called from the insect half-concealed amongst the verdure. The young mother, with floating hair, is seated on a grassy bank gazing with tender affection on the boy whom she holds up before her with both hands. Joseph is leaning against the bank, overcome with sleep from the heat of the bright summer sun, which shines on the gay waters covered with vessels, and on the rocky crags and smiling landscape. The humorous vein is also displayed in a drawing of the year 1504, in which we have a free repetition of the motive of the Baumgarten altar-piece. Beneath the shelter of a country dwelling, Mary is kneeling in adoration before the child, Joseph, meanwhile, is occupied at the well in the picturesque courtyard; through the open door a glimpse is obtained of the sunny landscape; beyond the foliage of delicate birches rooted amongst ruined walls, is seen in relief against the sky. But even Mary, the queen of heaven, standing on the crescent moon, and encircled by glory, remains the earthly mother, overcome with love for her child. In all these

works we observe a perceptible progress in the treatment of form, the uncertainty of untutored art is gradually overcome by a faithful study of nature, and the engraving, *Adam and Eve*, of the year 1504, shows an extraordinary progress in that branch of art, which, on account of their want of models and of a sufficient theoretical education, was always most difficult to northern artists, namely, the handling of the nude. The figures, well-proportioned, but not idealised, are thrown into bold relief by the wooded background.

After years of severe work, Dürer felt the need of bodily and mental refreshment, and in the year 1505, he undertook a journey to Venice, which served an important purpose in his artistic development. We can gain a correct insight into his life at this period, by means of the letters which he wrote to his friend, Wilibald Pirckheimer, the celebrated humanist, with whom, in spite of social differences, Dürer had been intimate from his childhood. These letters are rich in pictorial description, and are written in a healthy tone, with occasional touches of humour, revealing to us both the man and the artist. There are references to the commissions which Dürer, apparently not without some impatience, had undertaken for his friend, in the Italian trading cities, messages are also entrusted to the student for Dürer's family, and frequent badinage occurs, respecting topics of friendship. But we are especially interested in Dürer's impression on breathing the free air of this brilliant world, after the narrow confined atmosphere of his own home. The painter is here no ordinary handicraftsman, but stands on the pinnacle of fame; Dürer's name is no longer unknown, his fellow-countrymen as well as the natives of the country come forward to welcome him, and he finds many agreeable companions amongst the Italians. Attentions are lavished upon him both by learned men and by art connoisseurs, and both Doge and Patriarch admire his works. Even although he is brought into connection with dishonest characters, and experiences the envy of fellow-artists, who imitated his works, whilst they blame him for not following the antique; yet the grey-haired master, Giovanni Bellini, then "very old, but still the best of the company," expresses the highest recognition of his worth. Dürer writes in delight to his friend: "I have become a gentleman of Venice," and again, "my French mantle sends you a greeting, and also my Italian cloak." He even wishes to learn the art of dancing, but when, after two visits, his master demands a ducat, nothing will induce him to return.

His work was successful at this period, in addition to numerous smaller pictures, amongst the most celebrated of which is the small picture of the "Crucifixion," now in the Dresden Gallery; in the year 1506, Dürer was especially occupied with a large altar-piece, a commission from the German merchants in Venice for their church of St. Bartholomew. This was afterwards in the celebrated gallery of the Emperor Rudolf II. at Prague, when this gallery was scattered, it was purchased for the cloister of Strahow in the same city, where it still hangs, but, in consequence of the lamentable sins of restoration, it is only a ruin of its former self. It represents "the festival of the rosary," the carrying of the rosary into the church; the representatives of the dignity of Church and State, the Pope and the Emperor, kneel at the feet of the Madonna, and blossoming garlands, given by the holy Dominic, the founder of the society, are distributed by the virgin, the infant Christ and angels. Further off, Dürer himself and his friend Pirckheimer stand as witnesses of the sacred ceremony. This was the most perfect picture which Dürer had yet composed, the influence of the new world, on which he had entered, is apparent in it. In spite of the truly German character of the kneeling figures, there is no hardness in the composition; Dürer, as Bellini loved to do, has placed an angel with music at the feet of the Virgin.

The southern influence is further perceptible in the rich vegetation and beautiful mountain forms of the landscape.

After this he was justified in writing to his friend, that he had silenced all those enemies who had said that while he excelled in engraving, he failed in colour. Everyone now declared that they had never seen more beautiful colouring, and that a more lovely Madonna, or a more charming picture did not exist in the country.

Dürer next undertook a ride to Bologna, in order to gain some instruction in "domestic perspective," but was soon compelled to think of the return journey, of which his friend and his family had often reminded him. He makes a touching remark in his last letter: "How I shall long after the sun! Here I am a Lord, at home only a parasite." Yet he refused most tempting offers, which might have retained him in Venice, and later withstood a similar attraction to Antwerp. Although he was well aware of the narrowness of his home sphere, he could not tear himself from it, and felt that there lay his power.

It is remarkable that the direct influence of the Italian Renaissance, which was manifested in his festival of the rosary, appears yet more clearly in the works which he painted during the years following his return home. This was Dürer's richest and most productive period, but in all that he produced, the German characteristics of his style were decidedly manifested; it is also evident throughout that he made earnest endeavours to overcome the conventional and artificial elements of his native style. During these years his most celebrated pictures followed in rapid succession. In 1507, he painted the large figures of Adam and Eve, now preserved in the Pitti Palace; in 1508, the representation of the martyrdom of the ten thousand Saints, a repulsive subject, rendered beautiful by the marvellous positions of the nude figures, now in the Belvedere at Vienna, was painted for Frederick the Wise. The care and affection which he expended on this work was inadequately repaid by the moderate price of two hundred and fifty guldens. Yet he immediately afterwards undertook to paint an equally finished work for the Frankfort merchant Jacob Heller, for one hundred and thirty guldens. During the work his interest in the subject increased, as appears from his letters to his patron; he wishes to make use of the most expensive colours, and to lay on four, five, or six coats, without receiving any assistance in the execution. In accordance with these representations, he raises his price to two hundred guldens; this and his long delay give rise to many explanations, but, finally, in the year 1509, the work is finished, and Dürer, who separates from it with a heavy heart, gives much good advice with it to the purchaser, to the effect that it must not be sprinkled with holy water at the consecration, and that no-one must varnish it but himself. He adds that he had been asked to paint a similar picture for four hundred gulden, but he had flatly refused, for he could not afford it. "I could paint every year such a number of ordinary pictures, that no one would believe them to be the work of one man, but more delicate daubing does not pay, therefore I shall devote myself to my graving tools, and if I had done so sooner, I should now be a thousand guldens richer.

The picture, formerly in the church of St. Dominic at Frankfort, represented the ascension of the Virgin, and was esteemed one of his most beautiful productions. The side wings, principally painted by pupils, and a copy of the principal picture by Paul Juvenal, are now in Frankfort, in the public gallery belonging to the city, the original of which Prince Maximilian of Bavaria had obtained possession, was destroyed by a fire in the castle at Munich in the year 1674.

In spite of his resolutions, Dürer consented to take an order in the year 1511, for a picture

of finished detail, "the adoration of the Family," to be painted for Matthæus Landauer of Nuremberg, and placed in the monastery founded by him; it is now in the Belvidere at Vienna. Waagen remarks that it was only a short time previously that Raphael had finished his celebrated picture on a similar subject, the so-called 'Disputa,' and he observes justly, how significant the difference was between the positions of the two painters. The Italian master painted on a large wall-screen in the Papal palace, whilst the German worked for a homely master brazier, and was obliged to content himself with a small square of wood, of the size of four feet and a quarter. This picture, however, with its crowd of figures, angels, saints, and martyrs, occupied in adoration of the Trinity, and with its beautiful landscape in which Dürer's own figure appeared, is a jewel of its art, in which perhaps amongst all his noble works, we can best perceive of what the artist was capable; its colouring is also of rare charm, although the beauty consists more in the jewelled glitter of every detail than in a harmonious blending of shades.

The two large figures of the Emperors Charles and Sigismund in the Town Hall at Nuremberg belong to the same year. It is possible that Dürer, who painted them on the door panels of the chest containing the imperial jewels, set less value on them, and did not spend much time on their execution, but they are the more attractive to us from the bold style of treatment.

Amongst the copper and wood engravings of this year are, in addition to numerous single drawings on various subjects, several important and large series of pictures, which appeared in book form; these take the same place in German art as the cycles of fresco pictures in Italy. Dürer is in them not only an artist, but also a poet; his artistic treatment lies not alone in the handling of every separate subject, but in the manner in which he develops the whole, and writes the separate pictures in intellectual sequence. Between the years 1507 and 1511, the series of "the Passion" in copper engraving, and between 1509 and 1511, the small and the large series of the Passion in wood-cuts were completed, the former very numerous and the latter in large size; the same subject is thus treated three times, and every time in a different spirit. Even here the frightful and the angular is not excluded, but is employed in its proper place in a composition, the chief object of which is to represent the sacred histories even to the meanest understanding, in such a language as could be easily understood. Dürer, however, did not content himself with following the teachings of the Church, what he represented was the result of his profound personal study of the Bible. His Christ is a newly discovered personality, and has little in common with the conventional type of the Saviour, it is the true Christ of the Reformation period, embodying strength and manliness in union with mildness. We see him thus in the numerous single pieces with their touching dramatic power, and in the title pages of the three series, in which the man of sorrows appears before us; the most affecting representation is on the title page of the largest series of engravings; the Saviour is seated on a stone, his elbows pressed against his side, he is naked and mocked by the soldiers, his features wear the expression of unspeakable suffering, but at the same time of the most perfect mental victory over all sorrow.

In the year 1511, another cycle of wood engravings was completed. The life of our Lady, in which Dürer's spirit was yet more fully developed, and which was commenced as early as the year 1504. The painter here addresses himself more to the moral than to the religious needs of the people; the life of Mary is a most beautiful artistic idealisation of family life, the whole is animated by the Divine sympathy. The pious legend of the birth, childhood, and sacred calling of the Virgin is represented by him before the eyes of his contemporaries as a thing of the present, and clothed in the garb of home.

The figures in this drawing are burghers of the German Imperial cities, neither the men nor the women are graceful, or gifted with that gay self-consciousness always observable in Italians; they are on the contrary awkward and angular in their deportment, with numerous traits of the citizen, but invariably displaying the German qualities of energy, integrity, and truth. Dürer identifies himself in most sympathising affection with the world here represented, and we find underlying the whole, and yet more evidently than in his pictures of common life, that humour, which we have already remarked in his drawings of the Holy Family. Humour at that period of German History was the soul of the people's literature, it was the leading characteristic of their style of thought, and affected even the treatment of religious subjects. As this humour was deeply rooted in Luther's nature, and endeared him to the people, while it emboldened him in the midst of storms and contests, so Dürer's views of life were modified and influenced by the same cause. Such humour, however, is by no means identical with the taste for the capricious, the comic, and the drastic, its range is much more extended, it embraces the whole world, and gives attentive consideration to every detail, nothing is too small for it, it receives all with love, and perceives the endless in the minute. This feature of the humouristic affects the entire study of nature and is more or less observable in all northern art, but especially in Dürer, in whose works German life is most distinctly embodied. Instead of that freer treatment of subjects, in which the influence of nature is abstract, as in Italian art, we observe in him a close connection with nature, appearing in every detail, overlooking nothing, sympathising with everything, and, with hearty enjoyment, scrutinizing even the invisible. Thus everything is endued with life, no accessory detail, no fold of the dress is superfluous, the soul of every incident animates every feature of the landscape background as completely as the leading figures, or the dog playing in the foreground, the troops of birds in the heavens belong as much to the subject as the people themselves, every branch of a tree, every blade of grass on the ground, and every article of furniture in the simple dwelling-room assists the general expression. Thus originated pictures uniting such friendly ease with such poetic conception of family happiness as "the Birth of Mary," or "the Rest of the Holy Family in Egypt;" Joseph at work in the court-yard, or Mary spinning by the cradle, surrounded by reverential or rejoicing angels. Other expressive pictures embody an equally profound meaning, the betrothal of Mary, the flight of the Holy Family, which shows us how joy and comfort may penetrate even the veil of sorrow, whilst the most affecting tragedy is pictured in Christ's farewell to His mother.

Dürer took the same interest in the world of thought, and in the intellectual struggles of his nation, as in its home life. Whilst the sale of indulgences was still carried on, and even before Luther raised his warning voice against this abuse, Dürer represented in the engraving of the "Prodigal Son," a most touching picture of true repentance and remorseful contrition. Another group of interesting engravings belongs to the years 1513 and 1514. Just at that period a change set in the matters of faith. Knowledge and learning, whilst ever on the increase, became the indirect cause of doubt and dissension. This state of feeling gave rise to Dürer's famous drawing of "Melancholia" (1514); a dark, thoughtful woman, seated between the utensils of labour and of knowledge, and in whom the "Faust" element of the time, "where much wisdom is, there is sorrow," received its expression. In contrast to this picture of unsatisfied sadness experienced by the mind bent on investigation, the artist represented the happy peace of the believing mind in the wonderful figure of the Holy Hieronymus; who is seated, studying, in his comfortable chamber, while the morning sun shines in at the window, and casts the shadow of

the circular sash upon the walls. A year previously, "the horseman," one of his most thoughtful pictures, was painted: two dismal companions, death and the devil, attach themselves to the armed horseman in the dark valley through which he is riding, he, however, by dint of manly courage and confidence in God, pursues his course without trembling. It is probable that the conception of Luther's hymn, "A sure stronghold our God is," was taken from this drawing.

It was the custom of the age to delight in representations of dances or death and similar delineations of the transitory nature of life and of the power of death, Dürer had frequently selected such subjects, but he here imparted a new meaning to the same material, by showing the spirit which could triumph over the unconquerable fate.

Meanwhile his fame was constantly on the increase, and his position was respected both at home and abroad. In the year 1509, he became a member of the Town Council; and at the same time he took the house near the Imergarten gate, in which he dwelt for the remainder of his life, and which is still visited as the Dürer house. His personal appearance was very stately as is evident from his portrait, in the Pinakothek at Munich, the modern inscription on this gives the date 1500, although it was, no doubt, painted several years later. He here stands before us dressed in fur-coat, with long curling hair, parted in the middle, and a thick light beard, while an expression of noble manliness, deep earnestness, and quiet composure rests upon his features. He looks like the man of whom Pirkheimer boasts, that genius, talent, and art, with manliness, truth, and honesty were united in him. Another portrait, which cannot now be traced, painted on transparent linen, Dürer sent as a greeting to the greatest Italian master, Raphael, whose name had reached his ear; Raphael received the gift with admiration, and sent several drawings in return, amongst this a study of male figures, now in the Albertina at Vienna, the value of which is now enhanced by Dürer's autograph inscription of the year 1515. "Raphael of Urbino, who has received high honours from the Pope, drew this picture of the nude and sent it to Albrecht Dürer at Nuremberg, as a specimen of his style." Another example of Dürer's religious art is the characteristic likeness of his aged master, Michael Wohlgemuth, now in the Pinakothek at Munich, and painted in 1516, three years before the death of the master's.

Dürer became increasingly acknowledged as one of the leaders of his nation, whilst his friendship with Pirkheimer brought him into contact with the most celebrated learned men and humanists of the day, whenever they visited Nuremberg. Many German princes esteemed and valued him, and although only one, Frederick the Wise of Saxony, ordered large pictures from him, several princes gave him commissions for work of various kinds. Cardinal Albert of Brandenburg, Archbishop of Mainz, employed him to draw his portrait on copper in the year 1519, and gave him for it two hundred guldens, with twenty yards of damask for a cloak. This was the beautiful and well-known engraving, called "the little Cardinal." The Emperor ordered a series of works from him; amongst various engravings and allegorical glorifications of the emperor, carried out in accordance with the programme given by learned friends, the most celebrated examples are: "Maximilian's gate of honour," a large picture consisting of twenty-nine plates; a number of sheets composing part of the "triumphal procession" of Maximilian, afterwards completed by Burghmair and others, and lastly, the large "triumphal chariot" drawn with aid from his pupils, and executed in engraving in 1522, afterwards copied by pupils as a wall panel for the town-hall at Nuremberg. The pillars, cupolas and decorations of the triumphal arch, with the female figures, marching in procession by the side of the chariot, are amongst the most brilliant evidences of the fact, that Dürer had gradually adopted the style of the Italian Renais-

sance, while the magnificent grouping of the whole arrests the attention of the spectator; yet such representations, in which the artist followed the allegorical taste of the learned, by suiting his drawing to their elaborate directions, and rendering every detail capable of an intellectual explanation, are not nearly so deserving of our admiration as those works, in which the artist simply expresses his own feelings, and moves in his ordinary sphere. Another work, executed for the Emperor, is more attractive, the marginal drawings in Maximilian's prayer-book now in the library in Munich. There the humour of the master had full play. A hundred fanciful figures are seen amongst decorated arabesques, graceful and intelligent heads are joined to strange animal bodies, personages from the Holy Scriptures appear amongst the leaves of plants and the cups of flowers, in company with beings from ancient lore, or from common life, and in the midst of scenes, calculated to awaken devotion, we find playful or exciting episodes. Thus these pencil drawings are like a musical accompaniment to the text, expressive of pageantry or of feeling, at one time noisy, and at another gay and cheerful. Finally, as a decoration to the Emperor's sword-hilt, Dürer engraved a crucifixion on a very small tablet of gold; of this a few choice and rare copies were taken.

Dürer met the Emperor for the last time at the Diet of Augsburg in 1518, and sketched him, seated in his little room in the Pfalz, as appears from an inscription on a copied drawing in the Albertina. The portrait in the Belvedere at Vienna, from the same sketch, dates from the year 1519, in the beginning of which the Emperor died, and when Dürer issued his half-length portrait of his "dear prince" in wood-engraving.

Meanwhile Luther had arisen, and his kindling words exercised a powerful influence upon Dürer, whose mind had long been prepared for the reception of those sentiments which found their expression in the bold monk. The enthusiasm with which the Master embraced these views is shown in a letter written by him, in 1520, to Spalatin, the chaplain of Frederick the Wise, in which he presents his respectful thanks to the Elector for the gift of Luther's book, and further begs that he may be permitted to offer his salutations to the worthy Dr. Martin, in gratitude for the Christian truths contained in it, on which he sets a higher value than on all the possessions and power of this world. He hopes that God will enable him to see Luther, that he may take a sketch for a copper engraving which shall serve as a lasting remembrance of the Christian man, who has helped him out of deep anguish, and begs that he may be allowed to buy any future works written by Dr. Martin Luther in German. When, a year later, Dürer, on his journey to the Netherlands, heard of Luther's capture on his return from Worms, and concluded that this was the doing of enemies, his sorrow and anger burst forth in the most passionate manner in laments over the man whom God had endowed with such an evangelical spirit.

This journey into the Netherlands marks a new and important epoch in Dürer's life. He started in the summer of 1520, and this time not alone, but accompanied by his wife and his maid Susannah. His short daily summary enables us to follow him on his journey, which was hindered whilst on German Ground, by numerous interruptions at Custom houses, from which he was only occasionally spared by passes from bishops and nobles. These written notices are supplemented by pencil-sketches, many of which are still in the Albertina at Vienna, and in the collection of the Duke d'Aumale and of M. Ambroise Firmin-Didot in Paris. The painter remained for the longest time in Antwerp, where he was warmly welcomed by the artists and by

the most exalted personages in the city, he was received with distinguished attention by the viceregent Margaret who, however, had no personal appreciation of his artistic gifts. He witnessed the entrance of Charles V. into Antwerp, and the coronation of this monarch in Aix la Chapelle, and after great difficulty obtained from the Emperor the confirmation of the settlement, granted to him by the deceased Maximilian from the state funds of Nuremberg, in consideration of the numerous works he had undertaken in the service of the Emperor. He afterwards returned to Antwerp, where he spent a pleasant winter, surrounded by agreeable society. He admired the magnificent cities of Flanders, with their art-treasures, "they have plenty of money," he remarked, "and, in such matters, spare no expense." He saw and accorded his tribute of admiration to the pictures of van Eyck, Rogier von der Weyden, and Mabuse, without his style receiving any further influence from these masters. He became acquainted with the celebrated Erasmus whose portrait he took, he associated with fellow-artists, visited the house of Quentin Matsys met with Joachim Patenier in society, and formed an intimacy with Lucas van Leyden; he was further entertained by the Court Painter Bernhard von Orley in Brussels at an expensive banquet, which Dürer estimated at the cost of ten florins. During Carnival, he was present at banquets given in his honour, and took a part in the masquerades. The latter part of his journey was saddened by illness, yet he undertook fresh excursions in the more favourable season of the year, and only returned home to Nuremberg in the summer of 1521.

He probably received the commission on his way homewards for an altar-piece, which he finished in 1523, and which was formerly in the Jabach Chapel in Cologne. Its two inner panels, with figures of Saints, are now in the Pinakothek in Munich, while the outer panels with representations of Job and the players are partly in the Städel Collection in Frankfurt, and partly in the Museum at Cologne. Although more rapidly designed than his other works, the details of their execution strikingly resemble the technicalities of Dutch art. No account remains of any central picture. Dürer found on his return that the narrow limit of his home life had become increasingly unfavourable for his artistic career. Germany was thrown into excitement by religious discussions, and the Reformation, by which Dürer was deeply affected, excluded him from many branches of activity. Yet he continued to work with increasing energy, and took the greatest delight in representations of the Crucifixion, the Last Supper, and single figures of the Apostles. Several pictures of St. Christopher are almost the only pictures of Saints of the early church drawn by him at this time; these appear as if Dürer, like Luther, treated the subject symbolically, as "a picture of what a Christian should be," who carries his Saviour "through the raging sea, the world." He then engraved a number of fine heads on copper, then, in 1524, a second likeness of Albrecht of Brandenburg, afterwards Frederick the Wise, and Pyrkheimer, in 1526 Erasmus of Rotterdam, and in the same year, Melanchthon, who had come to Nuremberg for the purpose of establishing a protestant school, and was much esteemed by Dürer. His subjects were thus principally those men, on whom the eyes of the nation were turned during this period of struggle and revolution. Dürer's wish to take a portrait of Luther, remained unfortunately unfulfilled.

He increasingly devoted his time to theoretic studies. He was amongst the first who had brought the Italian Renaissance into Germany, and had adopted and imitated its architectural and ornamental forms, seldom alone, but with additions from the mediaeval style. But he did not fail to perceive that for this end as well as for acquaintance with the human figure, a thorough study was necessary such as could be obtained in Italy, but not, at that time, in Germany. He

therefore studied the theoretic works of the Italians, and by means of perseverance acquainted himself with a branch of art, previously neglected in Germany. In the year 1525, his first theoretic work appeared: "Instructions in measurement with the circle and ruler," while the most important of his works, "Four books on human proportions," was only issued after his death. These endeavours completed the labours and struggles which had marked the life of Dürer. He was always endeavouring to free art from the trammels with which it was bound in his land, and yet he clung with firm attachment, to every feature of domestic life. But, even from the beginning, he infused new vigour in art, and the new element which he introduced, and which widened the scope hitherto permitted by the rules of mediaeval art appeared firstly in the subjects of his works, and secondly in their technical style. This style was animated by his original spirit, and by degrees, the master overcame the stiff and ungraceful conventionalities of mediaeval art. In this achievement he was assisted by his theoretic studies, although he owed still more to his intimate acquaintance with nature. He examined her mysteries with an ever clearer and truer gaze, and, although not without a struggle, he tore aside the veil of fancy, through which it had been customary to view her in the work.

He never made his success an excuse for relaxation of effort, and never failed from want of perseverance, in carrying out his ideas. His earnest endeavours, and the firm control which he had gained over himself, are shown in Dürer's beautiful words, as quoted by Melancthon. "In my youth I loved bright and gay colouring, and rejoiced in the variety of my own performances, but, in later years, I began to study nature, and attempted to imitate her original countenance. I then learned that simplicity is the first requirement of art, and, in my difficulty in attaining it, I sighed in the contemplation of my works and of their imperfections." He further enunciates his artistic creed. "Do not depart from nature, in the idea that you can surpass her, for you will be mistaken. Art truly lies concealed in nature, and can only be found there."

Two of his last pictures, dating from the year 1526, are practical illustrations of this precept, especially the head of the grey-haired Hieronymus Holzschuher, with its expressive eyes and long white hair and beard; in this picture, although, in accordance with the style of early art, every hair is painted separately, and the brush is handled almost like a drawing-pencil, the artistic position and grouping far surpass his earlier works. The same boldness of style in combination with artistic treatment, the perfect arrangement of the subject, the graceful draperies and masterly execution, which fully reconcile us to the few more rigid characteristics which remain, are displayed in the two pictures of "the four Apostles and Evangelists" in the Pinakothek at Munich. Here Dürer appears at the height of his intellectual and artistic power. Evidently as his last testament, he gave these pictures to his native city, which, however, was not ashamed to part with them to the Duke Maximilian of Bavaria, in the following century. Before Peter, whose eyes are resting on the pages of a book, stands the noble figure of John, whose features with their thoughtful and sweet expression bear an idealised resemblance to Melancthon, of whom Dürer had made an engraving in the same year. At their side stand Mark, with flashing eyes, and Paul, the hero of the faith, with the fire, energy, and determination of a Luther. The inscriptions, which must have been cut off when these drawings came into the hands of the catholic Princes, were directed against false prophets, but, as well as the pictures themselves, embodied a simple confession of faith removed from either extreme: Dürer himself objected to the excesses practised by Protestant zealots, and especially by the iconoclasts. Thus, in these days of excitement, he represented the true witnesses of the Most High.

These were Dürer's last paintings; his time henceforward was entirely devoted to theoretic works, and he was attacked more seriously by the disease, which had never quite left him since his journey to the Netherlands. He died on the 6th of April, 1528, and was buried in his father-in-law's fault in the churchyard of St. John, mourned by the noblest and best throughout Germany, of whatever position and opinion. His wife inherited his property, which amounted to about 6,000 florins. A number of his pupils, none of whom equalled him in talent and knowledge, carried on his plans. As a painter, probably he was most nearly approached by Hans Wagner of Culmbach, who had painted the beautiful "Tucher Altar" for the Church of St. Sebald, in 1513. For dexterity in handicraft, Hans Schüffelein, afterwards in Nördlingen, was more celebrated. In the union of Italian influence with Dürer's style, Barthel Beham and George Penez were most renowned, the former was especially active in the painting of expressive ecclesiastical pictures, the latter was a master in portraiture. Both masters, and with them the younger Hans Sebald Beham, Aldegrever, a Westphalian, and Altdorfer from Bavaria, were industrious engravers on copper, and on account of the small value of their works, were called the "little masters." They were most successful in ornamental decoration, or in representations of the life of the people. The original artist, who most nearly approached Dürer, was Hans Baldung Grien, of Suabia, who painted the magnificent high altar in the cathedral at Freiburg; he afterwards lived in Strasburg, and displayed his wealth of fancy especially in wood-engraving. At the end of the 16th century, as Dürer's work became increasingly sought after, a special school arose at Nuremberg of his copiers and imitators, including John Fischer, Juvenel, and others. But his influence was not confined to his native land. His original ideas, which were circulated by means of copper and wood engraving, became, even for the great Italian masters, a source from which they could draw inspiration. Thus Andrea del Sarto borrowed figures from scenes from the Passion and from the life of Mary for his frescoes in the Court of Scalzo.

To us Albrecht Dürer appears as the artist in whom the German character has found its most perfect expression.

We admire not only his artistic skill, but also his genius and his character. In one of the greatest and most eventful epochs of German history, the opinions of the whole nation found their expression in his works, as in those of no other artist. With his intelligence was united warm religious conviction and moral integrity. His whole being was pervaded by his depth of thought, and, if he sometimes showed an inclination towards the strange and the fantastic, this was modified by the healthy humour, the popular originality, and the straightforward cheerfulness which characterised his whole tone of mind. A childlike simplicity of feeling was united with that vigorous mental power, which was especially admirable as displayed in his perseverance in overcoming the difficulties which beset his rough pathway to fame.

A. W.



A Ostade

ADRIAN VAN OSTADE.

Adrian van Ostade resembles, in many respects, the artist Brouwer, but, in other respects, presents a striking contrast to him.

The earlier received details respecting this erratic and original master have been proved, in later times, to be false and have been replaced by the very imperfect data which truth supplies. It is generally stated that he was born, in 1610, at Lübeck, and died, at Amsterdam, in 1685. Both dates appear to be correct, but his birth, as well as his death, took place in Haarlem, this leading master of the Dutch School was therefore a born Dutchman. The year of his birth cannot be ascertained by written documents, as his name does not occur in any register of baptism, probably because he, like several other of his fellow citizens who bore the same name, belonged to the sect of the Anabaptists. Yet the assumption that he was born in 1610, is confirmed with a certain amount of credibility by an old piece of handwriting on an outline portrait of himself in the possession of Dr. Van der Willigen. His Haarlem origin is undoubtedly proved by the artist's signature in the marriage register on the occasion of his first marriage, as "Yongman van Haerlem" (Bachelor of Haerlem) an expression which, according to colloquial and established custom, indicates the place of birth.

In the year 1636, Ostade was elected a member of the militia of Haarlem. On the 26th of July, 1638, he married Machtelgen Vietersen, who was soon, however, taken from him by death, as her funeral was registered on the 27th of September 1642. He then married again, but where and whom, is not known; his second wife also died before him and was buried on the 24th of November, 1666. He naturally belonged to the Painters' Guild of Haarlem, and between the years 1647 and 1662, he took part in its administration. He was dean of the guild for the year 1662, a fact which at once contradicts the erroneous accounts given by the old biographies, of his flight in that year to Amsterdam in order to escape from the French, with whom, however, Holland was not at that time at war. Ostade died in his native town, on the 27th of April, 1685, and was buried on the 2nd of May. All that can be gathered or inferred respecting his external circumstances indicates prosperity, and taking into account the great fertility of his genius (the number of his pictures amounts to upwards of four hundred), this supposition appears probable.

Adrian van Ostade is one of the most interesting of masters, both as regards the character and the development of his art. He has little appreciation for beauty of form and grace of movement, and at times even appears to cultivate ugliness. But he understands how to represent the poetic and artistic element of the class of life, to which he devotes his energies, as he depicts almost exclusively the joys and sorrows of the lower classes. His conception is genial, he treats

his subjects with delicacy and subtlety, and enlivens them with refreshing touches of honour. His genius is less erratic than that of Brouwer, and rounds off all his pictures with artistic care, he creates finished works, and not only spirited sketches and designs for pictures. His incomparable *chiar' oscuro* is an important element in his artistic effects, and in this he approaches his great master Rembrandt. The narrow range of his art deprives him of universal sympathy, but in his own sphere he is great, and even unapproachable. The value of his individual pictures is, however, unequal, and his works display the various phases of the rise and fall of Dutch art, through half a century and more.

The productions of the first ten years of his artistic life have been until lately entirely overlooked, but they can now be traced from year to year by dated pictures, of the years 1630, or 1632 to 1639, and by about thirty undated works in the same style. At that period at which he began to sign himself A. van Ostade, he was entirely under the influence of the great Haarlem master Franz Hals, who prepared and pointed out the way for so many Dutch artists. The pictures of this period present a strongly marked contrast in conception and treatment to those of later periods. The ruling element of the picture is rough, rather than agreeable, the scenes are more lively and extravagant than in his later works, and the individual character, afterwards so carefully cultivated, is subordinate to the general effect. But he soon frees himself from the constrained style of his early years, and painted with lightness and freedom, in a cool and bright tone which gradually improved in excellence, while through his work may be traced the style of a *chiar' oscuro* then unknown to the Haarlem school. This prepared him for the reception of the important influences of a greater master, the greatest of the century, viz. Rembrandt, before whom even Hals was not able to preserve an unchanged individuality.

This influence began to make itself felt as early as 1638, decidedly before 1640. It is an interesting task to trace its first indications in a picture in the Museum at Brunswick, representing the call of the Shepherds. Rembrandt's conception and treatment of Biblical subjects was so new, and yet exercised so overpowering an influence over contemporary art, that many of the most eminent artists who were in the habit of painting in other styles, for a time imitated Rembrandt's manner of treatment as well as his selection of subjects; this picture might have been a direct copy from Rembrandt. The treatment of Sacred subjects in their traditional grandeur and impressiveness, without regard to their historical or religious import, originated exclusively with Rembrandt, and even Ostade could not succeed in vulgarising such representations. But he manifested a special aptitude for Rembrandt's wonderful *chiar' oscuro*, the most recent innovation in art, and he soon applied his new acquisition to the subjects which lay nearest to his heart and in which he most excelled; thus preserving in his corruption of subjects his own special characteristics, although the influence of Rembrandt have had an injurious effect upon his originality.

Succeeding years brought with them a greater richness of execution and a deeper development of tone, until he succumbed to old age, to which so many masters have owed the cold and lifeless tone of their later works. He followed the current of Dutch art, the downward course of which was already perceptible, although in the time of his greatest activity, and as the result in no small degree, of his own efforts, it had reached its highest point of excellence. B. M.



F. Van Mieris

FRANZ VAN MIERIS.

Franz van Mieris (the elder) was by far the most eminent of the scholars and pupils of Gerard Dow. He was born on the 16th (or the 10th) of April, 1635, at Leyden (or, according to some accounts, at Delfth). His father, a rich goldsmith, apprenticed him to the glass-painter Abraham Torenvliet, and he afterwards made such progress in the atelier of Gerard Dow, that that painter declared him to be the prince of scholars. Perhaps in the hope of surpassing his master, Mieris devoted some time to the study of historical painting under Adrien van den Tempel, yet his inclination and talent for small genre subjects led him back to Dow. In all important respects he is not far behind his master, but his works are not so thoroughly harmonized as those of Dow, he, however, exaggerated the small details of his pictures. His productions were very numerous. More than a hundred and forty pictures, by his own hand, are known to exist, a large number considering that his life was not long, as he died at Leyden, on the 12th of March, 1681.

He decidedly surpassed his master, Dow, in one particular; in the versatility of his genius. The episode with van Tempel is an illustration of this. His predilection for representations of upper class life may be referred to the influences exercised over him by the art of Metzu, while a certain touch of humour may have been transmitted to him from Jan Steen.

Mieris was, if possible, held in higher estimation than Dow and received large sums for his works. The Archduke, Leopold William, endeavoured, but in vain, to attach Mieris to his service. That highly cultivated prince is said to have paid a thousand guildens (about £84) for a picture which he had ordered, representing a gentleman bargaining with a young woman about some cloth. This picture was dated 1660, and is now in the Belvedere at Vienna, it is unusually large for Mieris. A second picture, in the same place, representing a physician feeling the pulse of a young man in bed, is pervaded by peculiar warmth of feeling; it was painted in 1656, when the master had only attained his twenty-first year, and shows how early he had reached the zenith of his power.

Other very interesting pictures, to be found principally at Munich, Dresden, Florence, and St. Petersburg, are as follows: "The patient," in Munich; two pictures of the artist himself, in his atelier, in one with his wife, in the other with a connoisseur looking at an unfinished picture; at Dresden, the justly famed Tinker, conceived with astonishing freedom and inventive humour; this is his master-piece. Then a large picture, "The Quack Doctor," in the Uffizi at

Florence is of like importance. His largest portrait representing himself and his family is also in the gallery.

By his wife Eurina van Derkok, he had one son William Mieris, who was his scholar and imitator in art, and was born at Leyden in 1662, and died at a great age in 1747. William van Mieris carried elaboration of detail to an extent which rendered his paintings insipid and artificial, while the sphere of his art became very contracted. He married, in the winter of 1648, Agnes Chapman, who died in 1744, after a union of sixty years. He had three children, among whom was a son Franz van Mieris (the younger) (1689—1763) with whom the talent of the school finally died out.

B. M.

GABRIEL METZU.

Through the malice of old biographers who have exercised the utmost freedom in slander, but few particulars of Metzu's life, and those mostly false, have been transmitted to us; thus his fame has not attained the celebrity merited by his splendid and manifold talents. The year commonly given as that of his birth, also that of his death, 1615, and 1658, or thereabout, are incorrect. Metzu was born at Leyden in 1630, was received, in 1648, into the guild of St. Luke in his native town, migrated a few years later to Amsterdam, and died there, after the year 1667 as proved by the fact that pictures of that date still exist. (The date 1667 is inscribed on the little full length portrait of a lady, in the Gallery van Loon at Amsterdam.)

Exact information is wanting respecting his instructors in the art of painting, yet the course of education which he underwent may be conjectured with some probability from his works. It cannot be doubted that before he came to Amsterdam, he enjoyed the instruction of Frans Hals in Haarlem, which was near his native city. His earliest pictures point decidedly to this original, particularly a group of portraits with four life-size figures, in a private gallery at Utrecht, also one of the principal pictures of his best period, the May-pole, in the Pinakothek at Munich, shows the influence of this master. But Metzu early devoted himself to the study of a greater master, Rembrandt, whose art may be recognised as the origine of many pictures in Metzu's middle period. In these pictures the artist treated historic subjects; yet he had already manifested special and eminent talent for genre painting, and his effective chiar' oscuro recalls the works of his fellow pupils Peter de Hooghe and Jan van der Meer of Delft. He commenced work, as an independent painter, in the year 1656.

"Metzu," says W. Bade in his apt and exhaustive remarks, "carries out to the utmost, in genre painting, the principles of Rembrandt, and therefore to him, next in order to Jan Steen, belongs the first place among the genre painters of Holland. The same breadth of conception is seen in all his paintings which breathe the deepest feeling, and the most cheerful repose. His persons represented from the lower classes seem to take as much pleasure in work as in the joys of the table and of love; his scenes from more distinguished life represent the fullest charm of highborn grace, without the cold atmosphere of the 'salon,' his family portraits lead us into the most characteristic details of a happy, self-enclosed world; while in his pictures of busy life, he manifests either the most genuine humour, or in touching the tragic side of human life the

deepest feeling, free from all modern sentiment. His conceptions are borne out by his treatment and execution, his drawing being more finished than that of any other Dutch painter. His composition is very carefully studied and classic in its repose, but always natural. Although in many of his pictures, he yields nothing in detailed execution to Gerard Dow, his touch remains free and light; his colouring is warm and life-like; in the harmonious blending of local tints he stands on the same level as G. Terburg, but surpasses that artist in the wonderful *chiar' oscuro*, with which he invests all that he represents."

B. M.

GIORGIONE.

It was owing to his imposing appearance and his large heartedness that Giorgio Barbarelli obtained the nick-name of Giorgione, for in Italian the termination *one* signifies large. Vasari, the biographer of the artists of the 16th century, tells us that Giorgione was so called "both on account of his size and the greatness of his mind," and that "though he was of humble origin, his manners were those of a gentleman, and he always proved himself worthy of affection." He was born in 1417, at Castelfranco in the district of Treviso. After he had studied at the school of Giovanni Bellini in Venice, he returned to Castelfranco, being commissioned by a Captain Constanzi to paint a picture of the Virgin, with St. Liberale and St. Francis, for the principal church of his native town. Shortly after completing it, however, he went back to settle in Venice. Vasari tells us that Giorgione was addicted to love affairs, and that his playing on the lute was so excellent, and his singing so wonderful, that he obtained many invitations to the musical parties of distinguished people.

Giorgione's life was full of enjoyment and social pleasures, notwithstanding his pursuit of art, and the activity to which he was urged by his thirst for fame; it was also enriched by his passionate love for a beautiful woman, with whom he must have been living at Venice, when he was attacked by the plague which carried him off in the prime of life in the year 1511. And here we have a true picture of a child of the Renaissance. An outwardly and inwardly thoroughly developed personality, unrestrained indulgence in all the pleasures of life, a faculty for representing in art all the fulness of existence, and finally a sudden end in the full vigour of the power both of creating and enjoying.

It is very difficult for us in these days to form an idea of those paintings of Giorgione which so charmed his contemporaries. Little of his work indeed exists at the present day, for much of it was executed in a mechanical style for sale, and was not preserved; his fantastic fresco paintings in private houses as well as those which he executed in the German trading house by the Rialto, when it was restored after the fire of 1504, have long been destroyed. Few of the many so-called Giorgiones in Italian and foreign galleries, have any right to the name. In Italy little remains besides that picture painted in his youth at Castelfranco; indeed the only other picture in any gallery of importance is the group of three half-figures, in the Palazzo Pitti at Florence, called "The concert." Two priests and a young cavalier, evidently portraits, were so grouped by the artist as to give a decided interest to the picture. The younger of the priests is playing the harpsichord, and the powerful harmonies he produces singularly affect both him

and his companions, and give an expression of exalted emotion to these finely conceived characters. This picture set the example for that style of painting so common in the Venetian school at a later period: It contains no dramatic action: the interest is entirely in the simply grouped but extremely life-like figures, which, notwithstanding their quiet attitudes, we feel to be full of suppressed passion and strong emotion. Such pictures lead us to reflect, and have a curious fascination for us; the common feeling which unites the characters, seems peculiar, and our imagination endeavours to trace its origin, we seem to have glimpses into deep natures and strange doctrines. What an intensity of life Giorgione gives his figures, and at the same time what an air of calm majesty, as if he had conceived them for eternity! The charm which he thereby produces is enhanced by the beauty of the colouring in which he employs all the means of which Bellini was a master, with still greater richness and more truth in the flesh tones, while he attains such a softness and delicacy in the transitions that all outline, as such, disappears, though, through the perfection of the modelling and the strength of the shadows, the plastic freshness of the figures appears in still more effective relief. Two pictures in German Galleries will serve to show the sphere of Giorgione.

The "Greeting between Jacob and Rachel" in the Dresden Gallery, a rural idyll executed on a large scale, pervaded by a singular naive sincerity of feeling, and imbued with a sentiment of quiet, cheerful happiness to which all the rich tones of the landscape contribute, and in contradiction to the above a painting in the Belvedere in Vienna, in which two half-figures represent by the simplest means a lively dramatic incident—the murderous assault of a man in armour upon a handsome youth crowned with vineleaves. It is weird and horrible, painted with the whole force of the palette, and the contrast between the gloomy shadow which falls on the man attacking from behind, and the full light thrown on the form of the youth is very effective.

Another painting Giorgione in the same gallery—three philosophers in a landscape—was only finished after his death by his pupil Sebastiano del Piombo, whose chief works were afterwards executed in Rome, where he endeavoured to combine the style of Michael Angelo with the colouring of the Venetian school.



Jacopo Palma,
genannt il vecchio.

PALMA IL VECCHIO.

We know very little with certainty concerning the life of Jacob Palma. He was born at Serinalto in the district of Bergamo, probably in the year 1480, and went in his early youth to Venice, where he spent his life in the study and pursuit of art; his death, according to the notices of his life which appear most trustworthy, occurred about the year 1548. He was called Palma il Vecchio—Palma the elder—to distinguish him from his nephew Jacopo Palma il Giovine—the younger—whose works belong to the latter half of the 16th century, when the Venetian art-period was already in its decline. Palma was trained in the school of Bellini, but he became a follower of Giorgione, who had shortly before left that school and advanced a step towards a new conception of the art of painting. Palma is a sufferer through his great prototype in the eyes of posterity. Many of his chief pictures in Galleries were, or are, called Giorgiones; for instance the life-like portrait of himself in fur, in the Pinakothek at Munich, the fine figures of Adam and Eve, in the Brunswick Gallery, the fantastic "Storm at Sea," in the Academy at Venice (though these three pictures were described as works of Palma in the 16th century); and finally the idyllic concert in a landscape in the Louvre. Vasari does not consider Palma at all an extraordinary man, but he praises his industry, his conscientiousness, and his delicate colouring. There is no injustice in this limited praise.

Palma does not rank as a genius of the first order in the history of art, but as a man of great talent, who strove in his own way to hold the ground which had been gained by Genius, and even to extend its boundary in one direction. His heads are fine, but somewhat monstrous in character. His colouring is not quite so rich as Giorgione's, but it is transparent and a golden light pervades his pictures.

In Palma too we have less of severe grandeur than in Giorgione, but in its place there is a vein of cheerfulness and geniality. He also chooses scenes of quiet life, in which the ground tone is generally idyllic—he places his lovely recumbent woman, called a Venus, and his groups of the Madonnas surrounded by Saints,—in soft summer landscapes. He is nowhere so poetic, however, as in his groups of beautiful Venetian women, especially in the picture of his three daughters in the Dresden Gallery. What a representation of Magnificence and luxury we have here, and what a dreamy charm, with a touch of sensuality, it is true, but this is redeemed by the pervading air of nobility.

In conclusion we will say that whoever has seen Palma's picture of Saint Barbara, the centre of the altar piece in the church of Santa Maria Formosa at Venice, must be convinced, by the surpassing beauty of this picture, that he was capable of reaching the sublime in art.

REMBRANDT.

Rembrandt has been rightly called the greatest liar among painters. It may, however, be added that this greatest liar was, at the same time, the most original, the most poetic, and the most artistic of painters; he can be compared with no other artist, and when contrasted with others, stands out the more conspicuously in his own individuality.

Rembrandt was, in a special sense, the leader and representative of Dutch art. All the political, social, and artistic influences which assisted his education, bore in him their ripest and rarest fruit. The elements which formed the life of newly-awakened Holland were united in him to an extent, in comparison with which, Raphael's reproduction of Italian life and art appears but an external gloss. In Rembrandt "the elements cannot be separated from the whole;" his works exhibit no trace of special influences distinguishing successive periods; he assimilates all influences, and develops from them new and unforeseen combinations, in which the beholder may recognize the original elements, without being initiated into the mysterious process of creation, or ceasing to wonder at the result. Raised above the level of his contemporaries, he presented to the world productions of incomparable and unequalled genius, bearing no trace of analogy with those of any other painter.

The birth of Rembrandt took place at a time when a preliminary truce had terminated the heroic struggle of the United Provinces for civil and religious liberty (1609). For forty years this conflict had demanded unprecedented exertions and sacrifices from the nation, but had also served to develop noble capacities and had brought into prominence many brilliant and honourable men. The enthusiastic impulse of newly-awakened patriotism produced, in accordance with the known law of culture, and under the protection of a well-regulated liberty, the most splendid blossoms of intellectual life; a life which attained its culmination in the generation of artists who were contemporary with Rembrandt and for the first time in a position to enjoy the influences of newly won freedom. This powerful impulse was maintained by the force of general opinion arising from the consciousness of natural greatness and laudable enthusiasm. To these circumstances the art of the day owed its special character and development.

The Dutch, although without any fixed organization, had carried on an obstinate contest with the most powerful nation in the world, and had been successful in the struggle. Such a work was only accomplished by the union of courageous conviction with complete self-surrender to the highest aims, and individual fidelity in their accomplishment. Every citizen was a man, every man a hero; such was the character of public life in Holland during this

momentous period. All narrowing influences were forced to disappear, and, where personal conviction was concerned, no absolute authority had any claim to civil or religious jurisdiction. The aggregation of able individuals gave to the burgher commonwealth its power, and the corporations of various cities attained their unity of action only by means of free and voluntary alliance.

The ideal of national life was not therefore concentrated in prominent individual characters but was maintained amongst the burghers by the active share taken by every citizen in council for the common weal. In this little republic, fortune and circumstances combined to produce a desirable result. The great historical movements of the day were regarded by common consent, but as means to an end, which consisted in the general welfare, the happiness of peaceful domestic life, and the free and dignified existence of every individual. The Dutch burghers, in the proud consciousness of invincibility, and in the complacent satisfaction resulting from tested worth and hard-won happiness, paid great attention to the details of private life, by means of which the commonwealth had become great. Art followed in the direction so clearly indicated by the national character. It devoted itself to the representation of the manifold situations of home life, in the various classes of society. It depicted in portraiture the inmost soul of those defiant personages who united the honesty of the industrious burgher with the important gravity of the statesman and warrior. It immortalized great events by adorning town halls with pictures of the public assemblies, whose decisions influenced the important acts of the nation while, by representations of the gay tournament, or of the Council of the Guilds and Corporations it suggested the grave dignity of a nation of burgher heroes.

But the motive power of Dutch life was a respect for reality. The resolute countenance, the fearless glance, and the energetic bearing, which meet us in all the portraits of the day, declare plainly that sounding phrases and trifling fancies played no part in the acts and decisions of these men, who dealt only with facts, and fixed their minds on practical results. In the midst of their struggles for individual independence and for the consolidation of public liberty, they sought to lay the foundations of a universal justice, which should even mitigate the horrors of war; they initiated a science of state policy, which, being established on sound principle, should allow free scope to the influence of individual action; and they prepared the way for the philosophic system of Spinoza which culminated in a moral code of stern severity and heroic magnanimity.

Art would have missed its aim, had it neglected to follow this practical impulse towards truth. It had already been influenced by that realism which characterised even the earliest developments of Northern art, but which had now become free from the outward restraints imposed upon it two hundred years before by the absolute dominion of a transcendental class of subjects (that of religious representation). Art now became adapted to the representation of the natural aspects of human life and sentiment. As the practical sense of the people did not exclude deep feeling and honourable pride, so the impulse of art towards the conception and representation of realities was not inconsistent with a certain idealism. A style opposed to superficiality successfully contended with the vagaries of common naturalism, and the Dutch artists were the first to discover the poetry of colour and chiar' oscuro. This poetic sentiment imparted a special character to their style of art. "It may be asserted of Rembrandt," says Anton Springer, "that by means of his colouring he became as idealistic as were the great Italians, by their perfect mastery of form."

This poetic element also formed a connection between the art of Holland and the artistic developments of neighbouring countries. The traditions inherited from Roman soil were twofold. The least eminent Dutch school imitated the grand style of Italian painting, and, like the Flemish school of the same period, fell under the influence of mannerism. This mannerism, however, was not universally accepted, but prolonged a miserable existence by the side of the more healthy national development, until at last, it hastened the downfall of Dutch art.

But the studies of the Dutch painters at Rome produced another useful, although apparently less important result, as was exemplified in the person of Adam Elzheimer (born in 1574 at Frankfurt am Main, died at Rome, in 1620) the most original and celebrated German painter of the century, whose want of self-confidence, resulting from the political degradation of the time and of the nation, condemned him to a life of obscurity. He was led by his feeling for nature and his poetic insight, to inaugurate a new style of painting, which charmed the world, but did not satisfy himself, so that, in spite of the high sums paid by his admirers for his pictures, he could not paint them fast enough to save himself from destitution. He always worked on a small scale, producing microscopic, neatly executed miniatures, representing biblical and mythological subjects, or homely landscapes. The wonderful soundness of composition, and the tone of his pictures, with his peculiar mode of conception and complete absorption in his subject, gave a captivating and bewitching effect to his works, which his scholars in vain sought to imitate. Peter Lastmann, the master of Rembrandt, and Heinrich Count of Gondt, his great forerunner in engraving, belonged to this school, and Rembrandt himself could best understand the deep poetic soul and lofty unsatisfied aims of the great German master, although his impressions of Elzheimer were only derived from an indirect source, and from the examination of the numerous valuable works by this master then existing in Holland. The love of nature, the pure yet strong feeling, the artistic execution of Elzheimer, found their true response in Rembrandt.

This artistic impulse was in union with the traditional national style which in the person of Luik Jacobz (commonly called Lucas van Leyden, after his native town, where he was born in 1494, and died in 1533) had first attempted the representation of the individual and the national, despising all academical rules, and permitting the greatest freedom in the choice of subjects and method of execution. His style was favourably influenced by the healthy discipline of artistic culture.

The last and most important element which affected the rising art of Holland and promoted its richest development, was the influence exerted by the neighbouring Flemish school, which, under Franz Hals and other masters, had attained the perfection of technical skill in the service of unaffected realism.

These remarks apply to Rembrandt and to the whole field of Dutch art. The pioneering work of the greatest of Dutch masters consisted in the combination of the varied existing elements into a new and original whole.

The reputation of Rembrandt, like that of other painters, has suffered from the carelessness of biographers, who, being absorbed by the events of their own day, did not bestow sufficient attention on the past, and sought to conceal their incapacity by means of the scorn and slander which they heaped upon the representatives of past periods. The usual stories related of his life are a tissue of lies and errors, and the ignorance of posterity has frequently misnamed his works. He is supposed to have derived his first ideas of light and shade from the interior of a mill belonging to his father, which is said to have been the scene of his birth and of the games

of his youth. Other similar assertions have been made, and even his name has been under discussion.

In some official catalogues of picture galleries, he is still called "Paul Rembrandt," but this appellation has been proved false. Rembrandt is a common Christian name in Holland, and by this name only he was known, in the same way as Raphael, Lionardo and Titian are called by their Christian names. The family name compounded, according to Dutch custom, from his father's Christian name Harmenszoon (son of Harmen), and the family name, van Rijn, was lost, while the Christian name of Paul must have been coined for him by some person who did not understand the meaning of the name Rembrandt. It is useless to enquire why this person should have fixed on the name Paul, although it has been suggested that the long assumed connection between the two greatest artists of the Netherlands led to the idea of creating a Paul as a pendant to Peter. But another supposition is more probable. The oldest picture of Rembrandt with a date hangs in the Hall of art at Stuttgart, it was painted in the year 1627, and was bought from the Pommersfeld gallery in 1867. This picture represents Peter in prison; the monogram of the master has a superfluous flourish, much resembling the upper stroke of a p. From this, the conclusion was probably derived that the young "Paul" Rembrandt painted his first picture in honour of his patron Saint (the fact that he was not a Catholic being overlooked) and that he placed underneath it an ornamental monogram of his Christian and surname. The assumption rests on no other grounds, and it is now considered a serious error, even in the unlearned to call Rembrandt by the name of Paul.

Our information is less authentic concerning the circumstances of his birth than even concerning his name. Let us transport ourselves to the old Town of Leyden in the year 1600. The town was protected on its left side by a wall, and was entered by a low gateway with two massive towers. Between the wall and a row of houses extended the "Weddesteg," a wide open space on which were built two mills, one standing close to the gate, and the other against the sharp corner of the wall. The various members of the Rembrandt family lived for several generations in the four houses opposite the mill.

Before 1574, the year in which Leyden was besieged by the Spaniards, the grandfather, Gerrit Roelofssoon died, and in this year his widow married the miller Cornelis Claessoon, a near relation of another miller, Claes Cornelissoon, who subsequently, about the year 1600, inhabited the corner house, but in 1581, was still living as servant in the house of his cousin. Lisbeth, with her husband and her children by her first marriage, Harmen (Gerritssoon) and Marijtte (Gerritsdochter) and several other members of the household, were settled in two adjoining houses. In the year 1575, Cornelis and Lisbeth sold their share in the mill near the corner, and built another in the Weddestege, which has just been mentioned as standing near the city gate.

Harmen, who was also a miller by profession, married, on the 8th of October 1589, Nedtgen, daughter of the honest baker, Willem Adriaenssoon van Zuytbrouck and of Lisbeth Cornelisdochter. Soon after, on the 27th of November, Harmen bought of his stepfather half of the second mill, and its furniture, with part of the house standing next to that of his parents, with the piece of ground surrounding it. Here his five elder children were born, Adrien (1590 to about 1654), Gerrit, Machteld, Cornelis (these three died before 1640), and Willem (1597). On the death of the aged Lisbeth, in 1600, Harmen and his sister Marijtte divided their mother's houses between them, Marijtte taking No. 2, and Harmen No. 3, into which he moved with his family. Here two more children were born, Harmen and Lisbeth (Rembrandt Harmenszoon van

Rijn first saw the light on the 15th of June or July 1607. In spite of the contradictory assertions of various authors, this date seems to be fully confirmed by his marriage certificate and by the signature on an engraved portrait of himself. Very little is known about the master's youthful days. As the youngest son of a numerous, although perhaps wealthy family, it could scarcely have been expected that any trouble should be expended on his education, and it was probable that he, like his elder brothers, would be compelled to follow some mercantile profession. But, under the pressure of the great political changes consequent on the reconstruction of the commonwealth, the father considered it a duty to train one of his sons for political life, and therefore, according to the testimony of a contemporary writer, young Rembrandt was sent by his parents to the Latin school, and thence to the academy of Leyden, in order that he might in the future use his knowledge in the service of the city and the republic.

It is not related how long he continued there. It appears that he early divined his future vocation, and, as we hear from the same historian, that his natural inclinations were entirely in the direction of drawing and painting. We do not hear that his family placed any obstacles in his way, when his aspirations were diverted from the narrow circle of home and country to a sphere in which he was to exercise an influence on all succeeding generations. It may be assumed that his father, having already destined him for an exalted career, offered no opposition to his wishes. Artists, at that time, occupied a good position in society, and the profession was highly esteemed in the family of Rembrandt, as is seen from the intimate friendship existing between them and one of the most eminent families of painters.

We can but touch upon a few points in the artistic history of Leyden. In the year 1610, a number of its most distinguished painters presented a petition to the magistrates, alleging that the works of foreign artists were brought into the city free of duty, and afterwards sold.

This protectionist movement cannot be measured by the standard of our own day; the artists of that time were, in their own eyes, as well as in those of the world, members of working guilds, like the guilds of the shoemakers and tailors, and they had to contend with competition, as well as with illiberality. (The artists of Delft had previously presented a petition to the same effect.) The Leyden petition asked for prohibition of the sale of pictures, except at the annual market, and for permission to establish a guild. The first request was granted, the second, however, was refused.

The leader in this transaction was Joris van Schooten, the first master of Jan Livens, and erroneously asserted to have been the master of Rembrandt. Other celebrated artists resided in Leyden, and the honour of being the master of Rembrandt, devolved upon a man whose name would undoubtedly have been lost to fame, had it not gained a reflected light from the greatness of his scholar. This painter belonged to the old and honourable family of Derer van Swanenburch. His father Isaac Chaezoon (latinized Nicolai) van Swanenburch, who is often mentioned as a municipal officer, and as a painter, died in 1614, and left, among ten children, three sons who devoted themselves to art. The eldest of these, Jacob Isaacszoon van Swanenburch, was the first master of Rembrandt.

He was born in 1580, at Leyden, and after studying under his father, went to Italy. He married at Naples, Margherita Cordona, by whom he had four children, and who returned with him in the year 1617 to his native city. His pictures were much sought after during his life-time; one is especially mentioned which hung over the fire-place of a hall in the Rathaus and represented a Biblical subject, with references to the raising of the siege of Leyden, but, with the

exception of a little picture in the gallery at Christiansborg, a reminiscence of his sojourn in Rome, no trace of his works now exists. There is no doubt that he was entirely devoted to the Italianized style of art with which he combined a love for symbolic and allegoric representations. He died on the 17th of October, 1638, at Leyden, not in 1639 at Utrecht, as is generally supposed.

It cannot be ascertained at which period Rembrandt entered the studio of Swanenburch. Artists often began their course of study at an early age, as, for example, Liventz, who became the pupil of Schooten at eight years old, and of Pieter Lastman at ten. But as Rembrandt seems to have remained for some time in the career for which he was at first intended, and to have then formed the independent, but steady resolve of following the artistic profession, he can scarcely have commenced these studies before 1619 or 1620. He remained with Swanenburch for three years.

Although some reflected light may have been cast over this master's name by his Italian wife, there were so many greater artists in Leyden that it is difficult, without the introduction of personal motives, to explain why he was chosen as a master. These personal considerations were founded on close family relationships. The second husband of Rembrandt's grandmother Lisbeth was Cornelis Claeszoon, and the frequent occurrence of this family name in combination with that of Swanenburch, naturally suggests relationship. Also, the cousin of this Claeszoon, the miller Claes Corneliszoon, who lived at the corner of the Weddesteg, married a certain Brechtje Mourijnsdochter van Swanenburch; and this second connection between two families already related, took place exactly in the year of which we are speaking, namely 1620. This is the probable explanation of the arrangement made for the instruction of young Rembrandt.

But happily such men as Rembrandt are not easily moulded into shape. He here gained some useful lessons in technical practice, but his artistic genius was far too exalted to be affected by the power and resources of a Swanenburch.

After three years, according to the afore-named biographer, he had made such progress, that all lovers of art were astonished; and his future eminence could be predicted with certainty. His father therefore determined to send him to the celebrated painter Pieter Lastman at Amsterdam. We cannot now explain the reasons which led to this resolution. Although Lastman occupied a prominent position among the forerunners of Rembrandt, and although, as a follower of Elzheimer, he exercised an important influence over his scholars, he was scarcely sufficiently raised above his contemporaries to deserve a preference which might have been awarded to well-known masters nearer home. Rembrandt remained under his instruction for six months only, and then returned to Leyden, probably about the year 1623. He established himself in his paternal home, and remained there until 1630.

The following years were spent in studies after nature; and already some of his pictures had crept from the sanctuary of his workshop into the world, and had succeeded in founding his fame. But the existing specimens of his work at this early period are few in number, and, for the most part, of doubtful authenticity. Like the "Peter in Prison" already mentioned, they testify the independence and originality of the artist. In the year 1628, Gerrit Douenszoon (Gerard Dow), born in 1613, who, having been apprenticed, at nine years old, to the Engraver in copper, Bartholomäus Dolendo, and soon afterwards to the Glass Painter Pieter Kouwenhorn, could learn nothing more from these two masters, was brought to Rembrandt as a pupil, and remained with him about three years; being the first painter whose art was directly influenced by the inventive spirit of Rembrandt.

In the year 1630, Rembrandt left his native city, and changed his residence to Amsterdam. Feeling that his time for preparation was now at an end, he came before the world, in order to direct the art of his country from the central point of its national life. There was a wonderful significance in this step, which, with the instructive certainty of genius, was taken exactly at the right moment. Until that time, Rembrandt had remained in obscurity, and had undertaken no foreign travels, not even the short journey to Rubens' brilliant atelier at Antwerp, although his means would have permitted him to enjoy these advantages without a sacrifice.

He had all necessary resources in himself. He was guided by his own genius and the spirit of his new-born people, and under this guidance, he advanced towards a long and glorious future.

Rembrandt's artistic career may be divided into three periods, which correspond with the successive epochs of his life. These periods end in 1638, 1654, and 1669. The exuberant and creative power of youth is manifested in the richness, variety, and originality of the works belonging to the first period. In the second, the hard-won mastery of the man is displayed, in full maturity and consciousness of power. In the two clearly distinguished sections of the third period, the same power is exhibited, but with some tendency towards exaggeration.

It is characteristic of the true artist, to embody in his works the whole course of his inner life, and, therefore, not only is each of these periods marked by some decisive event, but the masterpiece of each period may be traced to the same year in which the event took place. "The Lecture on Anatomy by Dr. Tulp," of 1632, in the Museum of the Hague, precedes the marriage of Rembrandt, in 1634; but the beautiful "Descent from the Cross," in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, belongs to that year. In 1642, his wife died, and the picture called the "Night Watch," in the Royal Museum at Amsterdam, was painted. In 1656 Rembrandt lost all his property, and in the same year, he painted, among other pictures, "Jacob blessing the sons of Joseph, now in the gallery at Cassel. In 1668, his only son died, and the deep grief which he experienced, aided him in the conception of his "Scourging of Christ," now in the gallery at Darmstadt.

The first period, a time of happiness, struggle, and success, is the most varied and attractive as Rembrandt then attained his high position in art.

For some time after its commencement, until about the year 1633, his paintings manifest a careful manipulation, scarcely venturing on new ground, and combining with the utmost elaboration of detail, an even, though masterly execution.—His portraits, however, display a clearer light and shade and a more genial tone, than those of his most eminent contemporaries. But his most characteristic productions are his compositions and his incomparable engravings, in which he penetrated into the mysteries of light and shade, and made the study of *chiar' oscuro* the especial object of his art. The central point of light is concentrated, and while the principal feature of the composition always stands out in dazzling clearness, the rest of the picture is shrouded in twilight; through this shadowy darkness, mysterious lights are seen to play, so that even in apparent gloom, the finest details may be clearly distinguished.

This magical effect of light gives artistic unity to his pictures, and many of those elements which are usually considered as the necessary constituents of a picture, are either not known or acknowledged by him. Regular composition plays no part in his works. Most of his productions are single figures, half-length, or smaller portraits, arranged with great simplicity; but in his larger

compositions, containing either numerous small figures, or life-size figures of three quarters length, (only two authentic pictures of Rembrandt contain *full* life-size figures, the "Night watch" in Amsterdam, and the "Blinding of Samson" in Cassel, and in the Gallery of Count Schönborn at Vienna), we look in vain for any academic standard. As little does he cultivate beauty of form. Even agreeable representations are not common with him, and really beautiful productions are most rare. His figures are angular and awkward, and the effect, though powerful, is often exaggerated and carried far behind all the laws of beauty and of aesthetic propriety.

Although he was acquainted with all these artistic conventionalities, and could appreciate them in the works of other artists, he set before himself the unfettered study of real life, and his ruling principle consisted in the production of artistic effect, thus he imparted a new and attractive character to the Dutch school of art. His effects were namely produced by the concentration of light, and were the natural result of his artistic nature. The great secret of his power consisted in the embodiment of a certain state of feeling, peculiar to the Northern race in general, and to his own nation in particular. Most of his pictures are devoted to the representation of warm, well-lighted interiors, the homes of the wealthy burghers, the pleasant intercourse of honest men, the mutual exchange of natural and unaffected feeling, the innocent joy of existence, and the genuine grief which attends the clouding of that existence. And although his characters are not always taken from the higher classes of society, although the ignoble faces of contemporary Dutch Jews abound in his religious pictures, he succeeds, through all these elements, in producing an effect, which is as far removed from triviality and mediocrity as is the most exalted ideality of composition.

In spite of the perfection in colour attained by the Venetian School and by Rubens, the idealization of light and shade had not been conceived, until Rembrandt revealed it in classic form. This revelation was his great and special mission.

While Dürer, and, in some instances, Holbein, had embodied in art the intellectual elements of the German character, it was reserved for Rembrandt and his successors to embody the spiritual element, while Rubens, by perfecting the realistic element of Flemish art, expressed, in its highest aspect, the practical spirit of his race.

On his arrival in Amsterdam, Rembrandt rented a dwelling in the Bloemgracht at the west of the Town, and soon had scholars and commissions in abundance. Here was painted that incomparable picture, the "Presentation in the Temple" of 1631, now in the Museum of the Hague; which, beyond all others, marked an epoch in his life. It was not only the first picture by the master containing several figures, and representing an important scene, but it openly defied all the traditions of historical and religious painting. "We feel at once," says an eminent critic, "that we are in the presence of a great personality. The beauty of this work consists in the grandeur and inmost truth of conception, that is, according to the Greek sense of the word, in the creative power, with which the picture is conceived, as regards both composition and colour."

The scene is laid in a temple with high pillars and arches. On the right hand, at the top of a flight of steps which lead down into the temple, is a surging multitude of men surrounding the throne of the high priest. In the midst, encompassed by the bright light falling from above, is the principal group of seven persons. The brightest light rests on the head of the kneeling Simeon and on the Child in his arms. His ecstasy has never been portrayed, with more power, passion, or intensity. The Virgin Mother, with an expression of naïve humility, and St. Joseph, holding in his hand two turtledoves, are kneeling devoutly on one side. A tall and dignified

priestly figure stands opposite them, while three spectators surround the group. The concentrated light is here presented with such completeness and reality, that the youth of four-and-twenty laid in this picture the foundations of his new style. In spite of the richness of colour in individual parts, the harmony of the whole is so complete that all the picture appears to be of one colour; the result of careful adjustment of tone and chiar'oscuro.

Notwithstanding the brilliant success of this style, Rembrandt still preferred, in portraits executed for the public, the common light of day, and clear colouring. He made but one attempt to carry out his special aims at pictorial unity in the portraiture of his fellow citizens, and this successful experiment was tried when, in the following year, he undertook the difficult task of painting a large group of portraits. Thus, in 1632, appeared the "Anatomy" of Rembrandt, also in the Hague.

One of the first persons with whom Rembrandt came into connection in Amsterdam was Claes Pieterszoon Tulp, the celebrated physician and anatomist, also Sheriff of the city. He was Professor of anatomy and surgery to the surgical guild, before whom he delivered lectures twice a week.

It was already the custom for the principal members of the guilds to leave their portraits as a legacy to the guild, these portraits being hung up in the place of business. Rembrandt, who had perhaps attended Dr. Tulp's lectures, received from him for this purpose a commission for a portrait.

Nearly thirty years before (in 1603), Aert Pietersen, a son of Pieter Aersten, (called "De lange Pier,") had executed a similar task, and had represented the Professor Sebastian Egbert delivering a lecture to his scholars. But the large number of figures (twenty-nine persons) prevented the picture from producing a pleasing effect. Rembrandt seized the happy conception with spirit and freedom, casting aside all elements which could not be artistically combined. His work was, therefore, original without being entirely new.

The body, considerably foreshortened, lies on the table. Tulp represented, pointing out the prominent muscles of the arm, while seven young doctors are listening with eager attention, to his instructions. The group of portraits has thus become an animated genre picture. The figures are of life-size, of three-quarters length, the heads stand out clearly, while the effect of light and shade around the body is quite unsurpassed. The life and excitement of the whole transaction is so absorbing, that we are scarcely aware of the presence of death. In this masterpiece the artist has achieved a wonderful success by representing a revolting subject with truth, and yet paralyzing any painful effect without the appearance of constraint. The difficulty is increased by the position of the body which occupies the centre of the picture, and is the only complete figure in the whole. But life shows itself to be stranger than death, and pictorial art, in its highest perfection, brings even repulsive elements into forms which excite admiration.

After the year 1633, Rembrandt's new method of conception assumed a more decided character. Even his portraits were gradually thrown into more violent contrast of light and shade with a more careful execution of detail, and a greater transparency in the dark portions. Rich compositions were more frequent, often consisting of life-size figures, and displaying the artist's predilection for dramatic life and passionate excitement.

This intensified activity was most closely connected with the stimulus imparted to his whole being by the happiness of his newly established home.

It is possible that Rembrandt had become acquainted with the painter Wybrandt van Geest

and through him, with the family of his wife Hendrikje, the fifth daughter of the Lawyer Rombertus Ulenburgh of Leeuwarden, Town Councillor and Burghermaster, and, in his latter years, a member of a Court of Justice. At his death, in 1624, he left his youngest daughter, Saskia van Ulenburgh, then twelve years old, unprovided for. She was brought up by relations (perhaps by an aunt, whose name she bore); in Garijp, in the year 1633 she was living with her sister Antje, who was the wife of the Professor John Maccovius, at Franecker, and who died in November of the same year. It is uncertain where Rembrandt can have first seen Saskia, but the most probable supposition is that this meeting took place at the house of her cousin Aaltje, whose husband, the preacher Jan Cornelis Sylvius was a friend of Rembrandt, and in 1633 had sat to the artist for an engraved portrait.

The amiable and intelligent girl produced a favourable impression on Rembrandt; while she, doubtless, soon learned to esteem his eminent talents, and after a short time, the two were united by marriage. On the 10th of June 1634, they both appeared before the Court, to inscribe their names in the marriage register, and on the 22nd of June, the bond was solemnly concluded in the church of St. Ann.

It was evident that the new love imparted new life to Rembrandt. The engaging countenance of his beloved wife had taken possession of his fancy and of his pencil. Innumerable portraits of her still exist in the form of drawings, engravings, and paintings, these vary considerably in being either more or less withdrawn by artistic additions, from the ordinary sphere of portraiture. Her face often appears in larger compositions, and enters into his works under various disguises. But the impulse imparted to his art was most remarkable. His restless and successful genius from this time produced great compositions of a historic character, full of energy and dramatic life, thus the sphere of his activity became considerably enlarged.

Among the most remarkable portraits may be mentioned the celebrated double portrait of the Master and his Wife, in Dresden, painted a few years after their marriage. This picture represents the happiness of love and the joy of life, and its whole expression is so animated as almost to counteract the effect of Rembrandt's melancholy countenance, on which a smile is distorted into a grimace. It also bears marks of the power and self-reliance, by means of which his historic compositions were conceived and embodied. The number of his engravings is so considerable, that their date cannot be fixed; but the largest and most beautiful examples are assigned to this period. Among his historical pictures may be mentioned the misnamed Duke Adolph of Guelders in the Berlin Museum, which really represents Samson expelled from the bridal feast, and threatening his father-in-law. This picture is most powerful in its characteristic effect, and in the brilliant tone of its *chiar' oscuro*. The "Blinding of Samson," already mentioned, is of the same date; two apparently genuine copies of this picture are in existence. The horror of the moment is enhanced by all the devices of consummate skill, and it is impossible to conceive a more faithful embodiment of intense suffering. A celebrated Dresden picture, called the Feast of Ahasuerus, represents an episode from the history of Samson, namely the marriage of the hero, and is taken at the moment when he is propounding his well-known riddle to the Philistines. The conception of this scene is so powerful and striking that it is impossible to connect it only with such an obscure festival. The innumerable "Passion pictures," a complete series of which may be seen in the Pinakothek at Munich, are more soft and attractive in their effect, and numerous replicas of more or less authenticity occur in other collections.

Rembrandt occupies a peculiar position with regard to mythology. He did not recognize it

value as a medium for the representation of eternal beauty, and its human aspect belied the special influences under which he had grown up, and by which he was guided, so that when he endeavoured to harmonize mythological legends with Dutch art, a certain irony was, perhaps intentionally, intermingled with the treatment of subjects so foreign to his style. With regard to the poetry of artistic composition, and the elevation of common-place subjects by the enchantment of tone, we mention an unsurpassed picture, the genuineness of which has, on inadequate ground, been disputed, the "Diana and Endymion," in the Liechtenstein gallery at Vienna. The goddess is a Dutch girl, the "beautiful friend" an elderly, far from attractive shepherd who gazes with gestures of the most stupid astonishment at the apparition, but the chaste goddess has never been represented with more originality and majesty. We must also mention here a later mythological picture, "Vertumnus and Pomona" of the year 1649, now in the Collection of patriotic lovers of art at the Hradschin in Prague. This picture makes a most pleasing impression, and treats without exaggeration the comic side of the legend.

Thus, during pleasant years of active labour, Rembrandt entered on the epoch of consummate mastership, of self-reliant power, and of successful accomplishment. The commencement of this epoch was marked by his greatest, and, in many respects, his most important work. Yet from this time, grief for the lost happiness of his life guided his brush, his mind became overclouded, and his colouring assumed a gloomy aspect. He bore with rare resignation the cruel blows of fate, and lived only for his art, working out his own individuality in his chosen sphere.

As late as 1641, he had painted his wife Saskia, beaming with life and happiness. The picture in the Dresden Gallery (incorrectly asserted to be Rembrandt's daughter) in which Saskia is represented in life-size, with a flower in her hand, is well known. She probably appears again in a picture of the next year (now in the Antwerp Academy), which presents a strange contrast to the freshness of the Dresden portrait, and has a somewhat dreamy, almost sorrowful expression; the beautiful young woman was then awaiting her release.

Let us look back on the years of her union with Rembrandt. Their eldest son was born in 35, in the house in which they had first settled, in the Breedstraat, and was baptised on Sunday the 15th of December, receiving the name of his maternal grandfather, Rumbartus, but he did not live long. About the year 1638, Rembrandt moved to the Nieuwe Doelenstraat, but on the 12th of January, 1639, he mentioned, in the postscript of a letter to his friend, the learned poet, Constantin Buygens, that he had changed his residence to the banks of the Amstel, the so-called "Suyckerbakery" (Sugarbakery). This lane was in a newly built quarter at the extreme end of the city. But this was not his permanent residence; he had bought a roomy house at the East of Amsterdam, in the Jodenbreedstraat, a prolongation of the street in which he had lived after his marriage, and situated in the midst of the Jewish population, who in their dress and appearance, their manners and customs, afforded him an inexhaustible supply of artistic subjects. This house was three stories high; it was erected in a simple Renaissance style, with flat arches over the windows, the front being surmounted by a low gable. His want of room had led to the purchase of this house; as he possessed a very large and valuable art collection, which occupied much space, and the increase of which was his only passion, carried, perhaps, to excess.

In the year 1638, a daughter was born, and baptized by the name of her maternal grandmother, Cornelia; but died in August. A younger child, bearing the same name, also died. In 1641, a son was born, and baptized on the 22nd of September in the "Zuyderkerk," receiving the name of Titus.

The year 1638 was occupied with unsatisfactory lawsuits with the family of Saskia. In 1640, Rembrandt's mother died, leaving a considerable fortune to be divided among her four surviving children (the landed property and valuables alone being computed at 9960 gulden) Rembrandt paid a short visit to Leyden to arrange matters with his family, and settled to receive his share in yearly payments of three hundred gulden. His domestic happiness, his eternal prosperity, his public reputation, all seemed firmly established, when he was suddenly overwhelmed by a heavy blow.

In the summer of 1642, Saskia's health had begun to decline, and as her sufferings increased, she resolved to make her will. At nine o'clock on the 5th of June, she dictated to the notary Pieter Bareman her wishes respecting her large fortune; and this testament manifests the pleasant relations which existed between her and her husband. She constituted her son Titus her universal heir, but in such a manner that Rembrandt should have the whole use of the property until his death or re-marriage with the condition of providing for the education and for the marriage-portion of his son. In the event of Titus' death, Rembrandt was to enter into possession of the property, under the sole condition that in case of his re-marriage, half should be given to Saskia van Ulenburgh, who was required to pay a few small sums to other members of the family, but all was arranged without Rembrandt's being obliged to sign any written document, because "she had confidence in him, that he would act according to his conscience." She rejected all intervention from the public board of administration and constituted Rembrandt the sole guardian of her son, and executor of her property.

She died a few days later, at the age of thirty, and on the 19th of June, was buried at the "Alten Kirche." The ray of gladness which had illumined and beautified the upward path of Rembrandt, had faded away; his downward course was to be darkened by increasing sorrow and even misery. But the culminating point was marked by the master-piece of his life, the so-called "Nightwatch," of the year 1642, in the Ryksmuseum at Amsterdam.

This picture has derived its name from its eminently artistic chiar'oscuro, which has become so darkened by time that the picture has assumed an almost nocturnal hue, which led the art critics of the 18th century to a mistaken conception of the subject. This largest of Rembrandt's pictures, with its three and twenty figures of full life-size, consists, like the "Lecture on Anatomy," of a group of portraits, and represents the archers' guild of Amsterdam, going out to their shooting.—Their Captain, Frans Banning Cock, marches at their head, and at his side is his lieutenant Willem van Ruytenberg these two figures, placed in full light, occupy the centre of the picture. Near them Jan van Kampoort beats the drum, while a little farther back, Jan Visser Cornelissen unfurls the banner of the guild. The back-ground is occupied by other members of the guild, and by spectators, disposed in various positions, and united here and there in animated groups. In this picture, far more than in the "Anatomy" Rembrandt has forsaken the sphere of portraiture for that of pictorial composition, and has represented the subject with artistic grandeur and skill. This advance was recognized and appreciated by the discrimination of those contemporaries, whose judgment was not perverted by wounded vanity at the neglect of their valuable portraits. So, for example, Samuel Hoogstraaten, Rembrandt's pupil, wrote as follows: "It is not enough for a painter to place his figures next to each other, as is often seen in the Doelen (the shooting houses); true artists endeavour to impart unity to their works." Rembrandt observed this rule to good effect, in a picture at the Doelen at Amsterdam, and it is the opinion of some that he succeeded too well, for he took more

pains to perfect his conception of a picture, than to elaborate the individual portraits which he was asked to paint. For this reason, whatever may be said to the contrary, this work will probably maintain its position longer than any other of the same class, on account of its artistic conception, its varied composition and powerful effect, which causes other pictures, when compared with it, to look like card-board figures." Banning Cock, however, seems to have been unable to comprehend this style of portraiture, as he with his company were painted a second time by a certain Gerrit Lundens, whose work, since 1712, has disappeared, having, perhaps, deserved no better fate.

When Rembrandt's days were no longer enlightened by the sunshine of love, they were cheered, to some extent, by the mild moonlight gleam of friendship. For some years he had been in constant intercourse with the young Jan Six (commonly called Burghermaster Six, although he did not attain this dignity till 1691). Jan Six was born in 1618, and had won reputation by his learned studies and by his attempts at versification, he married, in 1655, Margaretha, the daughter of Dr. Nicolaas Tulp. He seems to have been attracted to Rembrandt by a common love for antiquities and works of art, as no inhabitant of Amsterdam could rival either of the two friends in zeal for the accumulation of art treasures, or in the richness of their collections, the contents of which can only be estimated by the catalogues of sale. Rembrandt's collection manifested a refined taste, an utter absence of prejudice and a power of discrimination, which are really astonishing, and which increase our admiration of the artistic style of painting which the Master, in spite of his intimate knowledge of other methods, succeeded in elaborating with such boldness and assurance. He possessed numerous examples of the antique, (amongst others that hitherto almost unknown "Laocoon," and works by the Italian and by the old Dutch Masters with curiosities in metal and pottery, etc., from various sources. The names of many of the most eminent men of the time, intercourse with whom formed the delight of his life will vindicate his fame from the malicious vituperations of the old biographers, who say that he sought his ideal among the worst classes of society. The principal artistic memorials of his relations with the Six family are the portraits of Six's Mother Anna Wymer of the year 1641, the valuable engraved portrait of 1647 (representing Six standing at a window), and the painted portrait of Six, executed, according to a new and apparently credible supposition, between the years 1666 and 1668; both portraits are now in the possession of a descendant of the family, Herr J. P. Six van Hillegom in Amsterdam.

Unfortunately Rembrandt did not understand housekeeping. The large sums which he earned, added to a considerable fortune, (including about 40,000 Gulden left to him by Saskia) seemed to him inexhaustible, and he therefore set no limits to his generosity and to his pleasures. His antiquarian tastes were very expensive, and while in 1638, he proudly answered the accusations of extravagance brought against him by his wife's relations with the assertion that he was living in the abundant enjoyment of all worldly possessions; we find, in a letter to Huygens of the year 1639, an urgent entreaty for the immediate remittance of a considerable sum, as payment for a painting already forwarded to Prince Frederick Henry. He treated a legacy received from his mother, as a bagatelle, and converted into money some long standing bonds which had belonged to his brother, for the sake of supplying a temporary demand. In 1647, the relations of young Titus began to suspect that something was amiss, and compelled Rembrandt, on the plea of his violation of his wife's testament, to draw up an inventory of his possessions, which amounted to 40,750 Gulden. About 1650, Rembrandt's brother in Leyden became suddenly

bankrupt, thus the burden of the family fell upon him, although the amount of his wealth was uncertain.

Soon after this he borrowed large sums, the repayment of which finally ruined his fortune. On the 17th of May, 1656, he handed over his house to his son, "as a temporary arrangement, till his own re-marriage, when he intended to surrender the whole property." But his fate could no longer be averted, on the 25th of July, he was declared bankrupt, and an inventory was taken of his property. Towards the end of the year 1657, the greater part of his rich collection, and in September 1658, his engravings and drawings were sold by auction. The time was unfavourable and these works of art were sold far under their value, the whole collection realizing only about 5,000 Gulden. The house was also sold for 11,218 Gulden, on the first of February 1658. Rembrandt from that time rented a house at the west end of the city, on the northern side of the "Rozegracht," opposite to a so-called Labyrinth, or public pleasure garden where he remained for the rest of his life. The settlement of his affairs was long delayed, but on the 5th of November 1665 his son Titus received 6,952 Gulden, while Rembrandt had to begin life again, on his own account.

It is uncertain whether his friends came to his assistance during this long period of sorrow and humiliation, but they did not give up all intercourse with him. One friend, however, did not forsake him; and with that friend he concluded a close compact, which caused him to forget the world and to despise it, and which could be severed only by death; that friend was his genius. In the year 1656 he achieved, in two scenes taken from the Old and New Testaments, the greatest of his works on Scriptural subjects.—These pictures which have been already mentioned, occupy a prominent position; his scenes from the history of Tobias express much depth of feeling; and his numerous pictures of the "Holy Family" in peasant dress are touching in their simplicity; also his "Sacrifice of Manoah" in Dresden, his "Good Samaritan" in the Louvre, and his "Woman taken in Adultery" in the London National Gallery, are magnificent both in conception and execution, and his largest engraving, (the so-called hundred-gulden piece) representing "Christ healing the sick," displays unusual wealth of imagination,—we also find an especial charm in the pictures of Bathsheba and Susanna, and other eminently successful works which we have no space to mention—yet Rembrandt never blended his tones with more perfect harmony, or awakened a deeper poetic feeling than in the two pictures of 1656, "Jacob blessing the Sons of Joseph" in the Gallery at Cassel, and the "Parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard" in the "Städel" Institution at Frankfurt a. M. No one can see these two pictures without carrying away a remembrance which will never be effaced. They are as mysterious and indescribable as Raphael's "Sixtine Madonna," or Rubens' "Descent from the Cross; the Jacob especially is "a work for all time, like the figures on the Parthenon." Is it possible that the "Landscape in a Storm" at Brunswick, with the perhaps earlier "Mountain Landscape" at Cassel, the most beautiful of Rembrandt's painted landscapes, belongs to this year. Thus Rembrandt entered his third period, in which every restraint was too weak for his erratic genius. He now expressed his meaning in a few powerful strokes; making all separate colours disappear in a neutral tint of great depth and richness. His outline became for a time confused and hasty, and his colouring heavy, the whole composition assuming a gloomy character. Until, in the works of his last years, his brush again acquired a magic power, and a rich dark red and yellow became the dominating elements in his harmony of colour, "like the radiance of the glowing evening sky.

The first dawn of this "twilight of the gods" is marked by the celebrated picture of the

"Staalmeesters in Amsterdam, representing the five managers of the "steelyard" (the meeting house of the clothmakers), attended by a servant. All are attired in black, and the greater number are seated round a table covered with a red cloth. The effect of the whole is so striking, that we forget that we are standing before a picture, of an amazing breadth of execution and fabulous thickness of impasto.

A picture of 1668, in Darmstadt, representing the "Scourging of Christ" may give the date for a large number of pictures, which seem to have carried the style of Rembrandt to its highest possible point of perfection. These include the already mentioned portrait of Jan Six, the so-called "Jewish bride" (more probably Abraham and Hagar), in the Museum Van der Hoop in Amsterdam, the large family group in Brunswick, and a very beautiful portrait of himself in Vienna. To these may be added a life-size half-length in the Louvre, called "Venus and Cupid," but unmistakably a portrait. A remarkable likeness between these heads, the Jewish bride, and the group of portraits at Brunswick, leads to the uncertain supposition that Rembrandt's third wife and youngest children are here represented.

In the year 1668, in which the aged master depicted, in the scourging of Christ, the utmost depth of suffering, he was again overwhelmed, in the midst of his new happiness, by a heavy trial. His son Titus, Saskia's only surviving child, had studied art for some time, but had subsequently, as it appears, devoted himself to trade. In June 1665, he demanded and obtained his declaration of majority, and in 1668, he married his cousin Magdalena, daughter of Albertus van Loo and Cornelia van Uilenburg, and established himself with her in the house, called the "Golden Balance." In the September of this year he died, to his father's deepest grief, leaving one child, called Titia, to whom Rembrandt stood godfather, and on the 21st of October 1669, his wife followed him to the grave.

But before this time Rembrandt had succumbed to the last blow of fate. The greatest of Dutch masters departed this life on the 8th of October 1669. His fellow-citizens took no notice of the event, as they were not capable of appreciating him. But the portals of eternity opened before him, and in its Temple, amongst the renowned of all ages, is inscribed the name of Rembrandt.

B. M.



miſtugmto
Guonaroy Tromal

MICHELANGELO.

In the history of the world there exist some "traditional celebrities," whose fame is assumed and transmitted to posterity, because it is more convenient to acknowledge than to contest such pre-eminence, while in speaking of these personages we are accustomed to repeat some popular catchword which will release us from all necessity of knowing them more intimately.

These traditional celebrities vary considerably, and the estimates formed of them by the intellectual world result from different motives, not to speak of that motive which plays a part in almost every decision, and which, where the highest spiritual interests are at stake, should not be allowed to exercise any influence over the judgment,—convenience.

Such a celebrity Klopstock is now, and was, even during his life-time, when Lessing observed: "Who will not praise a Klopstock? Yet will every reader peruse his works? No!" The nation, or more correctly the world, attempted to repay him with posthumous fame, for the revival of poetry in Germany. It pardons his pedantic phrases and his wearisome dullness, and at the same time excuses itself, on these grounds, from the perusal of his works, and much justification may be found for such a course.

Michelangelo is also one of these traditional celebrities; but the case is different with him. Any excuses are insufficient which are based on the rarity of his authentic works, or on the inaccessibility of his *chef-d'œuvres* at Florence and Rome, for Raphael's originals fall under the same category; it is also easy to gain an acquaintance with the powerful creations of Michelangelo, by means of the numerous existing copies. Yet the ordinary ideas associated with Michelangelo are of the gigantic and supernatural; few simple figures are connected with his name, and these few seem only to obstruct access to his range of thought and feeling. The ignorant, although sincere question has frequently been asked, even by the educated, and by lovers of art. "What is there so beautiful in the 'Moses,' or 'the tombs of the Medici'?"

This ignorance is to be ascribed to the easy, or, as it may be called, the conversational character of our culture. A certain idleness of thought is too common, and many are satisfied with so-called intellectual, but rather witty literary criticisms on works of art. In contemporary art we study the product of the logical understanding, as embodied in the modern programme of both music and painting, instead of the work of creative fancy and imagine that we have devoted sufficient attention to the subject.

The real difficulty lies in comprehending the thoughts and feelings of an artist, who makes use of the forms of his art to express all that is at once most noble and most profound, whose

ideas are too powerful and whose views are too extended to be capable of expression within the limits of playful dexterity and flattering charm, but who dares to excite surprise, in order to reveal the truth, that there exist other, and probably greater sentiments, than mere ease and quiet enjoyment, and who, always keeping in view the highest ideal for humanity, and preparing and indicating the road for the intellectual work of future generations, is raised above all that is small and limited, and only influenced by the greatness and supremacy of thought—to think with such an artist, to understand his language, and, by means of profound study, to gain insight into treasures which centuries have failed to render into current coin, is the task set before us. It is usually considered that art is intended only as a pleasant recreation; the fact that it also demands an entire devotion, and that the full enjoyment of the most simple work, if worthy of notice, may engross the whole man, is as yet understood only by a few; and thus it happens, that the ordinary consideration bestowed on even the most perfect works of art only skims the cream from the surface, and leaves the intellectual basis of sustenance untouched beneath, whilst few students devote themselves with untiring energy and perseverance to the examination of the highest creations of genius.

Therefore Michel Angelo's art which on account of its depth of thought approaches us more nearly than that of any other ancient master has found but few intelligent admirers.

We can scarcely hope that our short notice of this incomparable man can afford opportunity for more than an external acquaintance with the wide range of his activity, but it will be our endeavour to convert the traditionally cold renown accorded to the great Michel Angelo, into the true respect and admiration which must result from further study.

The family of Buonaroti was descended from the old ducal house of Canossa, and was one of the most renowned in Florence. In the year 1473, Ludovico di Lionardo Buonarroti Simoni was a member of the college of the 'Buonomini,' a body principally consisting of the nobility. In the year 1474, at the age of thirty he was appointed governor of Chiusi Caprese, and repaired to his post, accompanied by his wife, of the age of nineteen, on horseback, in accordance with the custom of the period. This journey might have robbed the world of a priceless treasure, for, on the road, her horse fell, and she was thrown from it. But notwithstanding this accident, she was safely delivered, on the 6th of March, 1475, of her second child, a boy, who was named Michelagnelo di Ludovico Buonarroti Simoni, afterwards commonly called Michel.

At the end of his governorship, Ludovico returned with his family, in 1476, and left the boy at Lettignano, three miles from Florence, where the Buonarrotis had an estate, in the charge of a stonemason's wife; Michelangelo often remarked afterwards, in joke, that he had imbibed his love to his work with his mother's milk. Yet his parents intended him for a scholar, but he took no interest in the grammatical teaching given by his master, Francesco of Urbino. He visited the artist's ateliers, and already in his fifth year, he formed a close friendship with the excellent old Francesco Granacci, in Domenico Ghirlandajo's atelier, and wished with his whole heart to become an artist. But his family opposed his wishes. Strange as this may appear at the end of the fifteenth century, and in Florence, painting considered as an art was in small repute, and unworthy the notice of a scion of a distinguished family. Reproof and even blows followed; but at the age of fourteen the boy gained his point. On the first of April, 1489, he entered the atelier of Domenico, who was at that time the first master in Florence, on an apprenticeship of three years.

Here he had the opportunity of watching the progress of a great work, the repainting of

the choir of St. Maria Novella, at which Ghirlandajo had been employed since the year 1485. But he soon surpassed his master, to whom he became a cause of envy. On one occasion, when a fellow pupil was occupied in painting some female figures on the wall from designs by Ghirlandajo, he corrected the copy with bold and distinct strokes of his pen. Another time Ghirlandajo, on returning to his work, found a sheet of paper, on which Michelangelo had sketched the scaffolding with the workmen upon it, so accurately, that the representation of the difficult perspective left nothing to be desired, and Domenico exclaimed in astonishment, "he understands more than myself."

The pupil did not confine himself to instruction from his master, he visited other studios, and also studied nature. It was thus that the fantastic and powerful copper engraving by Martin Schongauer, 'the temptation of St. Anthony,' fell into his hands; he copied the work of the German artist on a larger scale, and then painted his copy; and in order that he might succeed in producing a natural tint for the colouring of the scaly monsters surrounding the Saint, he repaired to the market, and carefully observed the scales and fins of the fish exposed for sale. His first work excited universal admiration.—Thus, long before the termination of the three years of apprenticeship, he seized an opportunity of dissolving the relationship. The circumstances were propitious, and Domenico gave an eager consent in order to free himself from the youth.

Lorenzo de Medici, then at the head of the Florentine State, had collected various works of art, amongst which were many sculptures from the antique, in his palace and garden near San Marco, and here he wished to train young artists as sculptors under the guidance of Bertholdo, a pupil of Donatello. Granacci and Michelangelo were recommended to him, and Michelangelo had scarcely commenced his new pursuit, when, following the directions of the masons employed in the garden, he began to handle the chisel with consummate skill. He procured a piece of marble, and undertook a free copy of an antique faun's head; but he made variations in his copy, he opened the mouth in a grinning smile, and thus displayed two rows of teeth. Lorenzo saw the work and remarked in joke, that at the age at which the faun was represented, it would have lost some of its teeth. Without any hesitation, the impatient artist resumed his work, and with his chisel so dexteriously removed a tooth, as to leave a natural void, which could not have been better represented. This made his fortune. Lorenzo returned, and beheld with astonishment. He called for Michelangelo's father, and entreated him with the most earnest promises of assistance to permit his son to be instructed in the mason's art, and from that time Lorenzo undertook the charge of the youth.

A room was assigned to Michelangelo in the palace, Lorenzo gave him new clothes, and five ducats monthly, as pocket money;—and he was entertained daily at the ducal table. The house of the Medici was the centre of society in the city; Michelangelo mixed on the most intimate terms with all Lorenzo's guests, and became a universal favourite. In this familiar intercourse with a circle of the most distinguished men in Italy, he acquired a rare culture, and a profound knowledge of life. There was no want of excitement to activity in the midst of such associations. The learned Poliziano induced him to execute a marble bas-relief representing the combat of Hercules with the Centaurs, in which his power did not yet display that grace which is possible even in the most elevated compositions. The giant of seventeen years who felt within himself the elements of a new world of form and thought may readily be pardoned for the excess of force which he had not yet learnt to restrain. He himself loved this work,

and refused to part with it. It is now in the palace of the family at Florence, while the Faun's head is in the Uffizi.

Meanwhile Michelangelo pursued his many-sided studies with untiring zeal. He studied both ancient and modern art. Bertoldo introduced him to Donatello, and instructed him in brass-founding. But he was especially attracted by the paintings of Masaccio in the church of the Carmines at Florence. He became a continual object of envy to his competitors, and Torrigiani, one of his rivals, struck him with such vehemence on the face, in a fit of rage, that the bone of his nose was broken, and he remained injured for life. The injury was a constant source of trouble to him, a fact easily accounted for by his love of beauty, and this circumstance laid the foundation of the misanthropy of his later years, which rendered him bashful in his personal contact with others, excepting when his honour was affected.

The sudden death of Lorenzo, in 1492, caused much grief to Michelangelo. He left the palace, and gave free vent to his sorrow in his father's house. At last he tore himself away from his sorrowful recollections, and devoted his attention, with renewed energy, to his art. He bought a block of marble, and chiselled from it a large Hercules, eight feet in height, which was taken to France, but has since disappeared. Soon afterwards he carved a wooden crucifix for the Prior of San Spirito, in acknowledgement of a service, which merited gratitude, seeing that it was rendered by an ecclesiastical. The excellent man had allowed Michelangelo the use of a room in the cloister, for the purpose of dissecting dead bodies. Thus he acquired that astounding knowledge of the human body, which alone prepared him for the work of his later years, enabling him to give the fullest scope to the representation of expression and action, without losing the firm support of the natural form beneath.—The crucifix, like the Hercules, cannot now be traced.

Michelangelo formed no close connection with Piero de Medici, the son and successor of Lorenzo, although he was again summoned to the palace. He took deep interest in the prophecies of a certain Cardiere, a musician in the service of Piero, who foretold the fall of the house of Medici, and ventured to assert that these statements were founded on a vision, in which Lorenzo had appeared to him. The minds of men were already greatly excited by Savonarola's calls to repentance, and by his denunciation of all those who had encroached on the freedom of the citizens; even the humanist circles were not free from credulity, and can we wonder that a youth, with the incomplete education of Michelangelo on a subject where his sympathies were so warmly excited, should exaggerate indefinitely the imagined danger!

After an attempted warning by Cardiere which Pietro rejected with scorn, Michelangelo resolved to save himself by means of flight from the painful choice of either taking part with the republic against his benefactors, or of falling with them. He started on horseback for Venice, accompanied by two friends. After a short stay there, a want of funds compelled the small company to decide on returning to Florence. They came as far as Bologna. Here Michelangelo was discovered, in very reduced circumstances by the Councillor Gianfrancesco Aldofrandi, who invited him into his house as a sculptor. Michelangelo made use of the remainder of his money to send his friends home, and himself undertook the completion of some sculptures in St. Domenico. Two kneeling figures were required for the sarcophagus of the Saint, by Nicolo Pisano. One had been commenced, before his death, by Nicolo Schiari, a native of Bologna, this Michelangelo undertook to finish, for the sum of twelve ducats, and for an additional eighteen, he executed the second figure, a kneeling angel, holding a candlestick in its hand, a work in which surpassing charm is especially displayed in the soft, recumbent head.

But the envy which is even now displayed amongst artists, and which was then heightened by ecclesiasticism and prejudice, drove him from the place. The Bolognese sculptors imagined themselves injured by the young Florentine, they threatened him with their vengeance, and Michelangelo fled.

On his return to Florence, he found the Medici driven from the city; Savonarola, whom he revered, high in public estimation, and the whole city in great excitement. Lorenzo, a cousin of the Medici, who was then attached to the people's party, gave him some employment, and for him Michelangelo executed a youthful St. John. In July, 1495, at Savonarola's urgent request, the reconstruction of the council-chamber in the Palazzo Vecchio was undertaken. Michelangelo's opinion was consulted, and he contributed at his own expense a Cupid in marble, a sleeping figure of a child of seven years.

The occupation of the winter 1495—96, and the subject of the best work, display the freedom of thought which Michelangelo had already acquired. Although deeply interested in the writings of Savonarola, so much so that he continued to read them even in his old age, he remained entirely unaffected by that paroxysm of asceticism, which caused many of the most renowned artists of the period to despise their noblest creations as works of the devil, to withdraw themselves from the pursuit of art, and to offer their most beautiful pictures as a Notacaust at Savonarola's carnival, in the year 1496. He recognised the frequently unappreciated element of greatness and permanency in the works of the powerful preacher; but at the same time, he discerned the folly of external extravagances with the freer gaze of a coming epoch. All one-sidedness was impossible to him.

When, in the spring of 1496, the Sleeping Cupid was completed, Lozenzo de' Medici (or Popolani, as he was then called) expressed himself enchanted with the work, and suggested to his protégé a deceptive means of gaining a high price for it. His plan was that Michelangelo should darken the stone, in order to make it appear as if it had been long buried in the earth, Lorenzo then undertook to send it to Rome, where it would obtain a high price as an antique. The ruse succeeded. The Cardinal of St. George purchased the newly carved antique, and the artist, then of the age of twenty-one, received thirty ducats for it from the Milanese trader Baldassare, who had himself received two-hundred from the Cardinal.

After some time, these circumstances became known in Rome, and a nobleman was sent to Florence, for the purpose of instituting enquiries. He professed to wish to engage sculptors for Rome; and when, among others, he requested Michelangelo to show some evidence of his skill, the latter took up a pen, and, with firm strokes, sketched a large hand upon the paper. Michelangelo then enumerated his recently completed works, and amongst them did not hesitate to name the Sleeping Cupid. After a confession of the deception, of which both parties had been the victims, he was easily persuaded to go to Rome, where he arrived on the 25th of June, 1496.

Michelangelo was then of the same age, as was Raphael, when he painted the Marriage of the Virgin, but far excelled Raphael in experience of life, and in acquaintance with the principles of art. No school could lay claim to his works, even as the crowning point of its endeavours. According to the noble words of Leone Battista Alberti, he had been his own sculptor, and by studying *everything*, and *imitating* nothing, he had introduced a new epoch in art.

Thus, from the first moment of his arrival, the 'new world' of Rome excited no scraples in his mind. After observing many things, to which the Cardinal had drawn his attention, he writes: "There are great beauties in Rome;" and when the Cardinal asked him if he felt com-

petent to undertake the execution of a great work of art, he replied (as we read in his first letter written from Rome on Saturday, July 2nd, 1496): "he would not promise great things, but the Cardinal would see what he could accomplish," and further: "I have bought a block of marble for a life-size figure, and on Monday I shall begin to work."

But his courage was soon damped by a disagreement with the Cardinal, we hear nothing further of the life-sized figure. The Pope Alexander VI. Borgia and his favourites were not favourable to art. Thus we do not hear what were his next performances. In all probability he returned to the brush, and began the unfinished picture undisputed in its authenticity, although unknown until 1857, of 'Madonna and child, surrounded by four angels with John the Baptist, formerly belonging to Mr. Labouchère. The beauty of the two finished angels on the right hand is extreme; the virgin also combines a sweet expression with dignity and grace, while the two children display naïveté, in union with beauty of form.

Michelangelo left many of his works uncompleted; principally on account of his activity of mind, which incited him to undertake new schemes; and it may also be remembered that he regarded his lesser works only as occupation to fill a gap, whilst he was awaiting more important labour. We know that he received an order from Jacopo Galli, a Roman nobleman, for a statue of the youthful Bacchus. The exquisitely carved youthful figure is represented with wonderful power, in the uncertain equilibrium of intoxication; and while the ideal divinity, which, in the antique, always accompanied the Bacchus, is surrendered, a higher existence, free from triviality, is here embodied. This statue is still preserved in the Uffici, and in the South Kensington Museum in London, the life-size marble figure of Cupid, executed by Michelangelo for the same friend; one of the most exquisite works in existence. The youthful God is represented kneeling, leaning upon his right arm, and gazing thoughtfully before him; while his left arm forms an interesting contrast to the bent position of the right side of the figure.

Ultimately, in the year 1499, and commissioned by the Cardinal of St. Denis, a Frenchman, Michelangelo executed that *chef d'œuvre*, not only of his art, but of the entire renaissance, which at once elevated him from the position of a renowned artist to that of the first sculptur in Italy, the Pietà, the sorrowing Mary with her dead son lying on her bosom, placed almost out of sight in a side chapel in St. Peter's at Rome. This marvellous work is a memorial of Michelangelo's grief at the sad end of Savonarola. On the 23rd of May, 1498, the persecution of the hierarchy, which had been aggravated by his own mistakes, culminated in his death at the stake. Michelangelo had admired the exalted mind of the great reformer, and in sorrow at the overthrow of a noble champion, he represented the deepest grief, which had ever pierced the human heart. His own touching sentiments are beautifully embodied in this immortal work. We find the same perfection in it, whether we study it in detail, or as a whole, whether we consider the individual heads, or the leading motives of the subject, or whether we regard the form or the expression. One spirit animates the whole, the spirit of the most exalted moral force, and at the same time, of the highest artistic endeavour, a spirit of genial creative power, which does not calculate, and which leaves nothing to be desired. Such a work is created once, and is then of value for ever.

Michelangelo's Pietà was placed as a finished work by the side of Lionardo's Last Supper, which had been completed in the previous spring. Both were "the first fully opened blossoms of emancipated art." Michelangelo was little over twenty-four years of age, while Lionardo, on

the completion of his *chef d'œuvre*, was nearly double his age. Yet we undoubtedly find the bold spirit, and the power which seemed equal to support the entire weight of the century, with the youngest master.

Thus he approached his native town; and, in the year 1500, returned to Florence. We must now abandon all notice of his lesser works, and confine ourselves to his principal creations, which, in themselves, furnish superabundant material for this short notice. The storm of political and religious excitement had dispersed, and, similarly, the dark veil of clouds which had obscured the soul of Michelangelo, was rent asunder. Thus the dark grouping of the *Pietà* was replaced by brilliant light in the charming half-sized *Madonna with the child* in marble, on an altar in the church of Notre Dame, at Bruges. It was bought for a hundred ducats by the Moscheroni, the Dutch family of Moscons, one of whom was buried under the altar, and sent by them to their native place. The boy is standing between his mother's knees, whilst she embraces him with her left arm,—the right holding a book, and resting on her bosom. This exquisite work is one of the most touching ever composed by the master.

At the same time he painted the 'Holy family' in the Tribune of the Uffici at Florence, for Agnolo Dossi, the Florentine art-lover, whose portrait was afterwards painted by Raphael. There are many antagonistic elements in this picture; superabundant power of genius manifests itself at the expense of the beauty of the subject. There is something unnatural even in the principal group. Mary, kneeling in an uneasy attitude on the ground, is endeavouring to embrace the child, which is presented to her by Joseph over her left shoulder. The background is enlivened by a number of small naked human figures, having no connection with the subject; only the uncontrolled creative impulse of the master, and his enjoyment in the representation of the beauties of the human body can have instigated the accessories in this composition. The picture is painted in soft tones with unusual care.

Yet painting was not his chosen work, he neglected it, as soon as he obtained employment as a sculptor. He now found an opportunity for displaying his skill in the most attractive manner. In one of the workshops surrounding the cathedral, a block of marble, eighteen feet in height, had lain for several years; it had been originally intended for a prophet's figure, on the cupola of Santa Maria del Fiore, but since this intention had been abandoned, the rough, unshapen mass appeared to be quite worthless. Donatello, to whom the stone had been offered, could find no use for it. Andrea Contucci del Monte Sansovino, († 1529) at that time the renowned master of Jacopo Sansovino, had expressed himself willing to undertake the carving of the block, but only on the condition of being permitted to introduce a few reliefs of marble. Michelangelo saw the stone and offered to carve it without the introduction of reliefs. His offer was accepted. On the 16th of August, 1501, the contract was signed: the work was to be executed in two years from the first of September, and Michelangelo was to receive six golden gulden monthly, during its execution. The amount of the remaining payment was to depend on the satisfaction felt with the work. Without further preparation than a small wax model, which still exists in the Uffici, he commenced working on the stone on the 13th of September, and with the aid of his correct eye and his certain hand he carried on his work with such diligence, that he was able to announce its completion at the end of February, 1503. The price was then named of four hundred golden gulden.

Thus he created the colossal shepherd-youth, David, with the sling, which still keeps watch at the door of the Palazza Vecchio at Florence. He stands erect, his gaze turned towards the

left. His left hand has thrown the sling across the shoulder, while the right hand hangs down, holding a stone. A wonderful force appears to be concealed beneath the gigantic limbs, and we may be astonished at the perfection of the result, if we remember the difficulties attending its execution. Such complete use was made of the stone, that a small rough piece, the unhewn end of the block, may be observed on the crown of the head. On the 18th of May, 1504, the colossus was erected in its place, after four day's severe labour in the transport.

Michelangelo occupied the summer, in which Lionardo executed the 'Battle of the Standard,' with various works, always undertaking more than he could complete. In the autumn he, who had, as yet, painted next to nothing, received a commission to compete with Lionardo, then the unrivalled master of Italy. A second partition on the wall of the great council chamber, which was already decorated with the work of Lionardo, was assigned to him for a large historical composition. He chose an episode from the numerous wars between the Florentines and Pisans, a surprise of the Florentines by the leader Hawkwood, named Arguto, who was in the service of the Pisans. The Florentines had laid aside their armour and were bathing in the Arno, when Manno Donati announced the threatened danger. They all hastened to the shore, and seized their arms. This is the moment of Michelangelo's cartoon of 'The Bathing Soldiers,' and it furnished an excellent opportunity for the treatment of his favourite subject of the nude. The cartoon became a copy for a host of imitators, who, to the injury of art, took that for an aim which to Michelangelo had been only an unconscious means to an end. The composition is only known by a poor copy, for the original cartoon, like that of the 'Battle of the Standard,' is lost; and neither of the works of these great masters were carried into execution.

The Cardinal of St. Pietro in Vincoli, Giulio della Rovere, a man who had injured his excitable frame by bursts of passion, and yet possessed a strong and ambitious nature, had ascended the Papal throne, under the title of Julius II. He wished to commemorate his name; and it is certain that few men have instigated the execution of so many works of art, and assembled around themselves so numerous a crowd of artists, as Julius II. He first attracted Giuliano de San Gallo and Bramante, the renowned architects; Bramante introduced to him the promising young Raphael, and Giuliano referred him to the giant Michelangelo.

In respect of modern art, Rome had hitherto subsisted on the crumbs which fell from the richer tables of northern Italy, and especially of Florence. Now it became a central point of surpassing refulgence. Michelangelo was summoned to Rome. At that time he can scarcely have commenced his large cartoon. He received a hundred gold ducats in payment for his journey, and reached Rome in the beginning of the year 1505; the Pope, however, was so embarrassed by his own profusion of ideas, that he hesitated for some time, before he decided to begin with a gigantic Mausoleum for himself in St. Peter's.

Michelangelo's rapid plan was approved, and he was commissioned to select the most appropriate spot in the sacristy of St. Peter. He recommended the completion of the new tribune, commenced by Pope Nicolas V., in 1450, and the erection of the monument in it. He reckoned the cost at 100,000 Scudi. "Say rather 200,000," exclaimed Giulio with delight, and the plan was accepted. The rebuilding of the Tribune became, however nothing less than the building of the new St. Peter's, which supplanted the old Basilica, and the erection of which was undertaken firstly by Bramante, then by Raphael, and finally executed by Michelangelo in accordance with his original idea.

Furnished with the sum of 1,000 Ducats, Michelangelo went to Carrara, to order the block of marble he required for the monument. He spent eight months there, and returned again, after a short stay at Rome and Naples, not being provided with a sufficient supply of marble. His scheme involved a gigantic undertaking. The monument over the grave rose to the height of thirty feet, in three divisions, and for the summit he designed a figure of the Pope, resting in the sleep of death, supported by two angels. The gigantic pedestal was surrounded by symbolic figures.

This ambitious scheme became the tragedy of Michelangelo's life. After some delay, the design was executed on a smaller scale, but the figures, being copied from the original plan, were out of proportion. The sculptures, as finished, were placed on the right hand side of the nave, in the church of St. Pietro in Vincolo. The single gigantic figure of Moses, seated in raging anger, his right hand grasping his flowing beard, gives a fitting idea of the spirit in which the whole was conceived. The intellectual force of a mighty potency has never been represented with such intensity of power and feeling. The idea of such a figure had not even presented itself to the mind of antiquity or of the middle ages, it was born in the self-conscious individuality of modern times. The solution is so complete, that even antiquity in its own province of power in unison with repose, and of calm dignity may possibly equal, but cannot surpass it. If, after the completion of the Pieta, his contemporaries had been inclined to accord the precedence to Michelangelo even in comparison with the antique sculptors, by this noble conception, which also displayed his power of imparting expression, he at once assumed the first unrivalled place amongst the sculptors of his own day.

The other parts of the monument, the statues of Rachel and Leah, are unimportant. Two figures, intended for the monument, have finally found their way to the Louvre, and are there known by the incorrect name of Michelangelo's "Slaves." They are in fact two dying youths, intended, with other similar figures, grouped around the pillars of the tomb, to represent the disappearance of all the good and the beautiful at the death of the Pope. These two figures afford some proof of the endless sympathetic tones, which suggested themselves to his mind, ascending from the struggle of a noble soul in quitting the body, to the perfect harmony of the last chord of life.

These fragments were the only completed parts of the gigantic monument. Farther disputes ensued, when Michelangelo found, on returning after his second visit to Carrara, that Bramante had occupied the time during his absence, in whispering envious remarks respecting himself and his work into the Pope's ear. He was kept waiting in the anti-room, and remarked, on departing, "If the Pope wants me again, he may send for me elsewhere." He hurried away, gave orders for the sale of his possessions, mounted his horse, and fled at full speed, until he reached the Florentine boundary. The Pope sent couriers to fetch him, requiring his immediate return. He replied by a direct refusal, adding that as he considered the work of the monument to be given up, he would not undertake anything else, and had no further interest in Rome. He pursued his journey to Florence, and continued painting his picture of the "Soldiers bathing," which he completed, and which created much excitement.

The idea was new and bold of representing a historical event in sculpture with such complicated accessories, but the perfection of the revealed beauty disarmed all criticism. By means of the various attitudes of the body, and the extreme beauty of the human figures, as represented by the master, he displayed the supreme moment of threatening danger and impending battle,

and the excitement of surprise and combat. Thus it arose that in spite of the variety of incident, a unity of idea pervaded the whole subject. The Florentine public had long hesitated between Lionardo and Michelangelo. But now the Master of "the Last Supper" experienced the sorrow of being surpassed by the younger artist, by the almost unanimous verdict of his contemporaries. We have no longer the means of forming an opinion, and if we had, the decision might be difficult. The voice of Florence proclaimed unhesitatingly its disappointment with the later works of Lionardo, whilst all opinions united in admiration of the rising sun of Michelangelo.

Meanwhile the Pope, with the Signoria, supplicated his return to Rome, and added all conceivable promises of pardon and reward. Michelangelo remained firm. The Pope's faithlessness was so well known, that no confidence could be placed in promises, even in his own handwriting. After the third summons, the Gonfalonière Soderini made a solemn appeal to Michelangelo, representing to him that he could not desire that the republic should be forced into war with Rome on his account. He again meditated flight. The Sultan had invited him to Constantinople, to undertake a bridge over the Pera and other works. But happily Soderini dissuaded him from this step, and at last proposed to send him as an ambassador to Rome, thus placing him under the protection of the republic. His credentials were dated the 21st of August, 1506. Before he could reach Rome, the warlike Pope Julius had taken the field against Perugia and Bologna. After the subjugation of both cities, he remained in Bologna, where Michelangelo waited upon him. The master was recognised, whilst attending mass in the church of San Petrinio, and was led before the Pope. A fearful scene followed. Julius burst into a fit of rage. Michelangelo besought forgiveness. The Pope struggled with himself. Then an ecclesiastic came forward, and represented that Michelangelo had erred from want of education, pleading that painters had little experience of the manners of society. This afforded Julius the excuse he wanted, he could now safely give vent to his indignation. "Do you dare to speak to this man, as we would not speak to him?" he thundered at the alarmed dignitary. "It is you who display ignorance," and with this the courtier was handed out of the room by a servant, happily for him, for, under similar provocation, Julius had been known to attack even Cardinals with his own right hand.

After this outbreak, which was a necessary consequence of the Pope's disposition, Michelangelo was received with honour, and immediately entrusted with fresh work. The Pope wished to erect a permanent memorial of his entry into the city in the form of a colossal bronze statue on the façade of the church of San Petronio at Bologna. Michelangelo explained that this was not his proper work, but immediately commenced the cast model three times the natural size, and it was completed before the Pope's return to Rome, Michelangelo only worked sixteen months at the whole undertaking. He feared a failure in the casting, but his second attempt was perfectly successful, and the work came forth from the mould without any defect. Michelangelo had originally placed a book in the hand of the Pope. "Why a book," exclaimed Julius, "give me a sword, I know nothing of books." A fine illustration of the history of Popes, churches, and civilisation! The work was erected upon the site intended for it, on February 21st, 1509. But when the Papal sovereignty was overthrown in Bologna, in 1512, Michelangelo's beautiful work was destroyed, and the metal was converted into cannon by the Duke of Ferrara. The head alone, weighing 600 lbs, was preserved for some time in Ferrara.

Michelangelo, in the spring of 1508, again passed through Florence on his way to Rome. Raphael was already there, and Bramante, wishing that Michelangelo should serve as a foil to this renowned artist, and should be himself humiliated, and in revenge for the failure of the

previous intrigue, devised the plan, that the Pope should propose to Michelangelo a work in which he was certain to fail. The scheme was deeply laid, and apparently founded on no slight conception of Michelangelo's powers, for the task planned for his destruction, was gigantic. But Bramante was incapable of estimating how far the genius of Michelangelo exceeded even his boldest imagination. What would now be the condition of humanity, were it not that evil machinations so frequently only tend to serve a righteous cause. Bramante earned a laurel crown by his endeavour to make Michelangelo ridiculous.

The walls of the Sixtine chapel had been painted by the most renowned Italians of the 15th century. It was not difficult to convince the Pope that the harmony of the whole required a painted ceiling. This ceiling was intended to become the ruin of Michelangelo. The Pope commissioned him to undertake the work. In vain he replied with truth, that he had had no practise in painting. The Pope still pressed his demands, and a contract was signed, by which Michelangelo undertook the execution of the painting for the sum of 15,000 Ducats. Michelangelo was now morally pledged. His work must be extraordinary, and his power was past calculation. It was not his place to seek out difficulties, and to dare the apparently impossible; but when difficulties were placed in his way, they served only to excite him and to add to his courage and power. He thus commenced with resolution, and the scheme, which was designed to place him below Raphael only served to indicate the way by which he reached the exalted goal, which he might not have attained without a guide.

At first, Michelangelo thought of employing the help of Florentine Fresco-painters. But he soon discovered that no-one else could enter into his thoughts; he therefore dismissed all his assistants, and shut himself in, alone with his colour-grinder. He erected over the wall-paintings a scaffold built on a new principle of his own, and resembling lattice-work; and on this erection, he commenced without any help (May 10th, 1508), a work which has contributed more than any other, to render his name immortal. On All-saints day (November 1st) of the following year, admiring Rome was invited to inspect the first half. The impatience of the Pope, who had even threatened to throw the master down from the scaffold, had compelled the early uncovering of the completed part.

The defeated Bramante now endeavoured to save what he could, and advised the Pope to place the commission for the second half, for which Michelangelo had devised a complete scheme in the hands of Raphael. This roused the indignation of Michelangelo, and at this moment, he may have resembled his own Moses. In his wrath he took an opportunity in the presence of the Pope of reproaching the despicable Bramante with the wiles and subterfuges committed in the erection of St. Peters, on which Julius, who, in his better moments, felt a deep and true sympathy with the great artist, burst into a fit of uncontrollable fury, drove Bramante from his presence, and received Michelangelo into his highest favour. Michelangelo had conquered in the struggle. When in Michaelmas, 1510, he wished to visit his family at Florence, requested leave of absence, the Pope appeared annoyed, and asked when he expected to finish his work. "When I can," answered Michelangelo, quietly. "When you can! When you can!" stammered the Pope indignantly, threatening the artist with his stick. Michelangelo hastened away, and prepared for the journey. Then the Pope yielded, and sent him, with leave of absence, 500 ducats for his travelling expenses; Michelangelo, however, allowed himself to be reconciled; he did not undertake the journey, but remained in Rome, and completed his work with great expedition. He was

occupied for twenty months of unremitting labour in this new branch of technical labour, executing the whole with his own hands.

The hall had six windows on each side of the length, and two on the width. Richly carved dormer windows extended above into the vaulted roof, leaving twelve triangular compartments which were so painted by Michelangelo as to represent architecture, a throne being pictured between each window. Here the Prophets and Sybils were enthroned, and grouped around them were troops of nude figures, in every variety of attitude, some seated upon the apparent architectural projections; every figure being a master-piece of drawing and arrangement, and the whole evidencing a marvellous wealth of conception, yet in perfect harmony, thus the accessory figures serve to contribute to the lofty expression worn by the heroes and saints. Above the windows are the ancestors of the holy family, while the cross-bearers connecting them afforded additional scope for decorative art, and this decoration is so natural, so simple in its main features, and so soothing in the alternating rhythm of force and repose, that even when viewed alone, it is an artistic composition of the first rank.

The paintings on the ceiling, taken in order from the entrance to the high altar, represent the following scenes: God dividing the light from the darkness; God creating the sun and moon, and casting seed upon the earth; God moving upon the face of the waters; God creating Adam; the creation of Eve; the fall of man, and man driven out of Paradise; Noah's sacrifice; the flood; and, lastly, the drunkenness of Noah. The three last pictures were completed first, and, as, at the commencement, Michelangelo had not calculated the effect produced on the picture by the height of the room, the figures were too small for their position, and gave a cramped appearance to the composition. Michelangelo recognised his error, and corrected it in the later designs.

A more detailed description of this master-piece would be impossible here. We can only refer to the two pictures representing the creation of Adam and of Eve, as artistic creations almost weighed in their union of deep expression with surpassing beauty of form. In the representation of the fall of man, Raphael may have surpassed Michelangelo in grace, but not in grandeur of conception.

Pope Julius died on the 21st of February, 1513, and was succeeded by Leo X. of the family of Medici, who was warmly attached to Raphael, and embittered the life of Michelangelo by giving him useless commissions, and hindering his work on the still unfinished monument. Michelangelo received from the Pope an order for the decoration of the façade of St. Lorenzo at Florence, which was countermanded after extensive preparations had been made for the execution of the work. The only cause which can be assigned for this change of plan was the decadence of the family of Medici. Towards the end of the decade, Leo formed another design, with the intention of compensating Michelangelo for his loss of work on the façade. This design was the erection of a chapel in St. Lorenzo, to contain the monuments to the youthful scions of the house of Medici, but the execution of the plan was again delayed for some years. Meanwhile Michelangelo completed the statue of Christ on the cross, in the church of St. Maria sopra Minerva at Rome, one of his most celebrated works, renowned alike for beauty of expression and form; although not quite free from blame on the score of the exaltation of the beauty of human form at the expense of the spiritual element which should have predominated in such a composition.

When, in the year 1523, Julius, another Medici, ascended the Papal throne under the title of Clement, the work was continued on the monuments. A row of figures (completed in 1534) belong to this period, then a Madonna with the child, incomplete and roughly hewn from the

original block, then the two statues of Lorenzo and Julian de Medici, one distinguished by the name of "the thinker," and both incomplete. These are indeed figure portraits, resembling the Medici more in general contour than in feature, in accordance with Michelangelo's distaste for ordinary portraiture. He hated simple copying, and only the highest forms of beauty appeared to him to afford worthy scope for artistic labour.

At the foot of the statues, and reposing on the grave, are two figures, embodying that lofty symbolism, by means of which Michelangelo soared above ordinary art, and expressed a higher sentiment than is usually embodied by allegory. The figures are characterized as Day and Night, morning and evening Twilight, and this by their expression, as they bear no inscriptions. In them Michelangelo has expressed his most profound artistic secrets, and his deepest feelings as a sculptor. His contemporaries were especially pleased with the representation of Night. Giovanni Strozzi described it in a poem

"Night, which sleeps so sweetly here,
Was by an angel carved from stone;
Because night sleeps, she lives,
Dost thou doubt? Wake her, and she will speak."

Michelangelo makes the statue answer:

"Sleep is dear to me; dearer still that I am of stone; whilst misfortune and shame continue,
To 'see nought, to hear nought, is now my only bliss. therefore waken me not; speak softly!"

Such was the sentiment of the master, when he created this immortal work. Florence had again expelled the Medici, and Pope Clement wished to bring back his family by force. This awakened the republican sentiment in the mind of Michelangelo. In the position of general commissary for the restoration of the fortifications, he worked for his native city in opposition to those in whose service he was employed. As soon as he perceived that he had thus incurred the guilt of treachery, he fled first to Ferrara, and then to Venice. Although treated as a rebel by the Signoria, he could not keep himself away from the heroic struggle of his fellow-citizens after freedom. His love for his fatherland brought him back. Florence capitulated on August the 12th, 1530, but the leaders of the revolution, and amongst them Michelangelo, were not included in the amnesty. He was obliged to remain in concealment, until Pope Clement offered him a free pardon, on condition that he would complete the unfinished monuments. Work was to become his consolation, yet he seemed unable to settle his mind to it. He left it partly unfinished, and then quitted Florence for ever. The ground seemed to burn under his feet, and he turned towards Rome.

Here he was received by Clement with the gigantic new commission to paint a representation of the Last Judgment on the altar-piece of the Sistine Chapel, various old pictures being laid aside in order to make room for this design. Michelangelo resisted the proposal, preferring to finish Julius' monument, and continued the dispute, until Clement died, on September 25, 1534, and the throne was ascended by Pope Paul III., who declared himself in favour of the completion of the original plan. "I have cherished this wish," he exclaimed, "for thirty years; and now that I am Pope, shall I not see it realised?" Through his intercession an agreement was made with the executors of Julius, who declared themselves satisfied with the part of the work already completed, and it was then prosecuted, until it attained the still unfinished condition in which it now exists. In the contract executed with the Pope on September 1st, 1535, Michelangelo was appointed chief architect, sculptor and painter of the Vatican, and a pension of 1,200 golden

scudi was assured to him during the completion of his picture of the Last Judgment. On Christmasday, 1541, seven years after its commencement, the whole work was unveiled, and once again admiring Rome streamed into the edifice, prepared to find even greater beauties than those previously offered to its gaze.

The picture, which covers the entire wall, also ascends into the circular divisions of the roof. These are utilized in the composition for the introduction of two rich groups of angels holding instruments of torture. Thus Michelangelo's conception of the Last Judgment differs in a most characteristic manner from ordinary representations of the subject. His fancy was principally occupied with the terrors of a day of wrath. No softening breath calmed this scene of horror. Even Mary turns away her head in anguish.

As a representation of the awful moment, embracing the idea of judgment, Michelangelo's work cannot be surpassed in grandeur and finish. The master has displayed an astounding wealth of conception in his treatment of the subject, and the figures of the children of the resurrection are remarkable both in power and expression. His most profound thoughts were always embodied in the representation of the nude; and groups of figures, in every imaginable attitude, testified to his delight in the study of the human form. In this respect, Michelangelo has been a perilous example for succeeding generations. His choice of subjects was appropriate to a master, but dangerous for the weaker artists who followed in his steps. Objections were raised to the representations of the nude in a chapel devoted to religious worship. Before the painting was completed, Biaggis of Cesena, the Pope's Master of the Ceremonies, expressed his indignation, and, as a punishment, was placed by Michelangelo in hell, from which the intercession of Pope Paul failed to obtain his release. Pope Paul, however, was determined that the picture should not remain in its place, and it was only with great difficulty that consent was obtained for it to remain in a consecrated place, and this only under the condition that Michelangelo's pupil, Daniele da Volterra, should adorn the most striking nude figures with flowing robes, for which office he received the name of "Braghettone," or breechesmaker. Pious prejudices afterwards occasioned a similar treatment of the other figures in the picture.

An important event occurred to Michelangelo during his year's work on "The Last Judgment," namely his introduction to Vittoria Colonna. His natural tendency towards melancholy and solitude has been already mentioned. "I have no friends, I want none, and will have none," he wrote home from Rome in his early years. It is not the least doubtful, whether he ever really loved. We are driven to the treasury of his poems for the solution of his problem of his life. If in his art he appears superhuman, like a demi-god, in his poems he is more comprehensible, like an ordinary man, although still great and powerful, here he gives expression to the feelings of his inmost soul. The history of his inner life is laid open before us in these touching poems, and it is in accordance with the worship of beauty, as represented in the Platonic academy. With him, the ideal of beauty is seldom interrupted by references to the special and the individual. By the evidences of his inner life, Michelangelo takes rank as one of the first poets of Italy. His poetry does not depend for its interest on his fame, but is, in itself, of great importance, and would alone assure him a place amongst the great men of the Renaissance. He refers indeed to passion and longing, but never to the satisfied joy of possession; and when he addresses his beloved in inspired song, it is not as an earthly heroine, but as the ideal of his soul, his art, or abstract beauty.

Thus his long life was solitary. Contradictions of every kind had made him resigned. He

was already on the threshold of old age, though still full of noble enterprise, combined with a rare integrity and purity of purpose, when he learnt to know Vittoria Colonna, the daughter of Fabrizio Colonna, and widow of the Marquis of Pescara, thus related to the two first noblemen and warriors of her time. The character of her mind brought her into close connection with Michelangelo. Possessed like him of a noble disposition, and having, like him, passed through the school of adversity, she had attained to that lofty resignation and serene contentment, which demands nothing from life, excepting the food and support of the intellect. When Michelangelo and Vittoria met at Rome, in the year 1537, she was in the forty-eighth year of her age, and Michelangelo in his thirty-sixth year. The connection which arose between them, was of a most unusual nature, it was founded solely on mutual esteem, and strengthened by mutual devotion to the highest good, and until the death of Vittoria, it provided for both the enjoyment of intellectual intercourse and sympathetic association. She loved high art, and especially religious art, and spent many hours with her friend in his workshop, conversing with him on deep subjects of mutual interest. A breath of the same grandeur which characterised the works of Michelangelo, rests upon this beautiful relationship. Michelangelo felt that an intense happiness, like that of a new birth, was conferred upon him by his intercourse with this exalted soul. His poems bear witness to this, and also to the intellectual character of the friendship. His first mention of her human beauty is in the poem deploring her death, and the regret is most touching, which he afterwards expressed to a favourite pupil, that when he saw her on her deathbed, he had kissed her hands only, and not her face.

Thus in this aspect of his life, the man again stands before us like a giant, in superhuman grandeur, and it is difficult for us mortals to reach him with our admiration. We have no measure for him, and we only become men, in the higher sense of the word, as we begin to appreciate him, and to see his virtues in so clear a light, that his foibles, the only tribute which he paid to his humanity, disappear in complete unimportance.

Vittoria's death almost brought distraction upon the aged man. From this time his religious tendencies and his longing for death became more strongly developed. But in these also he stood quite alone. He appeared inspired, as if his feet no longer trod on earthly ground. And yet every thought and feeling found its embodiment in his art. He developed a piety, unknown to the church of that period, and such as could only have arisen under the teachings of the great reformers, from the powerful leader Savonarola, down to the German reformers of a later day. He is also exalted above their limitations. His conception of religion as of the moment of emancipation to be attained by the highest moral and intellectual perfection, rendered all ceremonial laws and discussions absolutely nugatory. Probably no man has ever possessed that religion which must eventually embrace the whole human race in bonds of brotherly amity, to so high a degree as Michelangelo. He lived in his own period as a citizen of future centuries.

It was in this state of mind and in the same year as the death of his beloved Vittoria, 1547, that Michelangelo finally yielded to the Pope's urgent request, that he would undertake the superintendence of the building of St. Peter's. He consented, as he said, solely from love to God, and refusing all earthly reward. He received unlimited power, to act according to his own discretion, and returned the first payment made by the Pope to him. Michelangelo had nothing more to do with worldly concerns. He wished to complete a work in which (only to name the leaders) Bramante, Raphael, and St. Gallo had failed, and which was in a state of confusion owing to the intermingling of the plans of various artists, so that "only a man of Michelangelo's

power could reduce the chaos to order." In fact, in both form and spirit, he here erected a monument to the Church of the Middle Ages, although a revival of this same Church has ventured in the nineteenth century to obstruct the intellectual progress of humanity.

He at first thought of adopting Bramante's idea of a Latin cross for the ground plan, but afterwards abandoned this in favour of Bramante's original scheme, which had the undeniable advantage of bringing the cupola within view. Unfortunately, however, his artistic effect was afterwards destroyed by the addition of Maderna's façade, which obstructs the view of the cupola, excepting from a distance.

Michelangelo worked without intermission, and in spite of the malignant envy of his opponents, his work was also appreciated by the succeeding Pope, Julius III., who was elected in 1549. His letters afford a touching evidence of the resignation with which he regarded his desolate life and his failing powers. And yet, what did he not accomplish with these failing powers? Even during the gigantic undertaking St. Peter's, he found leisure in the year of Paul III.'s death, to complete the two large fresco paintings of the Crucifixion of St. Peter, and the Conversion of St. Paul, in the Capella Paolina at the Vatican, and he also undertook the completion of the Farnese Palace, commenced by San Gallo. An extensive scheme for a change of plan, in connection with this, was unfortunately not carried out. But the imposing scheme for the Capitol was planned in accordance with his design. The plans for the church of San Giovanni de' Fiorentini, the national church of his beloved, though ever shunned, native city, date from Rome, in the years 1550 to 59, and the failure of this scheme was one of the most grievous disappointments of his life. He sent four or five plans in order to afford a choice, and when the Florentines selected one of the most ornate, he exclaimed in his joy: "If they really carry this out, neither Greece nor Rome will possess its equal."—"Such words," adds Vasari, "Michelangelo had never uttered before, for he was very modest." He also executed a work in plaster, in 1550, the group of the "Descent from the cross," now in Florence under the cupola.

Although his unremitting labour at St. Peter's continued, his weariness of life increased. He wrote thus on his return home, after he had taken refuge with the monks of Spoleto during the quartering of the Spanish army in Rome, in 1556. "I have spent these days with great trouble and cost, but also with great pleasure, amongst the hermits in the mountains of Spoleto, and have returned to Rome with but half a heart, for truly peace can only be found amongst the woods." When his faithful servant Urbino died in the same year, he wrote the following lament: "He has been for twenty-six years with me, and has been faithful and true; and now that I had made him rich, and had hoped that he would be the support of my old age, he is taken from me, and my only remaining hope is to meet him in Paradise."

At last St. Peter's was completed as far as the beginning of the cupola. Michelangelo felt that he should not live to see it finished, and therefore executed an exact model, which could leave no room for doubt as to the details of construction and ornamentation. This was a happy thought, and alone rendered the completion possible, in accordance with his wishes. The Pope and all Rome with him, admired the beauty and the light and graceful construction of the gigantic cupola. It is the most splendid trophy of renaissance art, and realises in perfection the ideas first suggested by Brunelleschi in the cupola of the Florentine dome. Nothing can equal the grace of the external line.

By commission from Pius IV., who, like preceding popes, knew how to value Michelangelo, and to protect him from the aspersions of his traducers, he built the majestic church of St. Maria

degli Angelo from the ruins remaining of the baths of Diocletian. That was the crowning triumph of his artistic career. To his gradual decay of strength were added the ravages of an insidious fever, which soon wore out his remaining forces. He wrote his will, in the expected approach of death, and this was framed with the generosity and simplicity of style, which characterised his entire life. It ran thus: "I command my soul to God, my body to the earth, and my property to my relations."

He anticipated with composure his departure, which took place on the 17th of February, 1564, he had nearly completed his 89th year. Rome was beside itself with grief, and his nephew was forced to convey his body privately to Florence, in order to bury it in his native soil, in accordance with the wish of the departed. It rests in Santa Croce, the most noble amongst the nobility of the land.

It is scarcely possible to embrace at once the whole meaning of this wonderfully rich life, a life of which art is the central point, but art in a higher, loftier sense than when conceived by any other artist. His works are connected with the highest range of the human intellect. Art was every thing to him, it filled his whole life, and his whole mind and feeling. To a faultless virtuous character, he added the qualities of a master-mind, a wealth of thought, feeling, fancy, judgment, a power of imagery, perseverance, and infallible ability and knowledge. He may truly be called the greatest artist who ever lived.

This was the man whom his contemporaries surnamed "the Divine", or "the Terrible." And truly, his figure bears the terrible aspect of Divinity, as he stands alone, elevated far above his compatriots. His works attain the highest point of renaissance art and culture, whilst a more limited aspect of the same period is represented by Raphael, who pictures completion and not anticipation. Michelangelo perceived the contrasts and conflicts of a new era, which were as yet unsuspected by the humanity beneath him. Thus Schiller stood before the eighteenth century as the founder of the ideal of emancipation, from the realisation of which the nineteenth century still labours, while the same eighteenth century obtained in Goethe its full form and figure, a corporeal embodiment in flesh and blood. Both Schiller and Michelangelo derived their power from a higher region than the deadly atmosphere of the spirit of the age. The labour of both is therefore far removed from the graceful perfection and enjoyment displayed in the more definite productions of Raphael or Goethe. Michelangelo and Schiller were warlike spirits, and upon their shoulders rested the world of the future, which a small number of men, following in their steps, have since endeavoured to realise.

Michelangelo's discontent in his old age is less a proof of his declining powers and increasing human infirmity, than the effect of the feeling that he was becoming increasingly isolated, and the knowledge that art had failed in its appointed vocation, and that therefore the long required solution had not been discovered. The intellectual liberation of his century, the renewal of religious life, had not been accepted in his country, and therefore no scope had been afforded for his art with its exalted aims. He saw, by anticipation, that art, the noble goddess of his life, could not withstand the debasing influence of mannerism. Thus he felt that his immortal efforts had been in vain; the man who needed only to raise a finger, in order to create a wonder out of nought, lost his confidence in art, and transferred his poetic inspiration to that highest image of perfection, which it had been the aim of his life to love and to realise in the creation of the beautiful. There is nothing more noble than this presentiment of union with the everlasting true and beautiful, which he expressed towards the end of his glorious life. He imagined that death would conduct him to that perfection, for which his long training in art had served only as a preparation. We see the great mortal spirit humbly bowing before the immortal whom no mortal is permitted to fathom or to represent.

B. M.

NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

It is only in comparatively late times that the art of painting can be said to have received a really national impulse in France. For a long time the artist spirit of the French, in spite of many difficulties, was nourished on the works of earlier days, especially on those of Italian painters. Louis XII. and Francis I. drew Italian artists to their courts, and the influence of Bosso—whom the French call *maitre Roux*—and of Primaticcio, created the school of Fontainebleau, from which all the life and activity of French art proceeded for a century. The impulse then died out, and new incitements had to be sought. At that time the artist world in Italy was divided into two great parties—the eclectics, who belonged to the school of the Caracci and the naturalists, followers of Michael Angelo Amerighi (*da Caravaggio*).

The greater number and the best of the French artists, who directly or indirectly drew their inspiration from Italy, belonged to the first of these schools, as would be imagined from the character of the French. The French, as a nation, are methodical in mind, and, excepting under extraordinary circumstances, when all barriers are cast aside, they adhere strictly to rule, and the systematic teaching they required was certainly to be obtained from the followers of the Caracci rather than from the restless, unfettered rationalists. The French, moreover, possess in a high degree the faculty of imitation, and therefore the theory of the eclectics, which consisted in studying and uniting in their works the various excellencies of all the great masters, must have been peculiarly congenial to them. A love of pomp and of the theatrical is also a characteristic of the French, and this found more satisfaction in the precision and solemn dignity of the eclectics than in the freedom and often roughness of the Caravaggi School. We must bear in mind that in France everything was already tending towards the stiff severe etiquette of Louis XIV., and also that Niccolo dell' Abbate, the successor of Primaticcio in Fontainebleau, and one of the models of French art, was the ideal of the Caravaggi School. In his works they found what they aimed at a union of the various merits of the old masters. Thus it arose that even those artists and their disciples who inclined to the Italian naturalist school returned by degrees to the eclectics. They soon degenerated into producing pictures of that careless conventional style too commonly adopted in Italy.

Although influenced by this current of thought, Nicholas Poussin, the greatest French artist of early times, was a man who in many respects pursued an original and isolated course. However much opinion may have changed since the time when this master was over-estimated, his perseverance, high ideal, and independence, must always be recognized, and must command



Nicolas Poussin.

admiration when the sad condition of art in his country at that time is taken into consideration. He is, even when valued at his proper worth, the highest glory, although a reproach to French art. The greatest master could only thrive on foreign soil.

Nicholas Poussin, the son of Pierre Poussin, a nobleman whose fortunes had suffered much in the religious wars, was born at Les Andelys in Normandy, in June, 1594. Whether or not he preferred drawing to learning Latin when a boy, as all great painters are said to have done; he certainly attracted the notice of the clever painter Quentin Barin, a native of the neighbouring town of Beauvais, who had settled at Les Andelys, and after much persuasion his father allowed him to follow his inclination, and to enter the artist's studio.

After studying under this master until he was eighteen, he went to Paris. He was entirely unprovided with money and had to help himself from place to place by means of his art. He stopped for a time on the way with the noted Flemish painter, Ferdinand Elle, but soon found a better master in L'Allemand of Lothringen. It was his good fortune to find a kind and generous patron in a young nobleman of Poitou, who presented him to the king's mathematician, Courtois, and it was through the fine collection of drawings and copperplate engravings possessed by this zealous amateur that he became acquainted with Raphael and Giulio Romano, whose works he diligently and carefully copied. He was soon, however, taken into the provinces by his young patron, but his great talent was not destined to be buried in a remote country place. The mother of his patron deserves the gratitude of posterity for having been the means of restoring him to the world, she received and treated the young man of scarcely twenty, who had not as yet earned fame, like a servant, and he had sufficient pride and tact to leave the place where he met with this insult. He again worked his way to Paris, and a few of the pictures he painted at this time are known. In Paris he was taken ill, and in order to recover his strength, he went home, where he remained nearly a year and then returned to the capital hoping to go from thence to Rome; for he too wished to see the ideals of his contemporaries, the original works of the great masters. This time, however, he only reached Florence. Before long he was again in Paris, living in the College de Laon. He became intimate with Philip de Champagne, who was also a pupil of L'Allemand, and Duchesne, a very mediocre artist, who had been commissioned to paint the extensive, but unmeaning decorations in the Luxembourg Palace, gave them both employment. This auxiliary work, however, did not satisfy Poussin, and, to escape from it, he started on a second journey to Italy, but this time he was even more unfortunate than on the first occasion. He only reached Lyons, and was very glad to be able to earn enough money by painting a few pictures, to take him back to Paris.

In the year 1623, the Fathers of the College of Jesuits wished to immortalize in works of art the canonization of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the order, and of Francis Xavier, one of its pillars. Among the works of the competitors, some of whom were well-known artists, six water colour drawings by Poussin, which he painted in less than a week, appeared to such advantage that they attracted the attention of the celebrated Italian poet Cavaliere Giambattista Marini, who at that time was still at Paris in the court of Marie de Medici. He took Poussin into his house, and commissioned him to illustrate his chief poem "Adonis," which he had just finished. It was also his desire that the artist should accompany him on his return in Italy, but Poussin was unable to comply with this wish of his kind friend, as he had several commissions which necessitated his remaining in Paris, and it was not until the spring of 1624 that he was able to follow Marini to Rome. In Rome he was introduced by his friend to the Cardinal

Barberini, nephew of Pope Urban VII.; but before long he was again friendless and helpless, for Marini died on the 25th March, 1625, at his country seat near Naples, and the Cardinal went on a mission to France and Spain. Poussin was obliged to part with his pictures to obtain the means of living. He now became connected with the Flemish sculptor François Duquesnoy, who, on account of his Italian origin, was called "Il Fiammingo," and with the Italian mannerist, Alessandro Algardi. The style of these sculptors was an attempted union of the two arts of modelling and painting, but Poussin strove to purify his composition by study of the severer rules of sculpture—*i. e.* of relief. He soon left modern sculpture and took Roman antiques for his models. From early youth to old age he studied the law of optics and perspective. Goethe has called attention to the interesting fact, that Poussin in his portrait painted by himself, is holding in his hand the work of Pater Athanasius Kircher "*Ars magna lucis et umbræ*."—The art of light and shade.—Poussin was probably closely related to the author. He also studied anatomy. The study of antique works of art led him to read the literature of ancient times, and he sought in the pages of the great authors for noble deeds and striking scenes as subjects for pictures; for the attainment in his opinion of power of expression was an aim worthy of the greatest effort.

Unfortunately the severity of his judgment was extremely prejudicial to a free exercise of the imagination. The manner in which he composed his pictures, was characteristic. After making a sketch of the subject, and composing it according to tradition, he made models on a small scale of all the figures, and then proceeded to draw and paint. His antiquarian knowledge led him to be inartistic, for instance, he represents the Last Supper, after the fashion of an ancient Triclinium—without considering that in the conventional rendering of this important event there is a truth for which no mere historical correctness of costume is an adequate substitute.

Owing to the failure of Cardinal Barberini's negotiations in Rome, Poussin became a martyr to his country, for during the time when the popular feeling in Rome was excited against the French residents, he was attacked by some soldiers in the neighbourhood of Monte Cavallo and received a wound in the hand. In order to escape similar adventures in the future, he adopted the Roman dress which he always continued to wear. He had scarcely recovered from his wound when he fell ill. A fellow-countryman, Jacques Dughet, nursed him with great care, and Poussin, out of gratitude, married his daughter, Anna Maria, in 1629. As no children were born to him, he adopted his wife's brothers, Gaspar Dughet, the well-known excellent landscape painter usually called G. Poussin, and Jean Dughet, who became an engraver. Poussin lived on Monte Pincio near Claude Lorrain, and Salvator Rosa. He was soon overwhelmed with orders. The learned Cassiano del Pozzo, of Turin, one of his most ardent admirers, gave him access to his collection of antiques, and commissioned him, and others, to paint a set of pictures illustrating the Seven Sacraments which are now at Belvoir Castle, the seat of the Duke of Rutland who also possessed the before-mentioned pictures of the Last Supper. In 1624, Poussin formed an intimate friendship with the French painter Jacques Stella (who was born at Lyons in 1596, and died at Paris on the 28th April, 1657), he directed him in his art, and kept up an active correspondence with him. The same may be said with regard to Paul Fréart de Chantelon, the intendant of Louis XIII., for whom he copied his pictures of the Sacraments. These copies, which were finished in 1648, are now in the Bridgewater Gallery in London. The well-known portrait of himself in the same Gallery was also painted for this friend at his most urgent desire. Poussin had intended to have

his portrait taken by Mignard, but did not like that artist's manner of painting, so, in spite of want of practice—he had not painted a portrait for eighteen years—he attempted it himself and was as much pleased with its reception as he was ashamed at the very handsome payment voluntarily given him. He now painted the portrait mentioned by Goethe; in his opinion this was the least successful of the two.

Poussin's earlier pictures, which had been sent to Paris, had attracted the notice of the state-secretary Noyers, who, in 1639, made an attempt to bring the artist to Paris, but it was only on receiving a second letter, to which the king had added a few lines, that Poussin consented to go. As a year passed, however, without his appearing, Chantelon and Jean Dughet fetched him from Rome (at the end of 1640). He was lodged at the Tuileries, and was presented to the king and Richelieu at St. Germain. He was received with distinction, and on the 20th March, 1641, he was appointed first painter to the king! The large orders he now received, quite oppressed him, but he was even more troubled by the ill-feeling manifested towards him by the Paris artists, Simon Bonet, and Feuquières, and by the architect Mercier. He grew impatient under it, and in September, 1642, he got leave of absence and went to Rome. Owing to the death of Richelieu (Dec. 4, 1642), and of the king (May 14, 1643) and de Noyer's retirement from office, Poussin decided not to return to his native land. He died at Rome on the 19th November, 1665, after an industrious life, leaving the modest sum of 30,000 francs. He was buried in the church of St. Lorenzo at Lucina where Chateaubriand, the French minister at Rome, had a monument erected to him. Poussin was no precocious genius—his earlier works are uninteresting, and his powers were not at their height until the fortieth year of the century. Later his weak and trembling hand was no longer an efficient servant to his imagination and poetic faculty.

Most of his heads are monotonous and of an uninteresting type; the figures are from a fourth to a third the size of nature in the greater number of his pictures. His composition was good, but stiff. It was perhaps in landscape painting in which he founded the so-called historical school—that he was most successful. We may almost say that here alone he escapes from the cool region of reason and strikes deep resounding notes of feeling.

B. M.

PORDENONE—MORETTO.

Giovanni Antonio Licino, named Pordenone from his birth place, was born at Pordenone in 1483. According to Vasari, he was self-educated, and studied from the works of Giorgione. He left Pordenone on account of an epidemic which prevailed there, and painted church frescoes throughout the district of Friuli, at Conegliano, Spilembergo, and other places under the central government at Treviso, also at Udine, Mantua, Piacenza, and especially at Pordenone, whither he returned. Eventually the painter settled at Venice, where he principally occupied himself with fresco-painting, and not only painted religious subjects in the church interiors, but adorned the palace façades with mythological and historical representations from antiquity. He endeavoured to emulate Titian in his spirited style of drawing. He is principally known in German galleries by "The Woman taken in adultery," at Berlin, a work which, although when viewed physiologically, may demand deeper sentiment and more expression in the figure of Christ, yet contains characteristic figures evidently taken from the life. We may here acknowledge the justice of Vasari, who praises the dignity of his outlines and his graceful contours. From Venice he was summoned to Genoa, and later to Ferrara, where the Duke received him with distinguished attention. Soon after his arrival, however, the painter was seized with violent pain in the chest which caused his death, after a few days of suffering, in 1539.

The name of Pordenone, through some error, had, until recently, been attached to a masterpiece in the Belvedere at Vienna: St. Joanna standing, and, kneeling in an imploring attitude at her feet, the donor, a noble in the costume of the time. This is a work by Alessandro Bonvicino, called "il Moretto" of Brescia. This artist, whose real importance was long forgotten, and concerning whom biographical information is so meagre, that it does not give either the date of his birth or of his death, is the most important and distinctive amongst those painters, who do not belong to the narrow school of Venice, although they resemble it in their artistic impulses. He was probably born towards the end of the 15th century, and lived until about the year 1560. He may be best studied in the churches of his native city; a few of his religious pictures are to be seen at Frankfurt and Berlin. In his colouring a cool tone, of singular beauty, takes the place of the warm golden hues of the Venetians, and with this he unites a noble expression, a correct outline, and a harmony of form, exceeding the painting of the island city. He was followed by Giovanni Battista Moroni, the celebrated portrait painter. Another contemporary painter from Brescia, Girolamo Salvolas, will be admired by all lovers of art who have seen the delicate figure of a girl amongst ruins, in the Museum at Berlin.

A. W.



Thomas Cranmer

LUCAS CRANACH.

Lucas Cranach was born at Kronach in the see of Bamberg, in the year 1472; he took his surname from his native town, as the family name of Sunder was not in good repute. His time as a student was passed with his father, about whose artistic capabilities nothing certain is known. Of his first efforts, and early success we have no information. There is great similarity between him and another great painter of this period (Mathias Grünewald of Aschaffenburg, painter to the Elector of Mayence). Perhaps they both learned from Cranach's father, or Cranach may have studied for a time with Grünewald. In colouring, execution, and the style of their heads, there is a close resemblance, but Grünewald excels undoubtedly in character, he has greatly the advantage in expression, and is more perfect in style whilst Cranach's power of invention and of exciting emotion is superior.

Grünewald has left us some magnificent church pieces, such as the altar in the Market Church at Halle (which until lately was attributed to Cranach). The first picture of the latter, however, which is known to be genuine, is "The repose of the Holy Family, surrounded with angels," in the Sciarra Gallery in Rome, painted in the year 1504. About this time Cranach probably entered the Elector's service, in whose accounts his name occurs from the year 1505. How highly his powers were estimated at court is proved by the salary of a hundred gulden which he received as court painter, whilst his predecessors had only drawn forty gulden. On account of his honourable conduct, artistic powers, and honesty, as well as his pleasing and agreeable services, the Elector Frederick the Wise, who personally had a great esteem for him, granted him a herald's letter, which gave him a right to bear as coat of arms a winged serpent. This mark of distinction, however, caused no difference in his social position. He lived in Wittenberg, as a well-known painter, married Barbara Brengbier of Gotha, and was in good circumstances, possessing several houses and some freehold property. In his workroom all was conducted in a most business-like manner, a great number of artisans were occupied with his various projects. Master Lucas was a good man of business, he carried on at the same time a printing-press, the sale of paper, and an apothecary's shop. In the interests of his royal master he undertook a journey to the Netherlands in 1509, apparently on a diplomatic embassy to the Emperor Maximilian, who was obliged by the circumstances of the time, to do homage to his grandson, the future Charles the Fifth. Cranach took a portrait of the little duke at the age of nine, and also turned the journey to account for artistic purpose.

In the years 1537 and 1540, he was twice chosen Mayor of Wittenberg. The most remark-

able thing, however, about him, is the connection with the Reformers and the Reformation. He was very intimately acquainted with Luther, whose features he has admirably transmitted to us. In the name of the Council, in the year 1521, he provided for the daring monk the travelling carriage, which brought him to Worms on the day of the Reichstag, and received a letter from Luther on his return from Frankfort. Cranach assisted at Luther's marriage with Catherine von Bora, in 1525, and the next year stood godfather to his firstborn. When Cranach received the sad intelligence, in 1536, that his eldest and most hopeful son John had died in Bologna where he was pursuing his studies, Luther hastened to comfort the afflicted father with all his powerful sympathy.

Besides painting, Cranach designed on wood, and has left many specimens of his inventive powers. The number of works bearing his name, is unusually great, but we must not overlook the fact that by far the greater number were altogether or partly executed by his assistants, for example the numerous portraits usually in small size of Frederick the Wise, and John Frederick the Generous, Luther, Melancthon, and Katherine von Bora, which were manufactured to meet the requirements of the market or to serve as presents. Cranach himself worked very quickly; as early as 1509, Dr. Christian Scheurl, in a Latin letter, praises his remarkable quickness in painting, whilst on his tombstone he is named "*Celerrimus pictor*."

In his great church pieces we can scarcely estimate his true excellence, although he has painted so many; in these creations the higher inspiration of fancy fails him, and with all his ability he rarely rises above mediocrity. He frequently had occasion to give expression to the peculiar tenets of the Protestant teaching; in 1518 he painted a dying man, confiding, not in his good works, but only in his faith, a picture now in the Museum at Leipzig. Although the workmanship of this picture is careful and delicate, the purity of style is clouded by the intended allegory. The great altar-piece in the Stadtkirche at Wittenberg is no doubt an excellent performance, but mostly by a pupil's hand; in the centre it contains the Last Supper, whilst at the sides it represents the exercise of Divine worship according to the evangelical rites, some of the figures being well-known characters in the Reformation.

His true province is the idyl, whether his subjects be profane or biblical. The letter of Christian Scheurl (already mentioned) praises particularly the unusual truthfulness of his animals, as also the grapes, branches of trees, &c., which he represents. He succeeds in nothing so well as in pictures of moderate size, in which familiar landscapes with woods of birch and pine, and castles on rocky heights play the principal part. One of his master-pieces represents the holy Jerome absorbed in prayer, in a rocky country; this has been in the Gallery at Innsbruck for some years. Another picture in the Berlin Museum represents Albrecht von Brandenburg, Elector of Mayence, as the holy Jerome, in a magnificent Cardinal's costume, retiring as a hermit into a charming forest solitude. He is studying at his table, whilst around him deer and stags are playing, and a lion crouches peacefully at his feet. Similar in character are the small Madonnas, two of the finest of which are in the Cathedral at Breslau, and in the gallery at Carlsruhe; in these the naive childlike expression on the faces of the Mother and Child is surprising. None of these pictures are faultless in form, the anatomy of the figure is not thoroughly understood, but the delicious green of the landscape, the clear, transparent, and brilliant colouring, and the soft grace of the whole exercise a peculiar charm. Cranach is particularly happy in these subjects which afford scope for humour. The Verdict of Paris was a favourite subject

with him in wood-carving as well as in painting, the finest example of which is a jewel in the Karlsruhe Gallery which in the mediæval style, transposes the story into the age of German chivalry! Paris is represented as a young nobleman, who has fastened his horse to a tree in the forest to rest, and then, roused from slumber by the old knight Mercury, gazes in confusion on a charming, unveiled beauty. This is a picture in the popular style, having the effect of a fairy tale, it is at once lively and thoughtful, fresh and drastic, not always correct, and often coarse, but healthy and charming in tone; and Kugler was right when he named Cranach the Hans Sachs of painters! Even his naive sensuality is pleasing, and is delightfully combined with the wildest play of humour in the "Fountain of youth," in the Berlin Museum, painted by the artist in 1546, when he was seventy-four years of age.

Cranach shared the fortunes of his patron's house during the unfortunate war of Schmalkalden. After the battle of Mühlberg, when John Frederick was taken captive, he was summoned to the Camp by the Emperor Charles V., where he was graciously received. Some years later, in 1550, when the Elector was brought to Augsburg, Cranach, at his patron's request, went to him and shared his captivity, in order to divert him by his art, and to be an agreeable companion, for which he was well fitted by his social and conversational powers, which were so frequently praised by his contemporaries. In the autumn of 1552, he attended the Prince to Weimar, where he ended his life, in the Electoral residence.

It was here that his last great work originated, the most remarkable creation of his life, excelling all earlier church-pieces; the altar-piece, in the Stadtkirche at Weimar. At the feet of the Saviour on the Cross, stand on the right, John the Baptist, Luther with the Bible, and Lucas Cranach himself, upon whose head some drops of blood fall from the wounds of Christ; on the left Christ again appears as risen, overcoming Satan. The Conception of the Saviour is, in both instances, devoid of spiritual force, and the union of the two actions in the same picture is objectionable; but Luther and the painter himself are masterly portraits of striking accuracy and bear the expression of earnest faith and conviction. Cranach died before the completion of this work, on the 16th of October 1553; his son Lucas Cranach the younger, also a painter of considerable merit, finished it; from him we have the side pieces representing the Electoral family.

Cranach does not admit of comparison with such painters as Dürer and Holbein, the conventionalities from which they were completely free, still cling to him. His career was limited by the fact that he did not, like them, abandon himself to the culture of the Renaissance, for this new style was not only dependent upon the treatment of ornamentation, but involved an entirely different conception of the world, and a new relation to nature. That perfect fulfilment of the intellectual and stirring ideas of the time, which is found in Dürer is wanting in Cranach, although in whatever related to faith or belief, he threw himself with firm conviction into the Reformation. We find in him as little of the aspiration of Dürer, who strove by perfection of theory to attain perfect command of form, as we do of that freedom from mediæval habit, that boundless confidence in nature which we admire in Holbein. Still, in his own sphere, Lucas Cranach was a charming, amiable, and original artist, and one of the greatest characters of that glorious time.

A. W.

HANS HOLBEIN

(FATHER AND SON).

No other artist of his period can dispute the first rank with Albrecht Dürer, but Hans Holbein the younger may be placed on an equality with him. If Dürer's genius be more powerful and comprehensive, Holbein adds a wonderful completion to it, and even excels Dürer in the qualities peculiar to a painter; his eye for colour and comprehension of form, being more perfect. However powerful Dürer's depth of thought may be, an excess of fancy is frequently united with it, which detracts from the repose of the composition, whilst in Holbein, on the other hand, there is never such discordance between the intellectual meaning and the external form: the mind in accordance with nature, which was acquired by Dürer after long effort, was natural to him; thus he is the true heir of the style, founded by Hubert van Eyck, since whose time the northern realism had never been developed with such freedom and power, and yet with the necessary limitations of the correct laws of beauty, as with Holbein. Thus he brought German renaissance art to the highest perfection, of which it is capable, and at the same time elevated himself above all natural limitations, whilst Dürer remained distinctively German; Holbein's genius belongs to the entire world of modern humanity, just as the artist's external life was never circumscribed by the limits of his native land.

The elder Hans Holbein merits part of the renown which has hitherto been ascribed only to the son. Through him, the son found an important part of the work accomplished which Dürer was forced to undertake unaided. Hans Holbein the father had already completed the breach with the middle ages, and had safely piloted his bark through its conventionalities.

The situation and activity of his home at Augsburg favoured his work. The splendid old Imperial City, great by means of its trade and manufactories, lay on the road to Italy and was the most important centre for trade and intercourse with the South. A rich and splendid life was developed within its walls, and gave to it, more than to any other German city, the character of a city of the world. The Emperors, and especially Maximilian, loved to hold their court in it, and a number of Imperial diets assembled within its walls. Powerful and distinguished men, from far and near, assembled there, whilst, on the other hand, Augsburg merchants went long distances in pursuit of their trade. The Augsburg Merchants were the first to rig out vessels for the East Indian trade, they also stood in intimate relationship with the trading cities of the Low Countries and Italy, especially with Venice. In the same way as members of the Fugger family went thither for purposes of trade, so painters, for example, Hans Burgkmair, crossed the



Hans Holbein.

Alps, and thus became acquainted with the theories of the renaissance. Italian painters also came to Augsburg; and master-pieces of southern art were brought over, to enhance the magnificence of the great patrician houses. Conrad Peutinger, the great humanist of Augsburg, who was the first to pursue there the study of ancient literature, possessed a collection of antiquities. and the Fugger family also had ancient statues amongst their art treasures. But the gay, bustling imperial city was especially famed for those free conceptions of life, often wanting in the smaller German towns; and the full scope which it afforded to art was closely allied with this wider liberality.

The Holbein family, whose name was principally confined to southern Germany, came from the district of Schönfeld, near Augsburg, where they had some property. From the year 1451, one member of the family, by name Michel Holbein, came to reside in Augsburg, where he practised the trade of a tanner. He was, as may be seen from the registers of the city, the father of the painter, Hans Holbein the elder. We do not know when the latter was born, probably in the year 1460, but rather after than before that date, as may be concluded from portraits still extant. His works date from the year 1493, and in the year 1494 his name was entered on the tax-roll. His younger brother Sigismund was also a painter, and his name was entered on the tax-roll in 1505, at Augsburg, where he at first lived with his brother.

At that period German artists were principally required to paint church pictures, especially designed for the decoration of altars with folding panels, in which the art of the sculptor was usually united with that of the painter, work which was badly paid, and, in the execution of which assistance was usually derived from pupils. The pictures of the elder Holbein are of this class, and are very unequal in their style. But his artistic genius may be recognised even in his earliest works.—These consist of four pictures, originally painted in the year 1493, for both sides of the folding altar-screens, at the cloister of Weingarten, but now in the cathedral at Augsburg. The subjects belong to the history of the holy Virgin and her parents, and in the idyllic scene, in which the infant Mary is represented as bathing, as well as in the simple, but affecting rejection of the offering of John, we perceive deep feeling, and naïve conceptions of nature, which must have been antagonistic to the conventionalities of the period. We are too little acquainted with the earlier school at Augsburg, to be able to judge what training the artist had received. It is certain, however, that he had experienced the influence of Martin Schongauer of Colmar, who was at that time the most thoughtful and conspicuous artist of the natural school in South Germany. We find in him a power of expression and a high ideal of womanly beauty; he appears also to have introduced new methods of colouring. Schongauer merits the credit of having introduced the Dutch technical style into his country—possibly the elder Hans Holbein had also opportunities of gaining an acquaintance with Flemish art; his pictures of the cathedral, with their powerful heads, recall the peculiarities of that style. This is more clearly evidenced in his smaller finished pictures, intended not for the church, but for the house, such as the small and delicately executed portrait of the Madonna, in the chapel of St. Maurice at Nuremberg; the date of this is 149.... unfortunately the last figure intelligible.

In general he had to work for a far more uncultivated public than that surrounding the Flemish painters. The subjects proposed for representation were different, and consisted principally of events from Christ's passion, in which piety should be stimulated by the effect produced on the fancy and feelings. By means of the passion plays, the people had become accustomed to a very drastic and rough handling of the subject, and the painters apparently exerted

all their power to make Christ's suffering apparent. As with Schongauer, Hans Holbein the elder represents Christ who is Himself calm and dignified, as surrounded by a rough mob, by whom he is ill-treated and finally crucified. There are many striking features in this composition, but the figures in motion display great ignorance of the human form, and a few inspiring moments cannot atone to us for the absence of correct taste. Passion scenes of this nature decorated the screens of a church altar painted for the Dominican church in Frankfort on the Maine; these pictures are partly in the Städel Institute and partly at Saalhof. Another series, almost entirely of one colour, are now in the gallery at Donaueschingen; a third, now in the Pinakothek at Munich, belonged to the "precious choir-table," prepared in 1502 by the hands of Augsburg Masters for the Abbot of Kaisheim.

Whilst the pictures of the passion cover the outer sides of the screen, the history of Mary and of the childhood of Christ is represented on the inner sides, in which the lovely child-like faces of the women, and the beautiful portraits of the men are accurately drawn from life—the colouring is clear and transparent, and the composition highly artistic.

The gallery at Augsburg contains numerous pictures by the master; these were principally painted for the Katherine cloister, which now holds the collection. The most beautiful amongst them is "the Basilica of St. Paul," one of a series of Roman basilicas—painted by Augsburg masters for the ladies belonging to the cloister, as the stations for an imaginary pilgrimage. Here the history of the Apostle Paul is developed in numerous exquisite scenes on architectural or landscape backgrounds, crowds of accessory figures and spectators are to be seen on every side, as is the case in the Italian frescoes, and, in like manner, the artist's own contemporaries are mingled in the groups, faithfully represented both in features and dress—the artist himself is at the baptism of the Saint; he has his two sons, Ambrosius and Hans, before him, and points towards the latter with marks of especial tenderness. Here also we may observe some weakness in technical points, especially in the drawing of the hands and feet, but at the same time a decided progress in the arrangement of the drapery, in the attitudes, and in the expression of the individual heads.

We have no works remaining from the following years, the pictures for the St. Maurice church at Augsburg, which must have been produced in the year 1508, are no longer extant. Probably many perished by the hands of the iconoclasts. Herr von Stetten in Augsburg possesses a very interesting votive picture, which was probably painted in 1508, for the church of St. Ulrich: the burgomaster Ulrich Schwartz, who had been attainted on political grounds in the year 1478, kneels with his whole family before God the Father, who, at the intercession of Christ and the Virgin, replaces the sword which He had just drawn, in its scabbard. Two magnificent works, altar-pieces painted in grey, now in the gallery at Prag, belong to the same period.

We perceive a change of style in these works. More attention is bestowed on the portraiture of the heads, whilst the sacred figure in which the artist forsakes his earlier ideal types, and substitutes ordinary characters from the life, reach the verge of the commonplace. But that advance may already be traced in the works of the elder Hans von Holbein, which was connected with the influence of the Italian Renaissance. A new style may be observed in the arrangement of the figures, as well as in the architecture of the back-grounds and framings. Hans Burgkmair, in whose works innovations in ornament may be observed as early as the first years of the sixteenth century, appears to have taken the earliest steps in this direction in Augsburg, and he was rapidly followed by Hans Holbein the elder. The Augsburg gallery contains

four pictures with legendary scenes from the year 1512, formerly the inner and outer sides of two altar scenes, the rich gold ornamentation upon which displays the renaissance sentiment; though still in its infancy, whilst in the figures we may discover a more intimate acquaintance with nature. With all the life and vigour which appears in the representations of the Ulrich legends, and also in the martyr-scenes, the crucifixion of Peter and the death of St. Catherine, we see scarcely a trace of the earlier distorted style; there is a lovely naïveté of sentiment in the picture of the holy Anna, with Mary and the infant Christ. The face of the holy Virgin is a new creation, in which the old type is scarcely apparent, and the features, although individual, are almost inspired. The veracity of the men's portraits surpasses all previous compositions.

We should scarcely be able to comprehend this rapid progress, did we not possess a distinct class of works, in which we can trace the change of style which occurred between the earlier and later works of Hans Holbein the Elder. In various collections, and especially in the Museum at Basle, and still more in the Berlin Museum, we find portrait studies, engraved on silver, which show us clearly how capable the painter was of abandoning the conventionalities of his period, as soon as he was brought into direct intercourse with nature. These portraits represent some of his Augsburg contemporaries, and their signatures may generally be seen on the engravings. The varied life of the Imperial city is also represented to us. By the side of the various members of the Fugger Family or the clever burgomaster, Ulrich Artzt, the leader of the Suabian confederation, we have personalities from the Imperial Court, we have Maximilian himself, lightly sketched on horseback, and his merry councillor, Kunz von der Rosen. Then we have Monks from the Ulrich cloister, unequalled types of cloister life, then a hypocrite in the guise of a Saint, (the Somenity), with the addition of ordinary burghers and artisans, and the head of the artist himself, with long hair and flowing beard, leaving only the upper lip bare, and with a sweet thoughtful expression, is seen in the collection of the Duc d'Aumale—whilst the Berlin Collection of engravings preserves the heads of his two sons "Brosy and Hans,"—the latter at the age of fourteen—on the same plate as the portrait of Sigismund Holbein. All are represented with incomparable accuracy and vigour of outline, and the studies gain great value from their unaffected veracity.

The highest trophy produced in the Augsburg studio of the elder Hans Holbein is the altar of the Holy Sebastian, now in the Pinakothek at Munich, probably commenced in 1515. The Annunciation of the Virgin, painted on the outer sides of the screen, bears some traces of the earlier style, especially in the flowing draperies, but the pure expression on Mary's features has a beauty such as was never previously attained. The centre picture is especially beautiful (the martyrdom of St. Sebastian); in this the characteristic heads of the archers and of the spectators are admirable, and display a new acquaintance with the organism of the body. The most lovely figures are the two Saints Elizabeth and Barbara, on the inner sides of the screens, both are standing in graceful attitudes, attired like princesses in the costume of the period. Three leprous beggars at the painter's feet, in one of whom we can recognise the features of the painter, are drawn with much truth—the symptoms of the painful disease are faithfully represented, but only serve to enhance the exalted dignity of the Saint, who is bringing comfort and healing to the sufferers. The beautiful landscape in the background, with city and distant mountains, which is continued on the other sides of the screen, is in harmony with the figures, transparency is blended in the colouring with brilliant power. With the new style of the figures we have the new style of architecture and ornament in the decorations surrounding the picture. These two features cannot

properly be separated, for the realistic conception of nature is out of harmony with the bizarre architectural productions of the period of Gothic decadence. Thus, while the style of building still remained Gothic, the new forms of the renaissance were introduced by painters and sculptors.

This creation, with the last named paintings and drawings, have been erroneously considered to be the early performances of the celebrated son of Hans Holbein, and are indeed scarcely inferior to his works. The father may share the credit with the son, of having founded the modern style of German art, and has even excelled his son by retaining in his German art.—We have no certain specimens of the artist's later works. He appears to have had some difficulties to contend with in Augsburg, for example we hear that he was frequently sued for small debts. He often led a wandering life, not unusual at that period, and undertook foreign commissions; we hear of him latterly as working in Alsace. His death is entered in the Augsburg painter's register as occurring in 1520. His brother Sigmund had also left his home, and afterwards became a citizen of Bern, where he died in 1540, in easy circumstances, after having constituted nephew Hans his heir.

Hans Holbein the younger was born in 1497, as we conclude from the dates given on his portraits, in the absence of more accurate information. We do not become acquainted with him as an artist in his native city, which he left early, but first in Basle, where, at the age of eighteen, he left traces of his work. He probably went there during his travelling apprenticeship, and certainly in company with his brother Ambrosius. Both remained for a time in Basle, finding abundance of work there, not only in painting, but also in etching for glass and wood engravers, whose guides prospered in the city. In February, 1517, Ambrosius was received into the painters' guild, whilst Hans became a member two years later, in September 1519. The two preceding years show us the earliest works of the young artist, who was independent and original from the first. In addition to a frontispiece, with cupids in wood engraving, which bears his name and appeared at the end of the year 1515, we have also border illustrations to a copy now in the Basle Museum, of "the praise of folly," by Erasmus, dating from the same year. Holbein prepared in the short space of ten days, and to the intense delight of the savant, as we find from contemporary records, these eighty small pen and ink drawings, illustrating the far famed ironical text of the author, with astonishing intelligence, and bold freedom. The whole were executed quickly, but are always forcible; the hand of the master is apparent throughout, and the pictures unite with the words in attacking every class and circumstance of life; even the Pope and Emperor are not spared from the unbridled mockery, the writer and the illustrator do not even spare each other. When Erasmus found his own portrait at a suitable place, he turned the pages, until he came to the words "a splendid swine from the herd of Epicurus" with the picture of a rough fellow and a maid—under this he wrote the name "Holbein," a joke which has given rise to groundless aspersions on the character of Holbein.

Shortly afterwards a table was painted, now in the city library at Zurich; after having been highly praised by the writers of the 17th century, this had disappeared—until it was found, greatly injured, in the summer of 1871. In the middle three scenes are represented: the mercer, asleep in a wood, whilst his pack is being plundered by apes, the "nobody," that legendary figure, who says of himself "my name is nobody—at my door are laid the deeds of everybody." He is seated in a sorrowful attitude, with a lock on his mouth, whilst around him are scattered the debris caused by the breakages of "nobody." The border is adorned by drawings of fishing, dancing, bathing, gymnastics, and the hunt. A similar work of art, also enlivened by the jovia,

wit of the artist, is the shield of a schoolmaster, drawn in 1516, and now in the Museum at Basle. Thus these early Basle works derive their interest from the spirit in which they are conceived. The same spirit breathes through them, which was then prevalent in the literature of the people, a bold, often rough humour. This literature had its centre in the neighbourhood of the Upper Rhine where Sebastian Brandt's "ship of fools" had appeared shortly before, and where the monk Pauli collected his tales "Humorous and earnest." There also Holbein came in contact with the humanist influence, and especially with Erasmus, who lived at Basle. The whole character of the city, which took so courageous a part, so shortly after its reception into the league, and the honesty and determination to be found there in combination with freedom, had a great influence upon Holbein's style, which became eminently realistic, and lost those qualities of elegance and grace, so observable in some of his father's works.

We observe another style in some portraits of this time, a period at which portraiture was more highly valued and paid than any other branch of art. Young Holbein never resembles his father so much as in these early portraits. Whilst he was still occupied in decorative work, he received a commission to paint the pursuits of the burgomaster of Basle, Jacob Meyer zum Hasen, and his wife, in two small pictures, with frames to match—these are now in the Museum at Basle. We have here the distinctive characteristics of manly dignity, and female sweetness, whilst every detail of dress and decoration is perfectly finished. The portrait of the painter Hans Herbster, with large beard and red cap, now in the possession of W. Baring at London, dates from the same year (1516).

The painter appears to have remained in other parts of Switzerland; we hear of him at Luzern, in 1517. Here he painted the decorations of a house belonging to Jacob von Herlenstein, which has unfortunately been dismantled during the present century. He painted on the interior walls religious and humorous scenes, amongst them "the fountain of youth;" and on the exterior walls, legendary representations, with scenes from Roman and Grecian history, and an antique triumphal procession, the motives taken from Mantegna's triumph of Cæsar, which the artist had previously etched on copper.

We cannot ascertain with certainty whether Holbein took a journey to Italy at this time, although we may surmise it from the increasing tendency which he displayed towards the Italian Renaissance.

In the autumn of 1519, we find him again in Basle. Here, in October, he executed the masterly portrait of the young savant Bonifacius Amerbach, now one of the principal treasures in the Museum at Basle, which has been enriched by the Amerbach legacy. At the same time he became a citizen and a member of the guild, and soon afterwards married a widow, Elsbeth Schmidt. This was probably the date of our wood-cut, which is copied from the coloured portrait, with the red hat, in the collection at Basle. This picture represents him as a young man, with a shaven face and straight, dark hair, his features expressive of keen observation and quiet power.

Here also he received commissions for wall paintings, of which, unfortunately, only fragments remain. Until the last century, the frescoes on the famous "dancing-house," in the Eisenstreet were still to be seen. In these the front of the house was not treated simply as a canvass, as in Luzern, but Holbein transformed the narrow corner-house, which presented no further opportunities for the exercise of his art than a series of irregular doors and windows, into an enchanted palace, with pillared decorations, halls, and balconies, all in perspective, and further enlivened these by the introduction of figure and composition; he represented figures in motion, and per-

sonages of antiquity, amongst them Curtius, throwing himself over the precipice—comic fancies were also introduced, and along the freeze above the ground floor, a peasant dance, which gave its name to the house. Here, for the first time, Holbein displayed his full power both in knowledge of form and exuberant fancy. The pictures with which he adorned the new Town Hall, must have been simpler and more severe in style. The payments made for these, date from the years 1521 and 1522; the sum of one hundred gulden was agreed upon, and Holbein received the whole, although one wall was unfinished, in 1522, on his statement, that the work executed was to the full value of the price. According to the mediæval custom, as shown in the works of Rogier van der Weyden at Brussels, and Dirk Bouts at Löwen, Holbein painted historical scenes, intended to furnish examples of patriotism and strict integrity, such as events from the lives of the lawgivers Charondes and Zaleukos, Curius Dentatus, and the Persian monarch Sapor, these scenes from classical antiquity being alternated with allegorical representations of the virtues, and the figures of Christ and of King David.

The Museum at Basle also furnishes opportunity of studying the work executed by Holbein, as a religious artist.

As illustrative of his natural style, we have the dead Christ, of the year 1521, a realistic picture of a powerful life-sized figure. The knowledge of form displayed here is very wonderful; the painter had no knowledge of anatomy, and yet his veracity here becomes almost terrifying.

Happily Holbein shows us in numerous other works, that he was not exhausted by this intense realism, it was only a test of ability, which he was accidentally pleased to adopt. The pictures most admired by his contemporaries amongst those now at Basle are eight small scenes from the Passion; these are not sufficiently appreciated now because observers will not take the trouble to study the minute details of the numerous small figures, and because their attention is disturbed by the brilliant colouring, intended as a model for glass painting in a dark church. Here also Holbein is a realist; but his aim is not only to give a striking copy of reality; it is rather to represent the highest truth in feeling, character, and action. We do not find the deep religious feeling with which the Passion pictures of Dürer are impregnated, Holbein does not paint devotional pictures, but rather historical paintings, treated with rare dramatic power. He placed himself in the midst of the circumstances, narrated in the sacred writings, and imparted wonderful vigour to his representations.

The same characteristics may be seen in the expression of deep grief to be observed in the face of Christ, whilst kneeling on the Mount of Olives, and going to prison and judgment, affecting moments, which are succeeded by the calm dignity of the crucifixion and the tragic sorrow of the burial. The narrow canvass is well utilized in every instance, and even the smallest heads have a life-like expression. Although all the figures are taken from real life, we observe an elegance of form, betraying the influence of Italy, and especially of Mantegna; the Renaissance element in the architectural background also points to the same source.

A Last Supper with life-sized figures, also at Basle, renders it probable that the artist had seen Lionardo's "Cena" at Milan: It is only a fragment consisting of three pieces placed together, and probably saved from the iconoclasts, who destroyed so many of Holbein's works. The organ doors intended for the Cathedral at Basle, and now in the Museum, form another magnificent creation, but in their present condition, as defaced canvasses, we are forced to base our judgment upon the original drawings. They contain representations of the patron saints of Basle, the Emperor Henry and his wife Kunigunde, the Madonna and Pantalus, the first bishop of Basle,

all with noble bearing, and in devotional attitudes, as if listening to the choir, which is led by a group of angels near them. Two interesting pictures, the birth of Christ, a night-piece, in which the light falls upon the child, and the Adoration of the Kings, with a life-like grouping of the figures, and an effective background of landscape and building, are in a chapel in the cathedral at Freiburg. Another work of the early Basle period has been recently discerned. A Madonna, with the child, between two highly characteristic figures of Saints, the Bishop of St. Martin and the knight of St. Urs, clothed in complete armour. This picture is now in the collection of Art Treasures at Solothurn, the city for which it was probably painted. It bears the date 1522. Meanwhile Erasmus, with whom Holbein had early formed a connection, had settled in Basle, and now commissioned the painter to take his portrait, several copies of which are still extant, probably intended to serve as presents to his various friends and patrons. Two pictures date from the year 1523, the half-sized portrait in the gallery at Longford Castle, in which his two hands rest upon a book, and the small profile of Erasmus writing, now in the Louvre, a copy of which, on paper, but equally vigorous in execution, although less finished, is in the Museum at Basle. In every case the expressive thoughtful features are rendered with appreciative intelligence. The Museum at Basle possesses two remarkably beautiful women's heads from the same period. One represents an elegantly dressed lady, before whom lies a heap of gold, whilst the motion of her hand apparently expresses the idea that its value is unequal to her worth. The words "*Lais Corinthiam*" are inscribed over the picture, and the date is 1526. The second picture represents the same lady, with a red-haired boy, carrying arrows,—Venus and Cupid. According to old records the lady, was a member of the ancient Basle family of Offenburg, and later investigations point to Dorothea Offenburg, the wife of the nobleman, Joachim von Sutz, notorious for her armours.—Probably the portraits were ordered by some lover, who, although fascinated, did not hold her in high esteem; the style bears a remarkable similarity to the school of Milan.

Holbein's last church picture, and one of the most renowned of his works, dates from the same time; the Madonna of the Burgomaster Meyer. Until recently the far-famed copy in the Dresden Gallery, so frequently reproduced by means of engraving and photography, has been considered the original. It is now ascertained, however, that this is a copy, probably of the 17th century, and that Holbein's own work is a picture, now in the possession of the Princess Charles of Hesse. Since the exhibition of Holbein's works at Dresden in 1871, when this picture, previously little known to the public, was placed by the side of the Dresden copy, this conclusion is incontestable. The patron of the work was the same Jacobo Meyer zum Hasen, whom Holbein had painted with his wife, in 1516. Formerly burgomaster, he had been displaced on political grounds, and, at a period when the Reformation had gained a strong hold in Basle, he had become the leader of the Catholic opposition. He wished to give expression to his opinion, by this picture, in which he and his family are represented at the feet of the Madonna. On the spectator's right hand, the women are kneeling—next to the Madonna, Meyer's first wife, Magdalena, of the family of Beer, who died in 1511, then the second wife, Dorothea Kannegiesser, and the daughter Anna, on the left hand the men, Meyer himself with his boys, the elder in a splendid dress and carefully enfolding in his arms the youngest boy, who is represented naked. In the midst of this family stands the holy Virgin with long, fair hair and a golden crown, represented as the mother of mercy, for her broad mantle is extended over the kneeling figures. The child Christ, held by her, nestles his head into her bosom, and extends his hand in blessing over the praying

figures. The Saint stands here, not as an apparition, but in bodily reality, in the midst of the pious group, all of whom are conscious of her sacred presence, and all share the blessing imparted by the hand of the Divine child.

The Dresden picture, the product of a later period, shows a difference in the proportions, apparently the copyist considered the arrangement of the figures and the architectural background too compressed, and added height to the picture, thus giving an undeniable increase of freedom in the design, whilst not detracting from the general harmony of the composition. In one other respect the copy has an advantage over the original, in the latter the head of the Madonna is overpainted, and therefore falls short of the perfect womanly grace and beauty of the Dresden copy. In other respects the copy is far superior to the original, which displays the masterhand of Holbein in every detail, every face and hand is life-like, and the most perfect finish has been bestowed even on details of dress and ornamentation.

Holbein's work at Basle, during this period, was not confined to painting. A mention of the pen and ink drawings executed at this epoch and now amongst the treasures in the Basle Museum is necessary in order to complete our survey. Besides religious compositions we have drawings of secular subjects, amongst these, graceful female figures, numerous representations of peasant life, and outlines of battles, all attractive from their originality. The subjects for glass-painting are very numerous: coats of arms, with knights bearing them, then figures of the Saints, and a series of representations of Christ's Passion, which are scarcely inferior to the famous scenes from the Passion. The decorative borders are all in the style of the renaissance, whilst the outlines evidence great force and energy. At that time, Basle was a centre of the book-trade, and therefore Holbein received numerous commissions for wood-engravings, initials, titles, and illustrations. In this manner he treated subjects from mythology and from ancient history and the ornamental taste of the artist was displayed in borders, arches, pillars, gables, which were enlivened by cupids and allegorical figures. We also find comic scenes from peasant life, From the commencement of the Reformation these illustrations were not confined to editions of the classics, but translations of the Bible, and works by the Reformers, and especially by Luther, were similarly illustrated. Some of Holbein's most spirited compositions are satirical drawings on the subjects of the Reformation; the most remarkable of these is aimed with great vigour, at the traffic in indulgences.

A series, illustrative of the Old Testament, was the result of the growing contrition of the day, that the whole Bible should be placed in the hands of the people. This series, however, as well as Holbein's most celebrated creation in wood-engraving, "The pictures of death," were not published until the year 1538, at Lyons, because the engraver, Hans Lützelburger, a master in his art, had died in 1526, and it was long before a sufficiently accomplished artist could be found for the execution of the work. Within the limits permitted to engravings, Holbein gives abundant evidence of his power. In the Old Testament pictures, we have a union of dramatic representation with speaking character, whilst in the death scenes, to these qualities are added a noble irony and a powerful tragedy, thus a subject which had been a favourite topic for centuries, gains a new charm under his hand. During the last centuries of the middle-ages numerous representations of the dance of death had been painted in church-yards and cloisters, as earnest warnings of the transitory nature of life. The subject was viewed in a fresh aspect by Holbein, he still represented sinners of every race and rank as seized by death, but the dance is given up and in its place we have a series of separate dramatic scenes, every individual is seized in some

attitude, characteristic of himself, by the skeleton, and death is principally seen as a stern judge; he approaches the mighty of the earth, when they are least prepared for him, he tears off the mask from pride, immorality, and hypocrisy, and takes the part of the poor man, in opposition to the rich and proud. Here also the spirit of the Reformation may be observed in the satire, with the democratic tendency of the period. We have also an embodiment of the age of voyage and discovery, when, to the familiar themes, is added the new subject of a seaman, attacked in the midst of a storm by the demoniacal group. But as affecting in their bitter irony, united with deep feeling, even when apparently cold, are the simple human scenes; death appearing before the noble pair, and beating the drum for departure in the midst of their affectionate embraces, attaching a necklace of bones to the Countess whilst she is attiring herself, or installing himself as the leader of the helpless blind man. With inexhaustible variety and depth of sentiment is united a powerful pathos, which never becomes dogmatic, although always true.

The circumstances of the period which had imparted its genial character to the work of Holbein became increasingly unfavourable to art. Whilst the Reformation progressed peacefully, the spread of the new opinions was not serviceable to the advancement of art; fewer pictures were required for the churches, and from the year 1522, doubtless on account of political disturbances, the painting in the Town Hall was left incomplete. Holbein made several attempts to obtain work in other places, in 1524 he was in France; in 1526, in the latter part of summer, he at last executed a long conceived plan, and undertook a journey to England, where Erasmus, who had numerous friends there, had already prepared the ground for him by letter.

He arrived in England at a favourable time, when Henry VIII. was still radiant in the eyes of his contemporaries, and before the events of his later years had sullied his fame. Cardinal Wolsey was then prime-minister, and Sir Thomas More, the renowned statesman and savant, and the most intimate friend of Erasmus, held an important position, although severed from Wolsey in politics. Holbein had been introduced to him by his patron, and indeed was already known by the portraits of Erasmus; it was probably on this account that Sir Thomas More received him at Chelsea into his house, and assisted him with numerous introductions. His work here was limited to portraits. The preference, displayed by the English for portrait-painting, may evidence a limited taste for art, but is connected with an important feature of the English character, the value placed on the individual. And although Holbein was capable, as shown during his Basle period, of traversing the widest fields of fancy, yet this narrow range of subject sufficed to display the whole power of his genius. He here had scope for the exercise of the quality which principally distinguished him from his German contemporaries, his power of representing realities. Such characteristic veracity with mastery of detail, had not been seen, united with harmony of treatment, since the time of Van Eyck. Only recent investigations have rendered it possible to distinguish between the works which have been correctly or incorrectly ascribed to him. Amongst those which stand the test, one picture may be superior to another, but all have the same completeness, and the same careful execution, whilst Holbein's power in characteristic sketches is abundantly evidenced in his portrait studies, the finest collection of which is to be found in the Queen's library at Windsor Castle. Holbein's most admirable quality is his objectivity, he never introduces himself into his work. He permits no external decoration, and no unnatural or strained attitudes; there may be a certain coldness on the surface of his compositions, but beneath we can always discover life viewed in its most profound and true aspects.

The portrait of Sir Thomas More, now in the collection of W. Huth, London, was painted

in 1527, and is remarkable for the union of thought and sentiment, the pictures of the knight of the horse, Sir Henry Guildford, in Windsor Castle, and of the grey-headed archbishop Warham of Canterbury, in two copies, at the Louvre and Lambeth House in London, date from the same year; in 1528, he painted his country-man, the astronomer Kratzer, now in the Louvre; the two Gonsalvos, in the Dresden Gallery, and the large family-portrait of the Mores, the original of which has disappeared. The pen and ink design for this portrait, now in the Museum at Basle, was brought by Holbein as a present to Erasmus from Sir Thomas More, when he returned to Basle in 1528.

His work in England had been profitable, and he bought a house in the suburb of St. John, for a round sum, to which he afterwards added the next house. Soon after his return he painted a touching, although not very beautiful picture, his wife with two children, in the Museum at Basle. Although the war of the iconoclasts, which broke out in 1529, did not spare his paintings, and drove Erasmus to Freiburg, yet Holbein's circumstances improved in his native city; in 1530 he painted the remaining wall in the Town Hall, selecting for his subjects, and thus attesting the spread of the Reformation—not, as before, scenes from classical antiquity, but from the Old Testament: Rehoboam, rejecting the messengers of the people with scorn, and Samuel, punishing King Saul, because he had spared the captive Ahab, at variance with the Divine command. Judging by the sketches, these pictures must have been powerful and dramatic, but in comparing the second with the first, we perceive the sobering influences of Puritanism, which had gained ground in the religious war.

Holbein's work was soon ended at Basle, and he remembered his favourable reception in England, whither he was especially induced to return by the fact that his patron, Sir Thomas More, had supplanted Wolsey in the Chancellorship, whilst the addition of two children to his family rendered it necessary that he should provide further for their support.

In 1532, we find him again in England, and in September of the same year, the Town Council of Basle vainly endeavoured to lure him back, by the promise of an annual income. It is true that Holbein found no support where he had most reason to expect it. Sir Thomas More had withdrawn from public life, and was living in complete retirement. But the artist received ample encouragement from other quarters. He took the portraits of many of the principal merchants who then managed the affairs of the Hanseatic League in London. The first and the finest of these portraits is that of George Gysin in Basle, sitting alone at his desk in the midst of his books and apparatus, now in the Berlin Museum; from the following years we find many other portraits of his countrymen of various sizes now in the collection at Windsor, the Belvedere at Vienna, Brunswick, Munich, &c. When, in 1533, the magnificent procession took place at the coronation of Henry VIII., with his second wife, Anna Boleyn, the German merchants erected a magnificent stage, representing Parnassus, from a design by Holbein, as is clearly evidenced by the united evidence of a drawing in the Weigel collection at Leipzig, with that of old chronicles. Holbein also executed two magnificent figure compositions for the Guildhall, representing the triumphal processions of riches and poverty; the originals on canvass of these pictures have unfortunately disappeared, like so many of his masterpieces, thus we can only form an idea of them by the original sketch for the one and a copy of the other. The master here shows himself to be at the summit of the Renaissance, by his pure taste, elegance of manner, and dignity of conception.

Meanwhile he was occupied with the principal English celebrities. A magnificent picture of the poet and diplomat, Sir Henry Wyatt, with a learned friend, now at Longford Castle, dates from the year 1533. At about the same time, Holbein painted the powerful and celebrated minister, Thomas Cromwell, in a full-sized portrait, now in the possession of the Countess of Caledon, and a head, belonging to Colonel Ridgway. It was probably through these connections that Holbein was introduced to the King, whose service he did not enter until the year 1536. He received, as Court Painter, an annual salary of £30, and had many additional privileges, amongst these, the payment in advance of his salary. Whilst the ministers, whose portraits Holbein had painted, first Sir Thomas More, and afterwards Cromwell, ended their days on the scaffold, and whilst even queens fell victims to the executioner's axe, Holbein never lost the favour of the capricious and powerful monarch. He painted him, in the year 1537, with his third wife, Jane Seymour, and his parents, Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, in a large wall painting at Whitehall, which was unfortunately afterwards destroyed by fire. The original cartoon of the part representing the two men's figures is still in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. In this Henry is represented as standing with extended feet, in magnificent attire, his face expressive of self-esteem, amounting almost to brutality. We find numerous oil-paintings of the King with the name of Holbein, but none of these are authentic, his hand can only be recognised in a few miniatures. There is a singularly beautiful picture of the Queen, Jane Seymour, in the Belvedere at Vienna. She stands in magnificent dress, bedecked with jewels, and yet her distinguished beauty is her chief adornment. Amongst other portraits of this period, we have that of the courtier, Richard Southwell, in the Uffizi at Florence, of the year 1536, then half lengths of two noblemen, that of John Reskymer, now at Hampton Court, and Simon George, in the Städel Institute at Frankfurt.

When, after the death of Queen Jane, in childbirth, Henry VIII. began his suit for the hand of the widowed Duchess, Christine of Milan, the painter was sent in March 1538 to Brussels, according to the custom of the time to paint the bride's portrait. Although, according to diplomatic reports, Holbein had only three hours' time allowed him, he made an exquisite sketch. The composition from it, the whole figure and life-size, is now in Arundel Castle. The girl of sixteen is represented in her first widow's dress; it is one of Holbein's noblest works. Soon after, in the autumn of 1538, Holbein found opportunity, during another journey in the King's service, to pay a visit to his home at Basle. Then, as we learn from contemporaneous descriptions, he was clothed in silk and velvet, and took every opportunity of extolling the circumstances in which he was placed in England. The Town Council of Basle made another effort to detain him. We find a record, assigning him a yearly income of fifty guldens with two years of leave, during which time his wife was to receive an annual allowance of forty guldens. Although Holbein acquiesced in this generous offer, the attractions of England were too strong for him, and he did not return at the end of the two years.

In 1539, Holbein presented to the King, as a new years' gift, the likeness of the young Prince of Wales, his father's favourite and heir, receiving a golden cup in acknowledgement. This natural and life-like portrait is in the collection in Hannover. Meanwhile the alliance with Christine of Milan had been given up on political grounds, and Henry VIII. sought to unite himself, not with the Emperor, but with the Protestant princes of Germany, by a marriage with Anne of Cleves. Holbein was again sent to the Continent, in August 1539, in order to paint her portrait, at the Castle of Düren. In the picture in the Louvre, Anne appears as wanting in

the charms of intellect and grace, as she in reality was. As a specimen of the latest period of Holbein's work we have a large, half-finished picture, now in the possession of the Barber's Guild, representing the king, in the act of granting their privileges to the Guilds of Barbers and Surgeons. Only some of these heads are from the Master's hand, the remainder of the picture was finished later, by a less practised hand. We find one of the persons represented in the picture the King's physician, Dr. Chambers, again, in a portrait in the Vienna Belvidere, also other first-rate portraits of the years 1541 and 1542, in the Suermondt collection at Aix la Chapelle. The portrait of the grey-haired Henry Howard, Earl of Norfolk, at Windsor Castle, probably dates from the same time, as, on the fall of Cromwell, in the summer of 1541, this nobleman became the leader of politics. We see him represented with the official staffs of the Lord Chancellor and Chancellor of the Exchequer, arrayed in ermine, and wearing the Badge of the Garter, his thin hands as expressive as his reserved, thoughtful face.

The most beautiful portrait from Holbein's hand in Germany is that of the goldsmith Hubert Morett at Dresden; a stately figure, the features expressive of dignified repose, and the white beard, placed in relief by the dark velvet curtain in the background. It is one of the most noble and perfect pictures, which has ever been painted, and amongst the portraits of the sixteenth century it can only be equalled by the master-pieces of Raphael. During the past century, it was removed from Modena to Dresden, falsely named as the work of Lionardo da Vinci, and this mistake has only recently been corrected. It is a strange coincidence, that at the same place where a copy has been long admired as the *chef d'œuvre* of Holbein, this masterpiece by Holbein was ascribed to a renowned Italian, evidencing how little the artist has been understood. Whilst undertaking fresh portraits, Holbein spent little time on figure composition. He executed a few designs for wood engraving, for publication in England; these were principally vignettes and title-pages, and amongst them we find a frontispiece for Coverdale's Bible, published in 1535. We also find two spirited illustrations for religious controversial pamphlets, showing the Protestant sentiments of the artist. The same spirit was displayed in a work not intended for publication (now lost, and of which we can only gain a faint impression from the copper engravings by Wenzel Hollar), a little book of drawings, representing the history of Christ's sufferings in a satirical form, the Pope, monks and abbots being His accusers, judge and executioner.

Holbein's talent, especially since he became Court Painter, was exerted in another direction, in designs for art industry. In the collection at Basle, and in the library of the British Museum, these drawings are most numerous; we find sketches for designs in gold, and for arms and decorations, in which he displayed his perfect acquaintance with the Renaissance style, and equalled the finest performances of the Italian masters. No creation by Benvenuto Cellini was equal to the cup for Queen Jane Seymour, the design for which is in the Bodleian Museum at Oxford. We also find an architectural design by Holbein for a mantle-piece in the British Museum, where is his latest work, a design for a large standing clock, which, as we find from the inscription, was intended as a new years' present from a courtier to the King, in 1544.

Holbein did not survive until that date. He died in the spring of 1543, in London, of the plague. His will, of the 7th of October, with codicils added on the 19th of November, was found a few years ago. It directed that the painter's possessions and horse should be sold, in payment of a few debts, and that a small legacy should be given to two illegitimate children. It contains no mention of his family at Basle, they were already in possession of the artist's

house and property at Basle, and had inherited the property of Sigmund Holbein, on his death in 1540. Holbein's wife lived until the beginning of 1549; his two daughters married in Basle while his two sons, Philip and Jacob, became goldsmiths and shared their father's love of roaming. The second died, in 1552, in London, whilst the elder, at that time at Lisbon, afterwards returned to the original home of his family at Augsburg.

Holbein's long absence from his native land prevented him from founding a school of painting, like other great artists of his period. But on the other hand, it extended his influence beyond his native land, and gave him a position of international importance; he has been admired by succeeding generations in various parts of Europe, and especially since the reaction towards realism at the close of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century. Holbein was the artist, in whom the realistic German tendencies attained their highest development, whilst, at the same time, he remained free from all harshness of style, and was kept within bounds by an intense sympathy with beauty of form, such as is displayed by no other northern artist.

A. W.

BERNARDINO LUINI.

When Lionardo da Vinci in his old age went to France, from whence he never returned, a great void was felt at Milan. His most gifted pupils had either followed him, or had been called to other places, and only the inferior pupils, who could in no way replace him, remained at Milan. His conception of art was still the dominant one in the City, and the power of his influence extended beyond the circle of his immediate followers. Bernardino Luini, his most faithful disciple and most gifted imitator, who piously collected every scrap he had painted, copied his sketches, completed his unfinished pictures, and was so thoroughly imbued with his spirit that to the present day the works of Luini are confounded with those of his great prototype, was not, properly speaking, his pupil.

It is true that we are a good deal in the dark concerning Luini, and even his name is not quite clear. Instead of Luini or Luino, he is sometimes, more justly perhaps, called Lovino, and he must have taken this name from his birthplace according to the custom of the country, as his father's name was Giovanni Laterio. If this assumption be correct, he was born at Luino, a village on the Eastern coast of the Lago maggiore; but Ponte, on the Lake of Lugano, has also been named as his birth-place. Concerning the date of his birth there is the same uncertainty. We first know of him at Vercelli, the home of Sodoma, and Stefano Scotto is supposed to have been his master. When he went to Milan, about the year 1500, he was a cultivated artist, having already made his reputation; and, as, in addition to this circumstance, he is represented in a picture, painted by himself in 1525, as a man of at least sixty, with white hair and beard, there are some grounds for giving 1460 as the year of his birth. A few points of resemblance to the school of Raphael in his paintings have given rise to the idea that he must have taken a journey to Rome, but this assumption is very bold, his knowledge of the engravings of Mark Anthony is quite enough to account for the similarity. He seems to have spent his life among the lovely scenes of his home; his mind took its tone from their soft beauty, and they made him the "*soave pittore*"—the gentle painter.

When Milan was visited by a terrible pestilence in 1524, Luini took refuge in the neighbouring castle, belonging to the counts della Pelucca, where he painted a chapel. On his return to the city he worked in the church of San Georgio in Palazzo, but an unlucky accident happened, which obliged him to fly from Spanish justice. The priest of the church, whilst visiting him on the scaffolding, fell over through his own or Luini's carelessness, and was killed. The counts della Pelucca took him under their protection, and he painted biblical and mythological scenes in their Church and in the neighbouring monastery until—if the story is true—he fell in



Bernardino Luini.

love with a daughter of the noble house. According to the tale, she returned his affection, refused to contract a "marriage de convenance," and was in consequence shut up in a convent at Lugano. Luini, of course, was obliged to leave, and he went to Veltlin, where he painted a Madonna and a Saint Maurice over the door of the church. From thence he went to Lugano and the story says his lady-love died of grief without his being able to see her again. History on the other hand tells us that he painted, among other things, his greatest picture, and the last that can be proved to be his, in the church Santa Maria degli Agnelli, at that place, in 1529, and that in 1530 his son Aurelio was born. This son, who died in 1593, was a talented painter and an excellent anatomist. He was a mannerist, and followed in the wake of the Roman School.

As we have knowledge of a second son, Evangelista, a renowned decorator, who was still living in 1584, and even of a third, Peter, who was an assistant of Bernardino, we may allow our fancy to paint the evening of his life in lively colours, but history knows nothing of him, after the date of the last-named picture. He is said by his contemporaries to have been an amiable man. This verdict is confirmed by his works, he was so industrious that he produced an incredible number. In his own time his fame as a poet equalled his reputation as a painter. He also occupied himself with theorizing about art after the example of his great prototype, but an essay on Painting remained unpublished with the rest of his literary works, and no one knows what has become of it. His talent for composition was moderate, and he fails to give the impression of space, but he had a great deal of sentiment, and his sense of beauty especially as exhibited in his female figures places him near Lionardo: the grace of his heads is enchanting. He paints two different types of women. The beauty of the one is soft, aristocratic, almost ethereal, of the other material, healthy, and rustic. His range of thought was not wide enough to trouble him with a variety of characters. A few Saints, for the most part female, the chief of whom was St. Katharine of Alexandria, served as models for the few subjects he chose from the New Testament—the daughter of Herodias with the head of John the Baptist, the rest during the flight into Egypt, and the Madonna and child. His execution was very unequal; he often painted the most touching and tender subjects most carelessly. Luini's fresco paintings are incomparably more striking and original than his pictures. Milan possesses a great many of his early works, and some interesting genre-paintings and pictures of mythological subjects are among the number in the Brera. The pictures in that gallery which show the highest development of his talent, are the scenes from the life of Mary, the striking picture of St. Katherine being borne to the grave by angels, and above all the wonderful virgin and child between St. Anthony as an abbot, and St. Barbara, with a little angel playing the lute. "In these calm sacred pictures," says Burckhardt, "where the subject keeps him from carelessness, his sweetness is most abundantly manifested." In October 1521—the date of this picture—he began the great fresco painting at the brotherhood of Santa Corona (now the Ambrosian Library) in Milan, representing the Saviour being crowned with thorns, which is interesting on account of the large number of portraits it contains. For this picture he received the absurdly inadequate sum of little more than 115 lire. There is greater variety, however, in the fresco painting in the Church of San Maurizio (or Monasterio Maggiore) at Milan. The partition walls are covered on both sides, especially in the Chapel of St. Katherine, with figures of Saints, chiefly women, and of the donors of the Church, combined in a suitable manner with decorative painting. In the picture of his favourite Saint under the sword of the executioner, Luini is supposed to have commemorated a renowned and notorious beauty of his time, Bianca Maria Visconti. The other

frescoes which formerly adorned Milan, viz. those of the Palazzo Litta and of the Palazzo Silva have been removed; the former to Paris and the latter to Berlin. The highest achievements of his art are undoubtedly the four great pictures which he contributed to the richly painted Church of Santa Maria near Saronno (eighteen kilometres from Milan.) They represent the nuptials of the virgin, Jesus among the Scribes, the Adoration of the kings, and the Presentation in the Temple (the last is signed with his full name in Latin, and with the date 1525.

Among the smaller paintings a St. Appollonia and a St. Katherine in an outbuilding of the choir, are of remarkable beauty. The salary of the master was not greater here than in Milan. As a token of gratitude to the monks of the neighbouring convent he presented them with a painting of the birth of Christ. The picture we have already mentioned, the greatest, and as far as is known, the latest work of Luini in Lugano, represents the crucifixion containing forty figures larger than life in the foreground. The figures of the fainting Mary, the kneeling Magdalen, the Roman captain on horseback, and especially that of St John, have been much admired, and are highly praised for the wonderful depth and truth of expression, exhibited both in their heads and attitudes. In the background are several groups—at least a hundred smaller figures.

Although this painting is not free from defects in composition, it belongs nevertheless to the most brilliant creations of religious art in Upper Italy at this period—nearly ten years after the death of Raphael.

In the sacristy of the church there is a lovely Lunette in fresco preserved from the monastery when it was restored. It represents the Madonna, in half-figure, between the child Jesus and St. John. In the refectory of the convent there was formerly a representation of the Last Supper, which has now been removed to the wall of the church—it reminds the spectator in many ways of Lionardo, but does not possess his excellence of composition. During the time he worked at Lugano, Luini received five Milanese soldi daily from the monks, besides a loaf of bread and a dish of good soup. When he completed the Crucifixion, 214 lire 8 soldi were handed over to him. One of the best of Luini's oil paintings is an altar piece in the principal church of Legnano. It is not necessary to describe his other panel-paintings which, though they may not be counted among the gems, belong at least to ornaments of all the principal galleries, as for instance those of Florence, Rome, Paris, London, Vienna, Pesth, Berlin, &c. They all confirm the criticism which we will borrow in conclusion from a French connoisseur:

"Although Luini is less practised and less bold, less forcible and less free than his master Lionardo, less careful perhaps in execution than his fellow students, Cesari da Sesto, Salai, and Solari—less various in his composition, and less rich in his colouring than Guadenzio Ferrari, his contemporary and pupil, he is yet superior to them all in that homely charm of unsophisticated feeling, and of deep tenderness, which pervades all his works. The traveller, however fatigued he may be by the continuous glare of Italian collections, is always ready to welcome a picture by Bernardino. His eyes dwell on it without a stain, as upon a lovely place, of unexpected repose. An inexpressible coolness soothes his aching brow resembling that which rises from a brook as it approaches a great stream. The brook's current flows along with less noise, but softer shadows hover round it."

B. M.



BRVECHEL

JAN BREUGHEL THE ELDER.

It is only during the last few years that correct information has been obtained respecting the life of the most conspicuous member of the numerous artistic family of Breughel. The progenitor of the family, Pieter by name (called the peasant Breughel, on account of the almost too natural boxing scenes, by which he founded that school of Belgian genre-painting, subsequently carried to perfection by the husband of his grand-daughter), was born in a village of North Brabant, called Breughel, after the old manner of writing. He took the name of the village, and this has subsequently been adopted by the various members of his family, the orthography "Breughel" being incorrect.

Jan Breughel was born in 1568, at Brussels, where his parents lived. His mother was Marie Coucke, the daughter of the celebrated Architect, Pieter Coucke, who died on the 6th of December, 1550. From his widow, Marie de Bessemers, little Jan, who had lost his father in 1569, learnt the elements of painting, but was afterwards instructed in oil-painting by Pieter Goetkint, the elder. This painter died in 1583, and therefore cannot have completed his art education, but it is not known to whom this honour may be assigned. He soon went to Italy, and we find him in August 1593 in Rome, where he was drawing in the Colosseum. Here he made the acquaintance of the Cardinal Federigo Borromeo, who valued him highly, and remained attached to him through his life; as late as the year 1621, the cardinal ordered four pictures from Breughel, representing the earth and the air, which are now to be seen in the Louvre, whilst the other two must have been returned to the Ambrosian Library at Milan.

After his return to Antwerp, Breughel was received into the painters' guild of St. Luke, and also entered the brotherhood of the Romanists. In 1602, he was governor of the first mentioned guild, and in 1609 of the second, whilst amongst the new members, presented to him at the festive banquet, we find the name of Rubens, who had just returned from Italy. On the 23rd of January, 1599, he married Izabel de Jode, the daughter of the engraver on copper, Gerard de Jode, then in her twenty-second year. In September, 1601, his eldest son was born, and named after him Jan. He also became a celebrated painter, and the similarity in name has led to a confusion between the works of the father and son. He was also in Italy, he returned on the 12th of August, 1625, and married, on the 5th of July, Anna Maria Janssens, the daughter of the well-known painter Abraham Janssens van Nuyssen, and through her mother Sara, the grand-daughter of that Pieter Goetkint, who had been the teacher of his father, the elder Breughel.

As his artistic legacy to the world, we are only able to assign to him three pictures, now in Dresden, of uncertain date. The younger Jan Breughel had also a sister, who was called Paschasia after her maternal grand-mother; she married on the 23rd of February, 1624, the painter Hieronymus van Kessel, and gave birth to the celebrated Jan van Kessel, in 1624.

Izabel de Jode died early, and Jan Breughel (the elder) married, in 1605, Katharina van Marienburg. From this marriage he had eight children, of whom six were daughters; one of them, Anna, born in 1620, became the wife of David Teniers the younger, on the 22nd of July, 1637.

Jan Breughel was held in high estimation by the Infanta Isabella, and the grand-duke Albrecht. They arranged that he should be relieved from all the burdens imposed upon citizenship, under the condition that he should work in their service. He painted landscapes, flowers, and animals, principally in a small size, and was also successful in his renderings of the human figure. He, indeed, consented willingly to the arrangement that Rubens and Hendrik van Balen should add figures to his landscapes, whilst, on the other hand, he added figures to the landscape compositions of Josse de Momper. His landscapes are delicately painted, but very blue in tone. He especially excels both in touch and colouring in his flower-pieces, and this may probably be ascribed to the early training which he received from women.

At his death he left an unfinished picture, representing game. Rubens obtained possession of it in exchange for a few small pictures by himself—Vandyk etched his portrait in copper. He lived in very good circumstances.

Jan Breughel the elder died at Antwerp, at the age of fifty-seven years, on the 13th of January, 1625, and was buried in the church of St. George. His children erected a monument to him, adorned with a portrait by Rubens. Every trace of this is lost. His wife appears to have followed him to the grave within the space of a year. The guardianship of his young children was undertaken by Jacob de Jode, the brother of Breughel's first wife, Rubens, Hendrik van Balen, and Cornelis Schut.

In order to complete our survey to the family, we must also mention Jan's elder brother Pieter, called "Höllenbreughel" in Germany, because his crude and inharmonious artistic compositions principally represented scenes of fire and hell.

B. M.

GIOVANNI BELLINI.

Those who would experience to the full the magic charm of Venice, should visit it by moonlight. Then, as your gondola swiftly threads the windings of the Grand Canal, and the far famed palaces rise in succession on the right and on the left, you see none of the traces of decay which are evident by day-light. He who floats on the water before the Piazzetta, on such an evening, when no sound is heard but the dipping of an oar, or a voice singing, and sees on one side the church of San Giorgio Maggiore in the moonlight, and on the other the palace of the Doges, the Library, and the riva de' Schiavoni rising behind a myriad lights, feels himself transported into the magic life of a fairy tale.

Venice has little in common with the rest of Italy. Its separation from the main land by lagoons is symbolical of a separation in character and art. The Venetian's eyes are fixed upon the sea. His ships go forth in search of the treasures of distant lands, and the glory of the East gives him the glimmering of those ideas, afterwards so splendidly manifested in his native land. The domed buildings of Byzantium were the models for the church of St. Mark which glitters with variegated marble, gold, and mosaic work. Venice—the buildings, the places, and the every day life—derives its peculiar character from the colours which assume such strange tones and shades in the moist sea air, and the colouring is also the most remarkable feature of Venetian paintings. Giovanni Bellini was the first to give the characteristic to Venetian art; in the other painters of the fifteenth century, his predecessors, or contemporaries, we see no sign of it. The painters of the Viscarini family, who worked on the island of Murano, and Carlo Crivelli, who succeeded them, are connected in their tendencies with the painting of the Continent, that is to say, with the school of Padua. The love of splendour, inherent in the wealthy Venetians, is shown in the gorgeous and sparkling details and in the rich architectural decoration, with which their pictures are overloaded, but there is no serene beauty in the coarse stiff figures, and in spite of all the clearness, variety, and brilliancy in the colouring of these artists, their pictures are destitute of the harmony which is the first condition of a true colourist. In his early works Giovanni Bellini is connected with the school of Murano, but in his later works he goes beyond it.

His father Jacopo was also a painter and bequeathed his art to his two sons, Gentilo, born in 1521, and Giovanni, born in 1426. They took different paths. Gentilo adhered faithfully to the old and severer manner, having nevertheless his eyes open to the world of reality. He is most characteristic in those great descriptive pictures in which, with an extraordinary wealth of

figures and great architectural accuracy, he depicts the life and scenery of his native town; as for instance in that festive procession on the Piazza of St. Mark which is preserved in the academy of Venice. The council of Venice sent him to the Sultan who required a painter. Gentile astonished the latter by his art, and returned home, richly rewarded and with several paintings descriptive of the Turkish capital, such as, for example, the Reception of the Venetian Embassy in Constantinople, now in the Gallery of the Louvre.

Giovanni executed paintings in churches, and portraits in distemper until the year 1473, when Antonello da Messina, who had learned to paint in oil from the pupils of Van Eyck in Flanders, and had introduced this art into Italy, came and settled in Venice. Giovanni Bellini welcomed the new material, by means of which a greater force, richness, and reality were obtainable. The great historical paintings which he, together with his brother, executed in the Doge's palace, perished in the fire of 1477. Most of his existing works are sacred pictures—pictures of Madonnas, or so-called holy conversations, where male and female Saints are represented standing near the throne of the mother of God. These figures are not united by any action. They stand severily in simple postures and are brought into harmony only by the similarity of the emotion expressed in their countenances. Bellini knew how to represent such characters as these with wonderful majesty; there is a dignity in the soft beauty of the women and in the mild earnestness of the men which rises to grandeur. The artist has not transfigured them, or made them express ecstatic inspiration—they are purely human, taken from life and yet lifted above all the accidents and limitations of reality. At the foot of the Holy Virgin he is fond of introducing little angels playing music; these are graceful beyond description. Even Goethe in his Venetian Epigrams speaks of the little winged boys which Giovanni Bellini painted so charmingly. He was nearly an old man when he painted his chief works of this description. The picture in the church de' Frari was executed in 1488, the altar-piece in St. Zaccaria in 1505, and that in St. Francesca della Vigna in 1507.

Of the half figure Madonnas the earnest portrait in the Academy and the three bolder pictures in the Sacristy of the Redentore, may be considered the finest. A picture in the church of San Giovanni Crysostomo, belongs to the year 1513. The Saint, to whom the church is dedicated, is represented larger than life, seated on a rock, while Christophorus and Augustinus stand at his side. Here the full pictorial freedom of the later Venetian school is reached, as it was manifested later by Titian

When we stand before such a work, we cannot but acknowledge that Albrecht Dürer, when he was in Venice in the year 1506, was quite justified in thus writing home of Giovanni Bellini: "He is very old, but still the best painter." Bellini belongs to those Italian Masters, who, progressing from the preparatory style of the fifteenth century, nearly reached the perfected art of the sixteenth. He lived a considerable time after his meeting with Albrecht Dürer, and died at the age of ninety, on the 29th of November, 1519. While the efforts of Gentile were carried on chiefly by the Vittore Carpaccio, a number of scholars and contemporaries followed Giovanni, among these Cima da Conegliano stands first. After him Marco Basaiti and Vincenzo Catena may be mentioned. Ultimately the school of Bellini produced Giorgione and Titian, in whom Venetian art attained its highest excellence.

BARTHOLOMEW VAN DER HELST.

The most remarkable Dutch painter, next to Franz Hals and Rembrandt, is Bartholomew van der Helst, about whose circumstances and condition of life, however, but little has been ascertained. He was born at Haerlem, in 1613, but passed the greater part of his life in Amsterdam, where, on the 16th December, 1670, he was interred in the Wallonen-church. When tolerably advanced in years, he married a young wife, and left by this marriage a son, Lodewijk van der Helst, who emulated him with little success in his own branch of painting as seen by a portrait of Admiral Augustus Stellingwerf, in the Trippenhuys at Amsterdam. Van der Helst himself was thought very highly of as a portrait painter; for an ordinary few thirds length picture, he received a hundred ducats, an enormous sum in those days. He thus succeeded in amassing considerable property. His brother was landlord of the shooting house (doel) op den Singel.

All knowledge of him must be obtained from his works, from which also we must surmise who was his master in art. It can scarcely be doubted, that if he did not study under Frans Hals, this master influenced his style, not only because he designs in the same way, and with similar comprehension of the subject, but in the execution and drawing of his earlier pictures there is a striking resemblance to Franz Hals, who worked chiefly in Haerlem, the birth-place of Van der Helst, thus the likelihood of this connection becomes almost a certainty. To this earlier period, for example, belongs the half-size portrait of Vice-Admiral Egbert Meenwizoon, Hortenaar, in the Rijks-Museum at Amsterdam, in which the rough pencil stroke and the unusually vigorous handling of the subject in a dull brown tone throughout, reminds us of Franz Hals' style. Also the two large shooting-pieces in the town-hall of Haarlem, which by their simple arrangement and monotonous treatment betray the unformed artist, undoubtedly spring from the same source. Towards the year 1640, he began to form his own style independently, and brought it to great perfection. In the last ten years the brown tone is more predominant, and frequently very clear.

His greatest fame, however, like Franz Hals', is derived from the large portraits in the chamber of justice at Amsterdam, which are so characteristic of Dutch art, and of which Van der Helst (next to Rembrandt, whose Night-Watch belongs to the same class of pictures) has left us the best and greatest examples. These great groups of portraits adorning the walls of the meeting and town halls, with almost monumental dignity, represent a high-spirited generation with striking vigour, the admirable development of character in each figure, even in those of lower birth, is the strongest proof of the greatness and power of the whole. By their accidentally

representative and commanding appearance, they exactly embody the moving forces of the time, and the greatness of the national life, so that we must look upon them as the highest artistic manifestation at once of the important public life of the period, and of its political greatness. They serve in the happiest and most artistic manner as monumental descriptions of world convulsing events. Thus these great portrait pieces, thought out and worked out in a strictly historical and national spirit, become of equal importance with the choicest creations of historical painting, and are superior to most other branches of descriptive art in being penetrated in the clearest and most unmistakeable manner with the modern ideas of history, as distinguished from the old habit of regarding events as derived directly from a higher power. They seek the active and impelling causes of acts in the human factors, and place the central point of interest in the individual personality, whilst the chief figures are painted in such a manner, that their whole appearance, air, and general bearing, explain how they will act under any circumstances, the minor details receive only subordinate attention, and those pictures which represent harmony with individuality of character far surpass those which attempt to represent great actions; because in plastic Art, action can only be inferred or very incompletely represented. Therefore, even where action is taken for the subject of a group, there is no necessity to choose any important scene; it is only required to animate and enliven the whole, and the simpler the subject the better, such as a shooting contest, or some festive scene. The actors in it are not concerned about their dignity; they know that they are not in the world merely for show or amusement, but because they have had courage and strength, and have proved themselves competent for action.

There are no pictures of this kind which leave a stronger impression, than two in the Museum at Amsterdam, Rembrandt's Night-Watch, and the shooting-feast by Van der Helst. The latter is a banquet to the National Guard, which was given on the 18th of June, 1648, in the great saloon of the St Doris-Doelen at Singel in Amsterdam, to celebrate the conclusion of the peace at Münster (the Westphalian peace). It contains five-and-twenty life-size figures, all portraits. Captain Cornelius Jan Wits at the head of the table, holds a magnificent silver drinking-horn in his left hand, the original of which is still in the town-hall, while with his right he affectionately grasps the hand of his Lieutenant, John van Waveren, who is listening attentively to him. Behind him, in the centre of the picture, sits the portly ensign, Jacob Banning, in an easy position, holding in his hand the blue silk ensign with the holy Virgin embroidered on it, the arms of the city of Amsterdam. The rest of the festive company follow, arranged according to their different claims to precedence, most of them listening to the captain's toast. The landlord of the Doelen and a maid-servant are waiting upon them.

The picture is 2,27 metres in height, and 5,38 wide. Every separate figure is most natural, the conception highly characteristic. The whole composition is as harmonious as it is animated. The drawing is above criticism. Each part of it, the most trifling furniture of the table, particularly the hounds and heads, show a master's hand. The painting with its clear and powerful colouring, and the perfect skill which has seized the proper medium between broad and delicate drawing, leave nothing to be desired. It resembles closely in the whole expression, and style of painting, Rembrandt's Night-Watch. The smooth, unbroken colouring which is retained almost too rigorously to favour the clearness of the portraits, produces a very bright ensemble with great variety of colours in the dresses and furniture, which, however, are not inharmonious or glaring. But in the vivid and striking clearness of the subject and the thorough perfection of the heads as portraits, the shooting-feast is incontestably very much superior to the Night-Watch.

As a memorial picture the Shooting-Feast merits the highest approbation, whilst from the historical and artistic point of view, even in the present day, the balance is nearly even between the two artists until we throw the genial new creation of Rembrandt into the balance, but then it is no longer picture against picture, but artist against artist that we place in the scales.

Van der Helst's chief remaining works must be only briefly mentioned. Nine years before his master-piece, he painted a less remarkable, but still very fine shooting-feast with thirty figures, in the town-hall of Amsterdam, and two years later, the very fine picture in the Werklings at Amsterdam, which may be classed with his best works, and surpasses the Peace-Feast in its warmth and clearness of tone and the firmness and beauty of its chiaro-oscuro. A small shooting-piece of 1656, in the new town-hall, is also very fine. A year later he finished in Holland under the name of "het Doelenstück" his most celebrated piece of the three overseers of the Amsterdam shooting-guild, this is in a splendid gold prize setting, and contains a fourth person who was supposed very incorrectly to be the painter, but is another master of the guild. In the Louvre is to be found a work of the highest merit, which is wonderfully well-preserved, a repetition of the former in a smaller size, apparently painted in 1658, for one of the persons who figures in it. This is one of the finest portrait pieces which remains to us of the Dutch School.

In different collections are to be found very fine single portraits and smaller groups. Next to Amsterdam, St. Petersburg possesses the finest and the greatest number of Van der Helst's pictures. Here we shall only mention two of the most remarkable. In the Museum at Berlin there is a double portrait of a little princess and her foster sister, the figures are full life-size and wonderfully child-like and sweet in expression, the fresh liquid tone must be imputed to the mature knowledge of the artist.

The Academy of Antwerp contains a charming portrait of a young girl, who is represented in a landscape as Diana. In St. Petersburg, the picture of a man sitting comfortably in his room, bears the date 1670.

There also we find a picture of quite another kind, "The new Market in Amsterdam," in the fore-ground a woman with a cart of vegetables and four children; near them a slaughtered calf, which is drawn with great skill. Occasionally according to the custom of the time, Van der Helst painted with another artist, as in the pictures of Lieutenant Admiral Aart van Res and his wife, in the year 1668, in Amsterdam, in which the back-ground is filled in with ships by Ludolph Backhuysen; this picture, by its want of harmony, evidences the difficulty of such work. But these are interesting and important memorials of Van der Helst's last days. B. M.

PAUL POTTER.

If not the earliest, unquestionably the greatest of those painters whose chief choice of subject was the portrayal of bovine life amidst the wide-spread pasture land of Holland, was Powels Pieterszoon Potter, or,—as he always signed himself,—Paulus Potter. "Of all painters," says Waagen, whose endeavours were directed to truthfulness, "he is certainly one of the greatest that ever lived."

The family of this master belonged to the most respectable in Enkhuyzen, a once flourishing town in the North of Holland on the Zuyder Zee. He was descended on his mother's side from the high and influential family of the Semeyns, Simon Semeyns, one of the most valorous partisans who shed lustre over the insurrection in the Netherlands and of William of Orange, afterwards governor of Enkhuyzen and vicinity. His son Meyndart (Simonsz) Semeyns married Geertruida van Egmond, daughter of Johann, Count of Egmond, Lord of Purmerende, Hoog and Aartevoelde, and their daughter Freektgen bore her husband Paulus Vertius, pensioner, and salaried counsellor of the town of Enkhuyzen, a daughter, Aagje or Achtje in 1600, who married Pieter Simonz Potter on the 18th of September, 1622, on the 17th of September 1623 bore him a daughter, Maritgen, and on the 20th of November, 1625, a son, the afterwards celebrated Paul Potter. The baptismal register of another son of Peter's has been found.

Pieter Potter, father of Paul, was a painter, as it seems of no inconsiderable merit, capable of instructing his son in the elementary principles of his art, somewhat after the same manner as Giovanni Santi imparted the first instruction to young Raphael. Peter, it is said, settled down in Amsterdam at a later period, where, on the 14th of October 1631, he purchased the right of citizenship. The books containing the registry of citizens at that time are, however, lost; therefore nothing positive can be asserted on this point. The only authentic trace of his having domiciled in Amsterdam, is the fact of his daughter Maria having married there on the 20th of July, 1640, and his being present at the wedding.

How and when Paul Potter completed his artistical studies, cannot be determined. In a notebook of the painter Jacob de Weth at Haerlem an entry is to be found, that in 1642 Potter entered his studio for the purpose of learning to paint, and had paid him eight livres for that year. This may have been Paul, not Peter Potter; of his teacher, however, nothing is known as to his abilities as a painter, whereas there can be no doubt that young Potter produced his best pictures after unremitting study from nature. In his eighteenth year (1643) he became an accomplished and independent artist, it matters little whether he made the neighbourhood of Haerlem or of Amsterdam the fields of his assiduous labours. However, he soon transplanted himself to Delft, an excellent school for painting and renowned for its fine stock of cattle. On

the sixth of August, 1646, he became a member of the Lucas Guild in that city, when his art gained a rapid and prodigious ascendancy. The year 1647, in many respects, may be designated as that in which he reached the zenith of his success. Of one hundred and six pictures—many of them bearing no date—in public and private galleries, no less than fifteen, among them the celebrated stier may be seen in the Hague bearing the date of the year 1647.

For reasons unknown, in 1649, Potter changed his place of residence and removed to the Hague where he again entered the guild. There he occupied one of the houses belonging to the landscape-painter Jan van Goven, on the "Neuen Vierkade," between that in which Goven himself resided, and that of the architect Claes Dirckz (van) Balckeneynde. He soon became attached to Adriana (born in 1626 or 1627), the eldest daughter of his neighbour Balckeneynde. The rich father is said to have opposed the union of his daughter with an "animal painter," however his opposition did not hold out long, for on the 3rd of July 1650, Potter led his bride home. In the 9th of August 1651 their son was christened Peter, but the child died in the following year.

Potter sought consolation in his art, which increased in refinement; his wife often complained that she had the greatest difficulty in inducing him to leave his work and take an hour's walk with her; and even when she succeeded, he always took his sketch book with him, in which he pencilled any beautiful prospect that nature presented on their way. He was honoured by the patronage of many high personages, among whom were Johann Moritz of Nassau, and the Princess Amelia of Solms, widow of Prince Friedrich Heinrich of Orange, stadtholder of the Netherlands; he likewise enjoyed the favour of other friends of art, for which he displayed indefatigable and inexhaustible perseverance. This excited envy and jealousy in the minds of his contemporaries which tended to disgust him with life in the Hague. Malicious tongues too whispered ambiguous adventures of his wife; but nothing ever transpired to corroborate their being anything more than vague suspicions.

About the month of May 1652, Potter settled in Amsterdam. The acquaintance of the learned and sensitive Dr. Nicolas Tulp—the same zealous lover of art immortalized by Rembrandt in his anatomical lectures—apparently influenced him in his resolution. His new abode seems to have invigorated him anew, for in the years 1652 and 1653 he again displayed a remarkable degree of activity in his profession. In the latter year, for instance, he painted an equestrian portrait of Dirck Tulp, a young man of twenty-nine years—son of his patron, in the collection of Herr Six at Amsterdam. Potter lived on the Schapenmarkt (Sheepmarket) at the end of the Kalverstraat, in an old house with a turret, at present called the Hôtel de la monnaie—in former times really the Mint, but now only an inn.

Having reached the highest pinnacle of his art, living in comfortable and respectable circumstances, and with the pleasing prospect of again becoming a father, Potter's powers gave way. A malignant disease gained the upper hand, and seriously threatened his life. Under such circumstances he felt impelled to make his will, which he effected January 2nd, 1653, appointing himself and his wife joint and exclusive heirs, and guardians to the existing children and trustees of the property. The signature attached to our portrait of the master is a copy of that affixed to his will. It exhibits no sign of feebleness, on the contrary, it is written in a bold hand.—Shortly afterwards his wife brought forth a daughter, who was christened Dingenom, January 23rd, after her supposed deceased maternal grandmother (Dignum Pieters).

After a term of unwearisome labour a year fled away, and, sad to relate, his bodily strength too: mental excitement, joined by considerable force of will was scarcely sufficient to

keep him up. Fortunately we have a valuable, though painful, memorial in the Museum at the Hague—an exquisite portrait of Paul Potter, painted by his friend Bartholomew Van der Helst, one of the most renowned of the Dutch portrait painters, in which the fading features of his contemporary are delineated with scrupulous accuracy. This picture bears the date of 1654, therefore executed in the latter days of the life and sufferings of the great artist; for January 17th, 1654, his interment took place: he had hardly attained his twenty-eighth year when his eyes were close in eternal sleep.

After her husband's death, the widow Potter returned to the Hague, presumably to her parents' house. At least she was there in February 1656. After the lapse of a year—February 1657—she buried her youngest child, who inherited that fatal disease which brought her father to an early grave. She was now quite alone again. The happiness of a few short years had passed away like a dream; she had nothing left that could soothe her anguish and bereavement. Seven years after Potter's death she gave her hand in marriage to Dirk Jansz van Reenen, a widower, March 13th, 1661. By her second husband she had four sons, the eldest of whom was christened Paul, August 15th, 1663. She was still living in June 1688, but in 1691 her death was announced. On the 7th of July 1687, in presence of the notary Pieter van Beeks she, in concert with her husband, executed a deed bequeathing Nicolas van Reenen, no doubt a son of Dirck van Reenen, by his first marriage, the furniture, pictures, and everything in the house occupied by him—in all probability the paternal dwelling in the Paviljoensgracht at the corner of Nieuwe Molstraat—on condition that the property should never be sold or otherwise disposed of. Thus it was that the artistic works left by Paul Potter at his death were preserved till the present century, and were not offered for sale by auction till the year 1820.

Potter's aim was the study of drawing and of nature, and after assiduously practising these, he made gradual, careful, but considerable progress in his effects of colour. He boldly attempted the most difficult subjects, for instance, the well-known picture of the young Stier, life-sized, though it must be admitted this was not a "success." The picture is remarkable for its astonishing truth to nature in detail; still, taken as a whole, it is insipid, deficient in light and shade, and consequently monotonous. Potter was aware of this misconception, and all his subsequent productions were painted on a smaller scale. Hence his extraordinary knowledge of nature, his refined feeling, his exquisite taste, in the portrayal of landscape and the picturesque. His productions are, with few exceptions, simple pictures of home life with no pretensions to psychological depth, without any attempt at enhancing his subjects to the historical or the symbolic.

Among his earliest works there is a picture of four cows with a withered tree in a landscape, dated 1644, in Cassel. Another, one of his finest productions, a landscape with a cow viewing her own reflection in the water, 1648, at the Hague. The most diversified and tasteful composition is that in the possession of the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, representing a meadow near a farm, with several figures and numerous kine of all descriptions. This picture dates from the year 1649. A similar, very valuable master-piece of this painter's of much larger dimensions, the celebrated "Great herd of cattle" was purchased for this collection by the Empress Katherine II. of Russia, it was, however, lost during its transport from Holland, in consequence of the wreck of the vessel which was to convey it to its destination.

Two other pictures are worthy of mention, if only on account of their subjects: "Orpheus enchanting the beasts;" interesting not only as an historical subject, but as a specimen of Potter's profound study and superior delineation of wild animals. This picture is in the Museum at

Amsterdam, bearing date 1650. St. Petersburg contains the only known landscape of any magnitude; it is of the same date as the former, but its accessories are of an inferior character.

Finally, while his end was approaching, he produced a somewhat complicated work, whilst its pure and spiritual humour contrasts sadly with the corporeal sufferings and thoughts of death which troubled the mind of the painter: "The Animals sitting in judgment on the Sportsman." The picture consists of two large divisions, one of which may be drawn over the other: these are surrounded by twelve smaller pictures of framework. The corners above represent the transformation of Actæon into a stag, painted by Poelemburg, as Potter felt that he could not do justice to the nude figures, and St. Hubert rendering homage to the stag with the crucifix between his antlers. The other ten pictures demonstrate the chase in its several varieties, viz., hunting the wild boar, the lion, the bison, monkey, bear, chamois, wolf, leopard, the hare and the rabbit. For these wrongs the animals have resolved on revenging themselves. The upper chief picture represents the dreadful judgment passed upon the sportsmen by the animals sitting in council. The different types of the animals are portrayed with great truth, and with an equal display of humour: The sportsman in irons, behind him his dogs chained in couples, are led into the High Court of Justice. The underneath chief picture represents the carrying out of the sentence—the sportsman is roasted on a spit, the dogs are hanged. This scene is replete with drollery and whimsical detail.

Paul Potter was likewise a proficient in the art of etching on copper, as his numerous productions in his eighteenth year testify, among the most successful of which is the "Cowherd."

The far-famed drawings in the so-called "Book of Studies" in four volumes, bound in pig-skin, in the Collection of engravings in the Berlin Museum are surreptitious.

PHILIP WOUVERMAN.

In his own peculiar department of art, Wouverman stands alone. He was the son of a mediocre painter, Paul Wouverman, and born at Haerlem in the year 1620. His first incentive to art was probably acquired under the parental roof, when he received his first instruction, and afterwards became a pupil of the eminent landscape painter Jan Wynant, whose delicate touch and feeling he strove to emulate: swayed by these, he produced most of his early landscape compositions.

Pieter van Laer, surnamed *il Bombaccio*, by the Italians, born at Laeren in 1613, after a sixteen years' residence in Italy, returned to Holland, in 1639, and established himself in Haerlem, where he earned an extraordinary degree of approbation. He painted scenes from every-day life, country-people trading in cattle, remarkable for their clever composition, good drawings and effective colouring.

As already observed, Wouverman, by emulating and rivalling his prototype, developed his peculiar style of art, though, according to all accounts, at first slowly, and with indifferent success; struggling too against privations. His timidity was such as to hinder him from extricating himself from his oppressed condition, and the picture dealers took advantage of his indefatigable industry by purchasing many of his productions at a price much beneath their value. At length, however, Cornelius Catsz, a worthy clergyman, advanced him six hundred florins, which sum tended to render his existence more tolerable. As a mark of gratitude to his benefactor, Wouverman painted a "Hubert" kneeling and paying adoration to a crucifix between the antlers of a stag.

He died in 1668.

The predominating feature in Wouverman's pictures is the horse. Rustic landscapes, hunting scenes, knightly skirmishes, &c., afforded him opportunities of unremittingly introducing and rendering prominent his favourite animal, for a grey or dapple grey horse was to him indispensable for the high light in the centre of his pieces.

Wouverman's compositions display freedom and genius; the action stirring and natural, the drawing correct and graceful; the colouring varied according to the different epochs of his life, but always rich and harmonious; the execution in general by no means elaborate. His pictures abound in detail, seldom displaying redundancy, and present an effect at once charming and picturesque. A harmonious character prevails in many of his smaller pictures; independently of this, however, each may be regarded as a masterpiece, and viewed with infinite delight. Taking



Philip Wouberman.

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into consideration the short life of Wouverman, the number of his productions is enormous; amounting to nearly eight hundred, and many galleries, especially those of Dresden and St. Petersburg, contain dozens of them.

The artistic development of this master may be said to embrace three periods: the first extending to the year 1640, during which the brownish tone of Pieter van Laar prevails: the horses are of a heavy character, their action often clumsy and strained. The second reaches to the year 1650, and during this decennium he attained his pre-eminence. His warm colouring is pellucid and brilliant, his figures, both men and horses, are better proportioned, their action more graceful, his compositions more decided, and display a wonderful fusion of colours. The third era, up to the year 1660, when his colouring became less warm, flowing more into the "silvery" tone, though still charming and most delicately in keeping; the figures, more especially the horses, betray somewhat of conventionality, all seeming to have been taken from the same model.

B. M.

GERARD DOV.

Gerrit Doucuzoon, called later Gerard Dov—seldom Dow—(Historians spell his name with a *w* contrary to his own manner of writing it), the son of the Leyden glazier Jan Dou or Douwe, was the first artist who, though taking Rembrandt as a model, originated a new style of art. He entered the studio of his fellow-citizen Rembrandt as early as 1628, and remained there until the latter removed to Amsterdam in 1630. Previous to this apprenticeship he had learnt the elements of art from Bartholomew Orlendo the engraver, and Peter Komvenhorn the glass-painter.

In the catalogue of the Brussels Museum the learned editor says of Dov: "His biographer has an easy task, for there is nothing to say. Gerard Dov never left his studio, and he has no other history than that of his works." This sounds very simple and it is also easy to state, as has been commonly done, that he was born in the year 1613, and died in 1680, and that the 7th of April was his birth-day, but various circumstances throw doubt on the correctness of these dates. One of his principal pictures, "The woman with dropsy" in the Louvre bears the inscription "1663 G Dov out (aged) 65 year." According to this he would have been born in 1598. This inscription is, however, acknowledged to be false. Again in a portrait in Munich which is given out to be that of Dov painted by himself, the age of the original is said to have been 56, in which case also he must have been born in 1598. But we question whether this portrait is undoubtedly that of the artist, and require better proof before we can believe that he was born at so early a date; in point of fact there are two reasons which make this extremely improbable.

In the first place all the masters of the Dutch school attained an early maturity, and this is to be attributed to their having learnt the trade in early youth as well as to their talent. It does not seem likely Dov should have been an exception, and should only have begun to study at thirty, or even at one-and-twenty. Moreover it is not probable that he should have chosen a teacher of twenty-one.—Rembrandt's age in 1628—and still less so, that the latter should have taken a pupil of his own age, or even older than himself. If the pupil had been a boy of about fifteen, it would have been quite a different thing, and there is reason to doubt whether Dov was even as old as that when he went to Rembrandt.

The National Museum at Amsterdam contains a picture representing the Leyden Burgomaster and his wife in a landscape. The character of the landscape and genuine inscription prove it to be by Nicolas Berghem. The figures are by Dov, who made a peculiar sign on the picture.



GDov

On a stone column lying on the ground he painted his own bust in relief, near it his name is inscribed and AN A XIX, which means that he was nineteen years of age when he painted it, as is confirmed by the charming little head.

Hitherto no one has noticed the difficulties of the case; viz., that 1624 (sometimes 1623) is given as the year of Berchem's birth, so that he would only have been eight or nine years of age when he painted the picture at Amsterdam. This not being possible, it follows that Berghem must have been born considerably before 1624, or Dov not much later than 1613.

On the ground that none of Dov's pictures has a later date than 1672, the statement that he died in 1680, has also been questioned, but as it is well known that his sight was weakened by his excessively minute painting, and that in later times he could only work with the aid of a magnifying glass, it is very probable that he was unable to paint during the last ten years of his life, and it would be unwise to unsettle this date without authentic proof of its incorrectness. As there is so little to be said concerning his life, we can say all the more about his art which made him the founder and leader of a new style of painting in the Dutch School, viz., the highly finished style. He carried subtlety of execution almost to its highest pitch and spared no pains to accomplish his aim. He not only rubbed his own colours, but he prepared his own varnish and made all the very fine brushes he needed for his work, expending on his painting an unlimited amount of care and patience on even insignificant, and secondary objects. Sandrart relates how he was struck on visiting Dov's studio by the wonderfully careful execution of a broomstick, Dov observing that it required three more days' work. One of his finest pictures makes this anecdote almost credible. It is a picture in the Museum of the Haag, and represents a lovely young woman sitting at an open window. She is busied with some work and is just looking up. Near her is a child in a cradle, over which a young girl is bending. One seldom sees a picture so full of peace, geniality, and bliss. It is an ideal of quiet silent happiness. In this picture there is, among other things, a broomstick in which every fibre of the wood is so faithfully rendered that it is easy to believe it took a few days to paint it. At the same time it could not have been so long over his work as this story would lead one to imagine. Not, however, for the reason that many of his pictures—the Hermit in the National Museum at Amsterdam, for instance, give the impression of being painted in a broad manner, for it is soon seen that the apparently broad strokes are in reality finely stippled, every hair is painted and every wrinkle defined, but because, unless he had painted very rapidly, there would not be nearly two hundred pictures by him in the galleries. He must no doubt have been very diligent, for his pictures were much sought after, and he received very high prices for them. The speculative van Spiring of Haag offered him a thousand gulden yearly for the right of selling his pictures, so we may suppose him to have had a very good income. The chief merit of his pictures lies in the arrangement of light and shade. The force and transparency in the warm parts is remarkable and the extraordinary finish in the details does not prevent the pictures from being perfectly harmonious as a whole. This was chiefly owing to his command of *chiar'oscuro*, and the way in which he concentrated the lights which were generally produced by artificial illumination; indeed he was fond of creating difficulties by using several, nay even numerous lights (as for instance in the celebrated picture of the evening school in the Museum at Amsterdam, where five flames are burning in different parts) in order to overcome them in the most surprising manner. It is true, his night pieces are now so obscured that the eye has to get accustomed to them before it can make them out, and one has to begin at the high lights and penetrate by degrees into the

shadows. Dov was a keen observer of nature, and he carried out his observations in his pictures with unequalled skill—which renders them very pleasing—as no detail escapes him, his paintings have the appearance of a scene in a camera obscura, and indeed he must either have used a concave glass in working or have painted the objects reflected in a concave mirror.

These good points of his art, in which—at least in the particular combination of which he is unrivalled—have, as is natural, their corresponding defects. He cannot paint nature in motion or even in excitement. He consequently not infrequently painted still-life, but even when he went beyond that and painted figures, he chose quiet subjects, passionless characters, calm occupations, and simple situations. Some of his pictures contain only one figure and many of them only two. There are only a few more important compositions, the chief and largest of these is the Market cryer in the Pinakothek at Munich, and even in this picture there is little external movement and energy. Inner rather than outer life is represented. His visits to the sick, which include his master-piece, the Woman with the dropsy in the Louvre, belong to this class of pictures. With the exception of these his paintings scarcely arouse any lively emotion. There is, however, a sweetness and geniality in his conceptions that is heightened by the manner in which they are carried out.

Dov took his subjects chiefly from the lower and middle classes of society. He was also fond of painting hermits, generally praying. The most striking of these is in the Dresden Gallery. His heads are monotonous, for he had not a great variety of types of physiognomy, but they suited his characters and subjects.

To serve him as a model was a task for which few people had the unlimited patience that was necessary.

Besides the pictures in the galleries, some of which have been alluded to, the Hermitage in St. Petersburg is rich in paintings by Dov. It would take too much time to give a detailed description of separate pictures considering the large number of really excellent paintings which exist.



Quentin Messys.

QUENTIN MATSYS.

Towards the year 1500, the school of van Eyck was rising into celebrity, whilst Antwerp, which had succeeded Bruges as the chief commercial town of Belgium, took a new position in art. It was here, during the zenith of its art-period, that the greatest Belgium master of the time, Quentin Matsys, flourished. A contest was carried on for some time as to the birth-place of "Meester Quentin," whether it was Antwerp or Louvain. This has recently been decided in favour of Antwerp, but the year of his birth is unknown. The first authentic date relating to him is the admission into the St. Luke Guild at Antwerp between 1491 and 1492. The documents which have certified his birth-place also mention that he was a pupil of the great Roger van der Weyden, who died in 1464; and as Quentin was originally a "blacksmith," (the rails round the font at St. Pierre in Louvain and a chandelier are attributed to him) and only became a painter later in life, he cannot have been less than twenty when his teacher of painting died so that he must have been born in the year 1444, not in 1460, as was formerly supposed. His far-famed skill in art (as well as in smith's craft) naturally called him to the richest and most crowded town, and made it his interest to take up his abode in it. This change in his circumstances has been attributed by romantic legends to some affair of the heart, but no dependence can be placed on these stories, and all that we know of his love affairs is that he late in life contracted two very foolish marriages; about 1490, he married Adelheid van Tuyt, by whom he had five sons and one daughter, and in 1508 or 1509 (when he was at least sixty-four years of age), he led to the altar Katharina Heyens, by whom he had seven more children.

Quentin Matsys was also a distinguished musician, and essayed a trial with success in verse. He must have been a man of great culture, as is proved by his having been on intimate terms of friendship with such learned men as Erasmus of Rotterdam and Peter Aegidius, whilst his artistic friends thought no less highly of him. Quentin died between the 8th of July and Christmas of the year 1530, and was interred near the great entrance of the Cathedral. Cornelius van der Geest, a distinguished friend of Art, for whom Rubens painted the "Erection of the Cross" (now in the Cathedral) had the monument of Quentin Matsys renewed in 1629, but with a wrong date for his death (1529). A copy has been substituted for the monument, and the original has been placed in the Antwerp Museum, and ranks amongst Quentin Matsys' best works. This master-piece, a great altar with three wings, was ordered by the joiner's guild for their chapel in the Cathedral, and cost three hundred guldens. It remained there till the destruction of the pictures (1566) by the iconoclasts, from whom it was fortunately concealed, whilst a Christ on

the Cross by Quentin in the Cathedral was destroyed. Philip II. sought in vain to get possession of it, Elizabeth of England, however, was on the point of buying it from the impoverished guild for 5,000 rose-nobles, an unheard of sum in those days, but at the suggestion of the painter, Martin-de-Bos, the magistrates of the city of Antwerp protested against the arrangement, and bought it from the guild for a yearly rent of fifty gulden. When, in 1589, the chapel of the circumcision in the Cathedral passed over to the magistrates and civil authorities, this altar was brought from the guild-hall in the Cathedral where it remained till 1798, when William Jacob Herreyn the painter saved it from dilapidation, and it was valued at the incredibly low sum of six hundred francs, including the side altars and the two copper gates.

On the outer wings the two Johns, the Baptist and the Evangelist, are painted in grey. The large central piece of the inner altar is the burial of Christ. The principal group consists of ten life-size figures. On the left wing (as seen by the looker-on) is the beheading of John the Baptist and the chief scene in the foreground is the bringing of his head to Herodias. The other wings contain the martyrdom of St. John the Evangelist, who was boiled to death in oil. In this work we see the most striking specimen of Quentin Matsys' peculiar style, which was intermediate between the Flemish School and Rubens. Without any profound sense of beauty, he excels in delicacy of the outline, in purity and strength of feeling, and in clearness and softness of colouring. He ordinarily represents his figures either life-size or three quarters life-size, models his forms most carefully, carries out the minutest details with the nicest care and pays particular attention to the background of the scene, for which he usually selects mountain landscapes seen in a blue distance. His colouring of unusual depth and power shades off gradually and softly into a clearer tone, in which soft broken colours, particularly in the dresses, have the predominance. He has also ventured in his sacred scenes to combine different groups and subjects, putting the most exaggerated naturalistic characteristics in figures close together, e.g., in the executioner in St. John's Martyrdom he approaches the ordinary rough style, and afterwards painted several scenes from common life, of slight interest.

Notwithstanding his long life, Quentin Matsys' works are few: the iconoclasts destroyed not only one of his earliest known works, but one of the finest and richest colourings of all in the public collections, a Madonna and Child with three angels, in the Museum at Amsterdam. The "Madonna kissing the Child" in Berlin dates from a later period. A similar group is an altar-piece in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg.—Mary in glory, adored by several of the Saints. To the great work in Antwerp, we may add the magnificent altar-piece with wings in St. Peters at Louvain; it represents on the Inner and outer wings passages from the life of the Holy Family, and in the centre richly painted groups of the holy relatives. A Lucretia in the Belvedere at Vienna ranks high as an historical picture; it has been falsely attributed to Cranach. The best known of his composition pictures is one (mostly the work of his son Jan Matsys, who lived from 1500 to 1570) known by the false name of "The two Misers," but really two stewards busied with their books.

GERARD TERBURG.

One of the most eminent Dutch genre-painters was the portrait and genre-painter Gerard Terburg, or more correctly Terborch. He was born at Zwolle in 1608, and received his first instruction in art from his father, an excellent painter, who had spent several years in Italy, and had in contrast to the stay-at-home Rembrandt, bequeathed his love of travelling to his son.

In 1630, the young artist went to Haarlem, and lived there with a painter, whose name was unknown to our informant, Hontraken. It can scarcely have been any other than the greatest painter of Haarlem, whose claims, long buried in obscurity, have been recently recognised, Franz Hals, then at the zenith of his fame. Thus Terburg's art may be traced to the same source as Rembrandt's. He derived from his master the highest artistic qualities, his simplicity of treatment and delicate colouring, and also one branch of his subjects, that in which he was least successful, but to which he resorted especially in his later years, taken from the common life of the lower classes of society. Amongst these is one of his earliest paintings, the player of Tric-trac in the Collection at Bremen. We find him represented with improved colouring by a picture at Berlin, an interior of a ruined court, with the family of a grinder; the man is grinding a scythe, whilst its owner is looking on, and in the foreground a woman is washing the head of a child. There is a similar picture in the Pinakothek at Munich, a boy with a dog. A woman, combing her child's hair, now in the possession of Baron van Steengracht, at the Hague, has always been esteemed a pearl of Terburg's art. A similar picture, of a larger size, is the interior of a peasant's cabin, with men, drinking and smoking, in the Pinakothek at Munich. The connection with Hals is best shown in a very interesting picture of an old fish vendor, life-size, of the year 1669, in a private collection in Oldenburg. The large scale on which this picture is drawn, also occurring in portraits by the master, and the late date attest its authenticity. The "knife-duel," known only in engraving, may be included amongst these homely subjects.

The master, however, gained another and a wider field for his genius; he won his principal laurels as the artist and portrait-painter of elegant and distinguished society. He carried the simple style of Dutch colouring into this new field of activity. He visited both Italy and Germany. The Peace-congress of Munster attracted him to that city, and he painted one of his principal works there. His acquaintance with the Spanish ambassador, Count of Bannaranda, was the occasion of his visit to Madrid, where he won the most brilliant triumphs

by his art and by his personal attractions. He painted the King, Philip IV., with many of the celebrities of his court, both men and women, and the weak but artistic sovereign over-loaded him with honours, dubbed him a knight, and presented him with a golden chain, a dagger, silver spurs, &c. He naturally made the acquaintance of Velasquez at the Spanish court, and rumour asserts that the Dutch master gained favour with the brilliant ladies of the court by his attractive manners and person. He then visited Paris and London, successful everywhere, and leaving many pictures behind him. After these later journeys, Terburg returned to his native land, settled in Deventer, married his cousin, and became,—as his father had been,—mayor of the city: he died in 1681, leaving no children.

Terburg usually took his subjects from the upper classes, amongst whom he was accustomed to live. Strong passions and energetic action were foreign to him. His portraits and genre-paintings are suffused with a dignified coldness. We find no striking effects; at the most a passing shade of languor, such as may be overcome without injury to the elegant usages of life. Love takes the place of coquetry, but is always noble, chevalresque and gallant. His pencil is inspired by the enjoyments of a luxurious life, he considered music the best adjunct of such a life, his representations, its effect in society have been surpassed by no-one, with the exception of Netscher. His compositions are not rich in figures, he gives expression and the charm of novelty to the simplest scenes. His persons and situations suggest some pleasant story, in which a successful love-scene frequently forms the central point. His own sentiments are displayed in a series of small pictures, representing together a complete tale; these pictures were not drawn to illustrate a tale, the very variety in their form contradicts this supposition, but they originated in succession from the simplest motives, and were connected together not so much by a charm of events running through them, as by an accidental similarity of type in the figures. In Dresden, for example, we see the trim officer, the shield-bearer of love then as now, writing a letter to his lady, whilst his trumpeter, the messenger of love, waits for it. In another picture, the beauty is seen completing her toilette, whilst her waiting-maid is pouring water over her hands, to remove any remaining soils. Then, in a picture in the Pinakothek at Munich, the trumpeter enters and hands the letter, the maid looks askance, and the lady hesitates, but naturally ends in taking it. Then a picture in the Museum at the Hague comes in, the officer still holds a letter in his hand, brought in by his trumpeter, and we see him in a confidential tête-à-tête with the lady of his affections. But now comes the punishment. The charming picture of "The father's warning" has been repeatedly copied, and has been adopted by Goethe into "Wilhelm Meister;" the original copy is probably at Amsterdam, but that at Berlin is in better preservation; the maid has gossiped, and the beauty is receiving a lecture, to which she is listening with a fascinating expression of modesty. This lovely figure, of which a back view is given, is found again in the Dresden Gallery, and slightly altered (as the Letter-Reader) in a picture at the Petersburg Hermitage.

Our space is too limited to allow of further descriptions. Terburg's composition is flowing, his arrangement pleasant, his type of face not especially beautiful, but with a certain grace and charm, his drawing clear and good. His execution is careful, though not stiff, and his colouring harmonious. He is fond of introducing a lady in white satin as his centre of light. Burger remarks, that "the white satin dress belongs to Terburg." He introduced the satin dress to Metzu, Mieris, and to Wouverman, for his knightly possessions, and even to Jan Steen, whose

love-sick dames are clothed in white satin. But not only so: he was the originator of his style of art, he is at once the master and the herald of his school.

Amongst the portraits we need only mention his own portrait as Mayor, in the Museum at the Hague, and the already mentioned "Congress at Munster," all raising their hands in oath. This picture, although very defective as an artistic work, on account of the black dresses, was so highly esteemed for its historical associations and the expression of the heads that it became the subject of an eager contest at the St. Donato auction in Paris, in 1868, and was finally sold for 183,000 francs—the buyer unknown. It has since been offered to the National Gallery in London—on behalf of which 180,000 had been bid at the sale.

B. M.

HENDRIK VAN BALEN

(THE ELDER).

Hendrik van Balen belonged to an artistic family. As early as the year 1464, we find notices of various members of his family amongst the artistic chronicles of Antwerp. According to the usual data, Hendrik van Balen was born about 1560, at Antwerp. We have no direct evidence against this date, yet it is probable that Balen was only received into the guild of St. Luke in 1593, and married in 1605. It is supposed, and probably on authentic grounds, that political excitement and the insurrection of the iconoclasts in 1566 hindered his artistic career. If, however, he was born so early, it is difficult to believe that he can have been a pupil of Adam van Noort (born 1557), and if not, we have no accurate information respecting his artistic education, excepting that he was in Italy, where he studied the antique, and avoided the excesses of his predecessors in imitation of the Italian style.

Van Balen was the founder of a numerous school. Even van Dyck was originally his pupil, and has left us a portrait of his master. (The portrait is engraved by Paul Pontius, and may be studied by our wood-engraving). Balen is poor in expression, and his figures have a transparent flesh tone. His art especially delights in mythologic scenes, and other subjects which afford opportunity for the introduction of the nude; he was also fond of introducing figures into his friends' landscapes, and thus worked in unison with Jose de Momper, Jan Breughel, &c.

Where he is most at home, in small pictures representing trivial scenes, he is attractive, notwithstanding his defects. When, however, he attempts more serious subjects, as in the resurrection of Christ in the church of St. Jacques at Antwerp, he is very unsatisfactory.

On the 9th of September, 1605, he was married in the above-named church to Margaret Brurs, and by this marriage he had eight children. The first-born son, Gaspard, died early. Two sons, Jan Gaspard, and Hendrik, the youngest, became painters, like their father.

Van Balen died on the 17th of July, 1632, and was interred in the church of St. Jacques. His widow erected a monument to him, which she adorned with the picture, already mentioned, of the Resurrection. Above it may be seen the double portrait of himself and his wife, also by his own hand. His wife is buried at his side; she died on October 23, 1638. In the house "Zum wilden Mann," which he inhabited in the "Rue Neuve" at Antwerp, a picture by him may still be seen over the mantle-piece, in one of the rooms, representing the vanity of all earthly things.

B. M.



Frans de Vriendt.
(Frans Floris.)

F

FRANS DE VRIENDT

(THE ELDER), CALLED FRANS FLORIS.

The Italian mannerism which was introduced into Dutch art by the vigour of Rubens and his school in the seventeenth century, reached its culminating point in more than one respect in Frans de Vriendt the elder, called Frans Floris. He displayed his degeneracy in his cold manner, and, united with his contemporaries, many of whom far excelled him in power, in the adoption of the new method. He could not have offered the age anything, which it would have better appreciated; he was rewarded with unqualified approbation.

This painter, so much admired during his life-time, was born at Antwerp, where he first saw the light, in 1520. His father, Cornelius de Vriendt, was a worker in jewels, his mother's name was Margaret Goos. The son was originally intended to be a sculptor; but his taste for painting soon asserted itself. He went to Liège, and studied under the guidance of Lambert Lombard, from whom he received his first impulse in the direction of Italian art.

On his return to his native city, in 1540, he was received into the painter's guild of St. Luke, and his fame rapidly increased. He had seen Italy, and his ready talent won for him riches and patrons; he was held in high estimation by the Prince of Orange, and the Counts of Egmont and Horn, and was able to satisfy his taste for display by a magnificent house, and an extravagant style of living. At his house might be seen, painted by himself, a great art allegory with numerous figures, allegorically representing poetry, work, experience, industry, and other qualities, needful to a painter. His school spread with remarkable rapidity, and yet, he did not end his days in good circumstances, as his extravagant style of living had exhausted even his large resources. He died at Antwerp, on the 1st of October, 1570, and was buried three days later in the Franciscan churchyard near the grave of his parents.

His leading works are in the Academy at Antwerp. There we find his master-piece, the far-famed Fall of the Angels, originally painted for the Altar of the fencingmaster's guild, in the Cathedral. We may observe a wild fancy in the arrangement of the figures, and a bold action in the grouping; but the drawing is stiff and the colour cold and inharmonious. The adoration of the shepherds is, no doubt, more attractive. St. Luke, painting the Madonna, and standing by the side of the oxen, is defective both in taste and spirit. The artist has introduced himself as the colour-rubber of the apostle. His finest picture in Germany is Vulcan displaying to the gods Mars and Venus in chains, in the Museum at Berlin, and yet this composition is devoid of expression and charm.

A brother of Frans Floris, named Cornelis, was a clever architect; the elder of his two sons was killed by the Spaniards, the younger settled in Rome, where he attained celebrity by his easel-drawings.

B. M.

GASPARD DE CRAYEER.

Gaspard de Craeyer was the most powerful as well as the most prolific of the independent contemporaries of Rubens. The year of his birth has been recently ascertained. In the Museum at Ghent there exists a picture of marvellous power in expression and treatment, bearing the date 1668, with the almost incredible notice, that it was painted in the Master's eighty-sixth year. He must therefore have been born in 1582, and the certificate of his birth has been discovered in the church books at Antwerp, his baptism being entered on April the first of that year. He was the second son of the teacher and picture dealer Gaspard de Craeyer and of Christiana Abshoven, of Antwerp. A Gaspard de Craeyer, baptised on November 18th, 1584, in the Antwerp Cathedral, was a younger brother of the artist, named like him, contrary to the usual custom of the period. Gaspard received his artistic training in Brussels, from a son of the well-known younger Michael van Coxcyen, on whom his father had bestowed the Christian name of Raphael in grateful remembrance of the immortal master. He also studied with Ida van Hasselt, but soon surpassed his masters, and various contemporaneous records attest the high esteem in which he was held. The churches and cloisters in Brussels and its vicinity still contain numerous creations of his pencil.

Whilst still residing in Brussels, he was married, in the Antwerp Cathedral, on February 17th, 1613, to Katrijn Janssens. As however he did not like his official appointment as archer in the royal guard, and felt his artistic career circumscribed, he gave up his appointment and removed to Ghent, in order to live by his art. This town still possesses a number of his works, and amongst these the pearls of the collection. This great master can only be studied in Belgium, as Germany does not possess one of his finest works. The best to be found there is a Madonna with the Child on her arm, surrounded by adoring Saints, with portraits of the painter and his family underneath, of the year 1646, in the Pinakothek at Munich.

The Cardinal Infant Ferdinand attracted the painter to his service, and Craeyer executed a master-piece of decorative painting, as a triumphal arch on the entrance of the prince. This is still in the Museum of the Academy at Ghent. Rubens and Van Dyck esteemed his friendship an honour, Rubens displaying the most ingenious appreciation of his talent. He is said to have stood in silence for several hours before a picture by his friend, and then to have uttered the words "Craeyer, Craeyer, no-one can surpass this." He even remembered him in his will and bequeathed to him one of his own pictures representing St. Benedict. Van Dyck painted his portrait which has been frequently engraved.

De Craeyer attained a good old age, as has been already remarked, retaining the possession of his artistic powers. He died, universally respected, at Ghent, on January the 27th, 1669, and was interred in the Chapel of St. Rosa in the Dominican Church.

Vigour of composition, correct outline, and rich colouring are displayed to a remarkable degree in his pictures, which principally represent religious subjects, and were designed for altar-pieces. If he is inferior to Rubens in originality, he surpasses him in delicacy of touch and in sentiment.—He is one of those artists who has been undervalued on account of the narrow area within which his works were circumscribed.

B. M.

GERARD HONTHORST

CALLED GERARDO DALLE NOTTI.

It is more easy to describe the artistic position of Gerard Honthorst, than to detail the events of his life, for very little is known of him. He was born in 1592 at Utrecht, and was named after his father, who was also an artist, Gerard Hugensoon. His principal teacher was Abraham Bloemart (born in 1564 at Gorcum, died at Utrecht, in 1649), one of the artists who heralded the new era. Yet he exercised less influence over Honthorst's art, than did the sight of Michel Angelo's and Caravaggio's pictures. Honthorst went very early to Italy (probably in 1610; he returned in 1623, and was entered on the register of the guild of St. Luke at Utrecht. He had spent much time in Rome, where he had diligently studied the works of the Naturalistic school, and had especially acquired a love for the clear and effective light effects peculiar to it. As his pictures, which soon became very popular, principally represented night effects, he was called Gherardo dalle Notti, a name which he has since retained.

One of his most eminent patrons in Rome was the Marquis Giustiniani, for whom some of his principal works, especially on religious subjects, were executed. When he had returned home, he founded a popular school of art, and his fame increased so rapidly, that he was soon summoned to London by King Charles I., who commissioned him to undertake some larger works. He painted historical and allegorical pictures in the banqueting-room at Whitehall, as well as several portraits. For these he was handsomely paid, and then returned to Utrecht, where he entered the service of Prince Frederick Henri of Orange, for whom he worked at the Hague and the Castle of Ryswick until the end of his life. He was apparently accompanied by his younger and less distinguished brother, William Honthorst, who, in 1650, attended the Princess Louise Henrietta of Orange to Berlin, where he remained as court-painter for ten years. Gerard Honthorst was still alive in 1664, from which year a merry company of soldiers and women in the Berlin Museum is dated. The year of his death has never been accurately ascertained.

His pictures, which are nearly always of life-size, include a very wide range of subjects, but seldom express any profound ideas, and generally culminate in a brilliant effect of illumination, which is frequently inartistic, for Honthorst does not, like Rembrandt and Caravaggio, unite a softened tone of colouring with his brilliant lights, but shades them into yellow, which has an unpleasant effect. Thus his best pictures are those in which he has simply aimed at copying nature. He deserves high praise for his correct outlines and artistic grouping. On the other hand, he seldom attempts to solve the difficult problem of the representation of the inner life, as in the "Liberation of Peter" at Berlin, which on this account is one of his finest works. B. M.



Claude Lorrain.

CLAUDE GELLÉE

(CALLED CLAUDE (LE) LORRAIN).

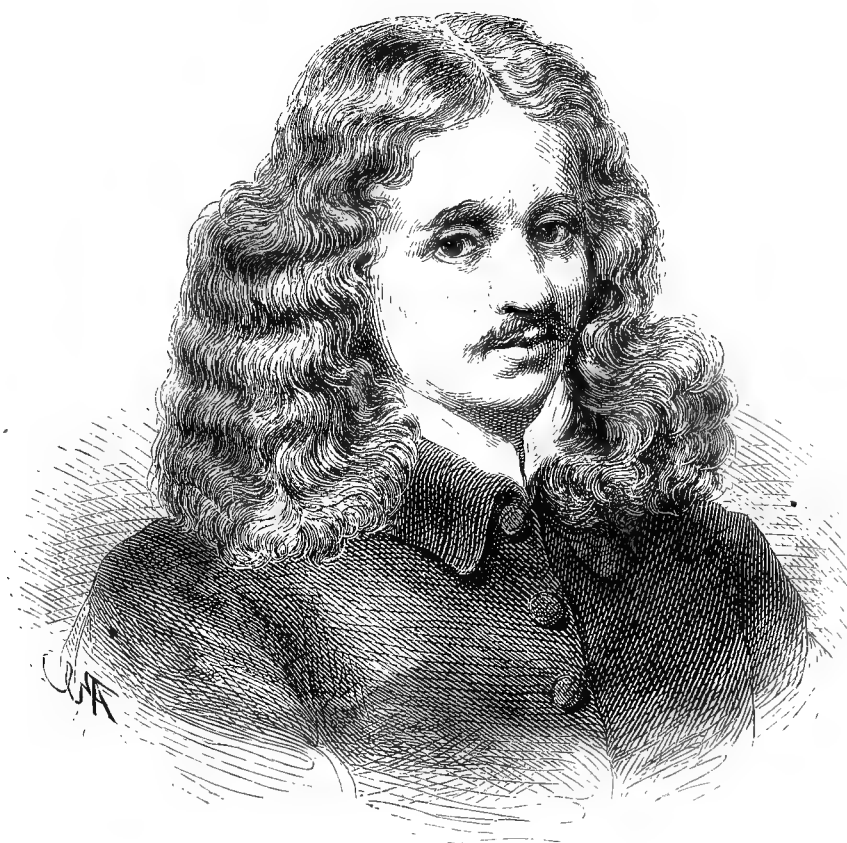
Claude Gellée, or Gillée, was born in the year 1600, (the third of five sons of Jean Gellée) at the castle of Champagne, on the shores of the Moselle near Toul, in Lorraine, from which district he took the surname of Lorrain. He lost both father and mother at the age of twelve and went to his elder brother, a wood-carver, at Freiburg in the Breisgau, where he spent a year in studying ornamental design. He then accompanied a relation, a lace-merchant, to Rome, and when, in consequence of the war with Switzerland the supplies he received from his family were stopped, he went on to Naples and worked there for two years, under the guidance of Gottfried Wall, a painter of Cologne, who instructed him in architecture, perspective, and landscape-painting. On returning to Rome, he entered the atelier of Agostino Tassi, a pupil of Paul Bril.

At the close of this period of study, he went by way of Venice, the Tyrol, and Bavaria to his native place, and made acquaintance at Nancy with Charles Dervent, court-painter to the Duke Henry of Lorraine. This painter employed him for more than a year, by commissioning him to paint the architectural features introduced into his composition on the vaulting of the Carmelite church. The fall of a gilder from the scaffolding saddened this occupation to Claude, and he returned to Italy, in company with the French king's court-painter Charles Gerard, whom he met at Lyon.

Two landscapes which he painted for Cardinal Bentivoglio, created such excitement, that the Pope Urban VIII. gave him an audience, he was besieged with applications for pictures, and painters commenced copying his unfinished pictures, and selling these copies as Claude's drawings, even before the painter had put the finishing stroke to the originals. It was said that it was for the purpose of avoiding deception, but it is more probable that it was in order to retain a recollection of his numerous compositions, that he executed an accurate drawing from every picture, adding the name of the purchaser, and frequently also the date. He called the collection of these drawings "the authentic book," and gave directions that it should remain in the possession of his family. His remote grand-children, however, were wanting in pious respect, and parted with the precious collection; after passing through various hands, it came, in 1770, into the possession of the Dukes of Devonshire, by whom it is preserved as an invaluable treasure. It contains two hundred leaves. Many other drawings are lost. Some specimens of his numerous pictures may be found in every public collection.

Claude Lorrain worked with unflagging industry until the end of his life, although he was afflicted with gout, from the age of forty. He died, rich in honours and possessions, at Rome, on the 21st of November, 1682, and was interred in St. Trinita de' Monti, but in July 1840, his bones were removed to S. Luigi de' Francesi, where a simple monument was erected over them.

A more poetical landscape-painter than Claude Lorrain has never existed. The united influence of noble outline, effective grouping, soft distances, and a clear bright sky enchant the beholder. He is excelled by none in softness of colouring, and his creations are pervaded by sweet and often ideal sentiment, and evidence an unusual harmony of intellect. B. M.



C Nietzsche

CASPAR NETSCHER.

The youngest of the three celebrated Dutch genre-painters, Caspar Netscher, son of the builder and architect John Netscher of Stuttgart, was born in the year 1639, at Heidelberg. At the early age of two, he barely escaped death from starvation, to which two of his brothers fell victims during a siege; his mother fled to Arnheim with himself and his two sisters. A rich physician, named Tullekens, adopted him, gave him a careful education, and wished to fit him for a high rank in life. But his inclination for art was so strong as to overcome these well-intentioned wishes, and he was placed for instruction with the painter of still-life, Koster, under whose guidance he soon displayed that remarkable facility in the representation of brilliant dress and fabric, which is one of the most attractive points in his pictures. He afterwards entered the studio of Terburg, and there perfected himself in the various branches of genre-painting.

At the age of twenty he resolved to follow his master's example, and to see the world. His goal was Rome, which he hoped to reach with the greatest ease and rapidity, by sea. The ship in which he sailed stopped for a short time at Bordeaux, and there he fell in love. He married in 1659, and settled at Bordeaux, and would have remained there for the rest of his life, had not his peace been disturbed by the persecutions of the Huguenots. He returned in 1669 to Holland, and chose the Hague as his residence. Here he worked diligently, resisting all offers of a change—he even refused the brilliant proposals of Charles II. of England—until his death, on the 15th of January, 1684.

Netscher is inferior to Terburg and Metsu in the highest artistic qualities, harmony of colouring, clear outline, and a light handling of the subject. But he excels them all in his sense of beauty. He, like Terburg, was especially esteemed as the elegant portrait painter of the upper classes. In his simple and tasteful genre-pictures he displays a remarkable preference for musical scenes, to which he lends all the charm of aristocratic elegance. The principal of these pictures and his most celebrated work, in respect of size and wealth and beauty of composition is possessed by the richest picture gallery in the world, that of Dresden, a lovely lady in white satin is accompanying on the piano a gentleman, who is singing. This beautiful picture is dated 1668, and this belongs to his best period, which may be reckoned from 1664 to 1668. His colouring afterwards became cooler, and lost its exquisite harmony, giving a party-coloured effect. This may be observed in Vertumnus and Pomona, in the Berlin Museum, a picture which may serve as an example of his not very happy treatment of historical subjects.

Netscher also followed Metsu in the selection of some scenes and figures from the people. An interesting specimen is the shepherd and shepherdess, lovers in the Pinakothek at Munich. It was dated 1681, and in it may be found the largest signs of nature adorned, as displayed later in Rococo, both in art and life.

B. M.

RAPHAEL.

No gift is too precious or too great for the favourites of the gods! All that is most excellent is heaped richly on one single head: mind and soul of the elected one form a rich whole of perfections, one single one of which would assure to its holder immortality. A genius of this nature, appearing in the department of art, illuminates it as with a light divine and creates works of art which—exhibiting as a whole the noblest thoughts united to spiritualized beauty of form, may serve as a model for all times.

Raphael is one of these favourites of Heaven, occupying now for three hundred years the place of honour as the greatest master of his art. His work falls in the brilliant period between the years 1490 and 1520, during which artists of the first rank, Lionardo da Vinci, Michel Angelo, Titian were working in Italy, and Albrecht Dürer in Germany. The almost simultaneous appearance of these five brilliant stars in the firmament of art stands in connection with the highest interests of culture among the nations in our quarter of the globe, and with those great movements in the world of mind which had their commencement in the stormily onward rushing fifteenth century. The spirit of testing inquiry had risen mightily in every department of knowledge, and undermined and changed what had hitherto passed for unassailable truth. An ardent desire for the great and new drove hosts of dauntless men across the seas to discover new worlds, while art strove to put off the fetters of traditional constraint in order to be able to unfold spontaneous beauty born of thought.

The Florentines and Paduans had ably endeavoured to embody the artistic idea in corresponding beautiful forms, and the Venetians were masters of true and efficacious colour.

With Fra Angelico da Fiesole a new period arose in Italian painting: a turning aside from the purely external academic forms and studied emotional ideas, and a concentration of the entire pictorial representation in the expression of feeling, which, with Fiesole, is always that of a sanctified devotion, embracing, however, an ample scale of spiritual emotions.

We can only find room here for the principal features of Raphael's work, and scarcely even that in detail. We must hold fast, therefore, to these generally characterised artistic tendencies to find the right point where Raphael began his career in order to surpass them, and ascend to a height possible for him alone.

We find in Lionardo da Vinci thoughts clothed in the truthful beauty of form; Michel Angelo disjoined the natural proportions of the human frame in detail, building, according to the sublime, often forcible ideas, figures which reach beyond everything human in their manifestations of strength, and Titian went astray in the rapture of existence, youth with its gracious warm



Rafael.

perceptions, bound to fragrance and colour, without troubling himself about academic form with its details. Angelico da Fiesole created figures, very conventionally draped, which had, properly speaking, nothing whatever to do in the world, whose entire innate expression is a mystic choral hymn.

It is a singular tract of land that where Raphael was born. Umbria includes the ancient duchy of Spoleto, with Assisi, Perugia, and Foligno, a domain in which the popes always found their ablest spiritual and military allies.

The legions of Umbria were famous for their valour and tenacity in the endurance of fatigue. From Pope John X., whom the Umbrian halberdiers protected against the rebellion of Albrico, the youthful duke of Spoleto, until his defeat by Marozia, down to Julius II., whose storming columns before Bologna were formed of Umbrians, the inhabitants of the stern, inclement mountains and valleys of the Apennines had proven by deeds their deep attachment to the Church. It was a vigorous people, full of deep feeling, obstinate in their traditional views, but endowed with a clear eye for the beauties of their native land. Here it was that St. Francis made his appearance and founded the world-renowned monastery, dedicated to the Holy Virgin of the Order called by his name.

The wave of the great reform in pictorial representation brought about by Giotto, had scarcely made its way into the valleys of Umbria. Benedetto Bonfiglio and Nicolo da Foligno kept to an almost portrait-like representation, wide apart from that of the Florentines, and Pietro Vanucci (da Canutella della Pieve), the great master of Umbria, immortal under the name of Perugino, gave, in his best pictures, figures true to nature, in correct academic drawing, and endowed with the full capability of giving expression to sensuous emotions. Perugino loves simplicity of situation, in order that the attention be not withdrawn from the main point, from the expression of the emotions of the soul. His Madonnas are full of charm and fervour. Here already we find certain indications of the wonderful development which the artistic idea of the Madonna was to receive through Raphael, Perugino's great pupil.

Raphael was born at Urbino on the 28th of March, old style, 1483. His father Giovanni bore the name of Sanzio, an Italian form of "Sanctus," and is more properly called Santi. Giovanni Santi was a good technical painter, whose pictures shew along with the traditional arrangement, not only a distinctly stamped individuality of form, but often also an expression of fervent feeling.

Here, in this little house, almost hut, where Father Giovanni made his easel-pictures, which, unfinished as they appear, possess still a breath of Duccio's soulful grace, Raphael painted from his first childhood, not like Michel Angelo Buonarrotti, the hopeful favourite of a prince, but as the diligent co-supporter of his family.

Instead of the careful and universal cultivation which da Vinci and Michel Angelo received, they who collected considerable philological and mathematical knowledge, and were able to shine as poets and musicians, Raphael learned scantily such little Latin as was customarily imparted to poor boys for the purposes of divine service. Mathematics, which Raphael developed in later years in such an eminent and commanding manner as architect of the dome of St. Peter's at Rome, the artist owed only to his own study and the occasional instruction of Bramante's drawings. Cardinal Bembo also, a later friend of Raphael's, understood the solution of mathe-

mathematical problems, and was able to comprehend Lionardo's writings, in which the principles mathematics are applied to building purposes and engineering. Even if Bembo were an occasional instructor of Raphael, his mathematical knowledge dates from the last decade of his short life.

It is noticeable that it is in the representation of the Madonna that Raphael, even at his earliest period, excited attention. It was through his son's pictures of the Madonna and Holy conversazioni that Father Giovanni conceived the idea of getting rid of him. In this the father may well have thought less of the fact that Raphael under his guidance would always remain a mediocre artist, than of the weighty circumstance that a stepmother, Bernardina di Parte, had entered the cottage on the Contrada del Monte, and no longer devoted the former love and care to the boy now growing up in youth. Raphael was, moreover, as a boy, so beautiful, the expression of his face so gentle and lovely that his portrait is decidedly the best figure in a large votive picture which Giovanni executed in the church of the Dominicans at Gogli. In the wondrously beautiful face of the eight year old boy, every feature of that lofty, ingenious grace may be recognised, beneath which the mighty genius of the master lay hid.

Perugino had, in his prime, rich treasures to bestow, which treasures were of Florentine origin. When Raphael began to paint under his guidance, Perugino's forms had already considerably lost in fineness and power, and a stereotyped expression of general emotion had begun to slip into his figures. It is certainly remarkable that Raphael was placed by this fate before the two great roads to art, which are represented so indistinctly in the works of his teacher just at the period of Raphael's first activity, that the pupil in choosing the right path for himself, was thrown upon his own inmost self.

These two great roads are as follows: The painter may make use of the academic form in order to arrive at the expression of fervour, or else he strives after this expression and seeks thereby to press forward to the completion of form. The academic form in itself has no sort of mental substance; it is constructed from the skeleton of the human body, and follows up the anatomical articulation, the material idea of motion, like the motion itself without troubling itself about the fundamental mental and spiritual causes from which such motions may have proceeded.

The Florentines were, in the highest degree, masters of histology in their representations, and they possessed at the same time, taught by the study of the antique, in the highest degree, the perception of harmony for their often violently agitated figures. These external forms were allied in their motion as indications of the corresponding inward mental emotions, which under such mechanical treatment could never make their appearance pictorially in any but a very imperfect manner. It could not well be otherwise than that the entire Florentine school should shew a coldness and insipidity of feeling, which could not be concealed even by the most perfect harmony of external forms, however powerfully these may be put in motion. With Michel Angelo the individual, mental element is often completely lost in its histological representations.

The second road to art chooses its starting-point from the inner life of mind and feeling. Representations in this department require, as a foundation, a real, living personality, which neither is, nor is intended to signify anything but itself. First of all, it requires no abstract forms, to which all humanity may lay claim, but a clearly defined individuality: the artistic

representation of a human being—a likeness. And from the likeness outwards, the Umbrians and Siennese of old took their way leading to the heights of art. The ideal element, common to all Christian art, the allegorical—a remnant of the way of thinking of heathen classical antiquity was supplanted by the conception of real personality capable of suffering, loving and rejoicing.

In real portraiture the representation of a feeling must be given with the highest power of truth. The expression which Perugino in his best period had in his power, an inheritance of the Umbrians and Siennese, rests on the portrait-like character of his heads and figures. It is a prodigious way indeed, to raise this truth to nature to the pure harmony between inner life and outer form which corresponds to the idea of beauty, and contains everything not absolutely essential.

In Raphael's earliest works one is struck by the remarkable property they have of seizing on the true in nature with full vigour, respecting inward circumstances and keeping all accidental disturbance at a distance, so that his forms seem thoroughly harmonious. He has by inspiration as it were, from the very beginning as ruler the point of motion in his hand on which the inward and the external are indissolubly united into one whole, and form and expression are given in close and mutual proportion.

One of the principal of Raphael's earliest works "Lo Sposalizio," the marriage of the Virgin Mary, now in the Brera at Milan, is painted almost in the traditional manner according to the rules of the guild. But here already we find the inward, the tender, and touching expression of feeling, which grew later in Raphael's works to victorious sublimity. The absence of every form not closely connected with the ruling emotion of the representation, or *vice versa*, the withdrawal of every immaterial emotion or naturalistic trait which might disturb the harmony of form gives even to the pictures of Raphael's earlier period a noble and sublime character, such as other masters of the first rank have only very seldom exhibited, as, for example, Lionardo in his Last Supper. Michel Angelo in his paintings in the Sistine Chapel, Albrecht Dürer in figures of the Apostles, known by the name of the four Temperaments. (Pinakothek at Munich.)

After these premises we shall be able to gain the clearest insight into the almost marvellous activity of Raphael, if we follow up, first of all, the way in which he in the very simplest manner brings inward expression into the beautiful form. We stand here before the glorious series of his madonnas. They offer, to a certain extent, a scale by which to measure the development of his genius into its fullest freedom and grandeur. Still Raphael's earliest Madonnas, in the almost mawkish sentiment of the Perugino Madonnas, painted during his period of decline, offer us little pertaining exclusively to Raphael.

But already the Madonna della Casa connestabile in Perugia possesses an animation, a grace, which the pupil could not have borrowed from his master, because the latter never possessed them in this wise. This Madonna has scarcely a trace more of the external type—her whole bearing is an efflux of her mental condition. Still the group of mother and child, as well as the tendency to a landscape, is full of the stillest, almost solemn exclusion. The approach to the momentary is already indicated in the Madonna von Heylitz in Berlin.

The idea of maternity is still more intensified in the Madonna del Gran Duca in the Pitti palace. The God and Redeemer, formerly represented, bliss bestowing, in the boy Jesus, has

become a charming, vigorous, human child, raised, like his mother, above the wants of earth by the ideal inspiration of form.

Raphael held fast, in his Madonnas, from this time forth, to the deep world-mystery of motherhood, in order to ascend by it to the celestial, and to the divine idea itself. He glorifies earthly beauty by degrees into the beauty of thought directed towards the super-sensual.

Grandly conceived in her earthly beauty is the world-famous "Madonna della Sedia," to which, to a certain degree, the "Madonna della Casa Tempi," kissing the child, the tenderly conceived "Aldobrandina," and the Madonna of the Bridgewater gallery give the full harmony. To the "Kissing Madonna" may be added such as have received their leading idea from momentarily passing events. The Virgin, for her sleeping child, impresses silence on the little St. John the Baptist: she bathes the boy; she lifts the veil from him, etc.

Then the indication of the divine destination of the child Jesus appears in often touching symbolical references, as in the "Madonna in the green" in the Belvedere at Vienna, where St. John holds up to his playfellows a cross of reeds, and the mystic sign of bitter suffering is shewn threefold in the jagged rocks of the peaceful, sunny landscape. Extraordinary is the impression of beauty and thoughtful contemplation, united to an elegiac trait, made by the "Madonna della Casa d'Alba." To the playful and lovely belong the "Madonna del Cardellino," the "Belle Jardinière" of the Louvre. From this point, in some Madonnas, the connection of mother and child widens out to that of the holy family. It is the adoration which begins to make its way—the Virgin is not enthroned—is still the object of the reverence and admiration of all who surround her, as in the "Divine Amore" in the Museo Borbonico, the Madonna dell'Immacolata in Florence, the beautiful Madonna Cunigiani in Munich, the Madonna del riposo in the Belvedere at Vienna, the original of which has not been found.

The two grandest Madonnas are those in the Escorial (Spain) and in the Dresden gallery. The former, called the "Madonna del Pesce," or, of the Fish, is full of grand beauty and deep symbolical reference. The Virgin is represented as enthroned beneath a canopy, at her side St. Mark the Evangelist with his lion. An angel brings to her and to the future Redeemer and head of the Church, him who was to be one day His disciple, St. Peter, scarcely beyond boys age, bearing on a ring a fish, the symbol of the successors of the holy fisher of men, of the Lake of Genesareth. Spiritualized beauty and grace are the peculiar properties of Mother and child, and in the bearing and inspired mien of the angel, who appears as a youth, there is something quite ravishing to the feelings.

The Sistine Madonna in the Dresden gallery closes the series of Raphael's Madonnas with a representation so sublime, such as no other artistic genius has ever produced. It is as if solemn and ravishing organ-tones issued from this picture. The Virgin appears, hovering in the open heavens, in lofty beauty, mild and solemn, in her arms the boy, with the wondrously divine aspect—the noblest humanity glorified to the super-earthly, and the human blending indissolubly with ecclesiastical mystery. The pope St. Sixtus, and St. Barbara, the former looking up adoringly to the Virgin, and commending by an expressive motion of the hand, the community of the faithful worshipping in the world below, to the Queen of Heaven, and the other assuring the faithful by her sweet smile that their prayers have been heard, from the side figures of this majestic picture.

This Madonna is very different from the "Del Pesce." Seldom, indeed, except in several

portraits, has Raphael given such exactitude of detail, or shewn such a truthful, natural colouring under the prevailing light, as in the Madonna of the Escorial. The unessential is here treated with the same care as the great and important. Over against the Madonna of the Escorial, for instance, the "Madonna in the green," surely exhibiting in its treatment a vigorous relief, seems extraordinarily weak, wanting all the vigour of natural truth. To shew how closely Raphael could render the finest and most vigorous features of life, let us look at the portraits of Pope Julius II. and that of Leo X. Through the powerful hand of the artist, in the features given to them by nature, the entire mind and character, so fundamentally different of two of the greatest men of his time, can be clearly recognized as a commentary on the significant history of those two popes. The slightest neglect of detail, a disregarding of the hasty glance of Pope Julius's lurking eye, an overlooking of the fine features of Leo's intellectual, jovial though swollen countenance, or of the clear glance of his eye would have marked their portraits as untrue to the originals.

The "Madonna del Pesce" possesses the same excellencies of detail. Thence the earthly charm of the glorious figures, which are raised into ideal regions by the power of the conception of the picture—once singularly enough designated as a representation of Tobias.

Quite different is the divine "Madonna di San Sisto." This picture, according to all technical examinations, too many of which, and by no means happy ones, have fallen to the share of this masterwork—was painted with great rapidity. Even the under part had not been exactly measured according to the figures, by the artist, who knew so admirably in the stanze how to adapt himself to the smallest frame, and yet to move in it with perfect freedom. Below were originally clouds. In order to fill the vacancy the artist placed those two famous angels on the clouds, gazing upwards, still even they are only a symbolical medium betwixt mortals and the Queen of Heaven, but they contrast, for all that, very strongly with the brilliant "heavenly hosts" surrounding the Madonna. They are makeshifts.

Raphael appears—it will hardly ever be proven—to have rapidly painted the Sistine Madonna for an ecclesiastical purpose, a festival or great procession. It is not improbable that the picture was used first of all as a church banner.

With broad, firm brush, partly without dead colouring, the divine forms of the sublimest of Raphael's Madonnas and of the young Christ—no longer merely the boy Jesus—were thrown on the frail canvass, which was destined to reveal to centuries the highest exaltation of human art. Everything unessential vanishes here and mind and soul in highest elevation rule and bless!

The early period in the life of artists, as a rule, brings to the engineer, besides the charm of the stages of development, many an important revolution as to the fundamental character of the later master-pieces of the artist. It would not be difficult in the case of Raphael to follow the path of his most beautiful works backwards to the noviciate of the master, and not to point out even in his first performances, one or the other independent feature by which he distinguished himself from his next models. But special inquiries would carry us far beyond our space, and yield finally but this result: that the guiding principle of the Umbrians, and here especially of Perugino, in whose best time, that is to say the time of his striving upwards through nature to the ideal, was entirely in harmony with Raphael's inmost being, and further: that the period of imitation with Raphael ended very soon and passed, in an extraordinary manner, into that period in which we recognise Raphael, as himself, with the most perfect certainty. He became, first of all, such a perfect master of Perugino's style that we are obliged to designate

large pictures proven to be by the pupil as what might belong to the best period of Perugino himself.

Raphael was just seventeen years old when he painted his famous Coronation of St. Nicholas for the church of the Augustines in Tolentino. Duke Federigo of Urbino, his spouse, Donna Battista-Sforza, and Duke Guidobaldo had never deigned to notice Raphael's father, the poor Giovanni Santi. Other, and indeed very mediocre painters from Florence, Forli, Padua, even the rather coarse Justus van Gent were loaded with honours by the princely family. Why should the rulers of the land have troubled themselves about the offshoot of Giovanni and his spouse Majia Cimla, a poor tradesman's daughter?

But Raphael, as son of a "Maja," embracing all her treasures, opened the eyes of all central Italy by his St. Nicholas, to the fact that Perugino had ceased to be the first painter of Umbria, Spoleto, and Camerino.

This picture shewed the canonical type of arrangement, which deserves to be mentioned here, because the grandest creations of Raphael's historical style always point back to the fundamental feature of this symmetrical arrangement. The picture which raised the youth's fame above that of his master, was divided into two compartments, an upper and a lower one: above the heavenly sphere, God the Father surrounded by angels, the Virgin, St. Augustine, who adorn the head of St. Nicholas with the victor's crown. Nicholas himself treads Satan under foot, and beside him are groups of angels with parchment scrolls, Nicholas of Bari, etc. This very remarkable picture was badly injured, cut up and could only be purchased for the Vatican in fragments. During the rule of the French republicans these fragments did not escape the hostile art-commissioners, and one group of angels alone is said to have reached Rome again from Paris—to disappear without a trace.

One of the first pictures to which the young painter put his name, is a Crucifixion with Mary, John, Magdalene, and St. Jerome. This picture is essentially a posture-piece with a very uniform expression. For the cathedral of Sienna Raphael sketched no less than ten large cartoons in which we already recognise the bold commencement of the genuinely conceived historic representation. It was Raphael's friend, Pinturicchio, who executed the drawings. This artist of fine and tender feeling was, meanwhile, little calculated to bring out the characteristic vitality and intellectual significance of Raphael's drawings, and emphasized principally only the graceful and touching in the groups and figures.

With the "Sposalizio" Raphael makes his appearance as an independent master (1504). This picture closes in an almost touching manner, the artist's Umbrian period. The fundamental idea of the picture, reverentially altered however, belonged to Perugino; the character and animation of the heads is already perfectly and genuinely Raphaellesque, and the architecture is treated freely and in his own peculiar manner.

In the year 1504 Raphael came to Florence, where Lionardo da Vinci's rather singular cartoon of the Battle of Anghiari was just being exhibited. Here he was only able to stay a short time, as his sovereign, Guidobaldo, summoned him to Urbino. But in this span of time Raphael had studied with falcon-eye the great deeds of the Florentine school of painting, and was delivered, as by magic, from his Umbrian constraint. The severe working out of forms full of spiritual significance, and the grandeur of execution resulting from this grew up before the eyes of the native of Urbino like a magic flower in fullest splendour. Raphael appears to have

thought the vigorous and graceful Fra Bartolomeo (Baccio della Porta) related to him in form, and entered into friendship with him as well as with the high-soaring Ridolfo Ghirlandajo. Michel Angelo's cartoon representing Florentine soldiers harving at the call of the trumpet from their bath in the Arno to the storm of Pisa, seems to have made a much deeper impression upon Raphael than the work, still more exaggerated in its way, by which Lionardo defended his fame against his rival. The two cartoons, devoted principally to the expression of the external and stared at as miracles, were not able, however, to lead the native of Urbino aside for a single moment, from his ideal path.

Returning to Florence the same year, Raphael could boast of the warmest recommendation from Giovanna della Bovere, duchess of Lora (a sister of the adventure-loving Guidobaldo) to the Gonfaloniere Soderini in Florence. The Medicis were then in exile. Donna Giovanna calls Raphael an "intelligent, modest, amiable youth," to whom she is particularly well-inclined for his father's sake (?) as well as for his own excellent qualities. Raphael had painted a "Christ on the mount of olives" for the ducal family, a picture in which the treatment of colour is great and melting. With the exception of several portraits Raphael has seldom developed such careful execution as in this Christ. The second picture, the subject given by Guidobaldo himself, represents, in noble, moderate movement, St. George and the Dragon and the beautiful Clotelinda. The painter of Urbino was taken up by a splendid circle of artists, painters, sculptors, architects attracted by Lionardo's and Buonarotti's fame.

In presence of the Florentine painters, who were masters, in the highest degree, of correct, harmonious form, Raphael's conception stood out free from typical and conventional fetters. The Florentine manner has an everywhere recognisable sculptural character: Whoever wishes a characteristic which can easily catch the eye, need only seek out the figures in any old Florentine picture, which were sketched in the outline and could be, for the most part as they stand, transposed into relief. We find the peculiarity of the Florentines very finely indicated in Raphael's "Entombment of Christ," which was executed for the church of the Franciscans at Perugia, and put up in 1507. The figure of the dead Saviour is being carried, and in the bisecting horizontal lines forms an extraordinary hindrance to the development of the beauty of the grouping of the five figures in the foreground. Foreshortening, however, by which Raphael was able with great ease, as he proved later, to bring harmony of line into his groups, is here almost intentionally avoided, or confined to the very smallest proportions. Among the sculpturally sustained figures, the kneeling female figure with the fainting Mary in her arms, strikes the eye, as it were, almost glowingly. The painting element is here, the figures are placed towards the background of the picture in order to receive the utmost attainable modification of light and shadow and tone in colour. This figure interprets, as it were, the genius of the artist, who, with eagle's flight, soared far beyond the Florentine manner based on the outline of figure. This entombment, a jewel of the Borghese gallery at Rome, forms the transition to the second period in Raphael's style. To the Florentine period also belongs that half length portrait of a youth of perhaps twenty years, the features tender and girlish, and the bearing that of the extremest gentleness. In this picture Raphael's own likeness is thought to be recognised.

From the midst of this brilliant circle of Florentine artists the command of Pope Julius II. called the painter of Urbino to Rome. They were young artists, for the most part, who formed the associates of Raphael in Florence. We must name at least here the most eminent members of this brilliant circle. The palatial residence of the architect and sculptor Baccio Agnolo was

the meeting-place of these happy immortals. Here Raphael met Anchea Sansovino, Francesco Granacci, Filippino Lippi, Benedetto Majano, Simone Cronaco, Giuliano and Antonio (Vecchio) da Sangallo Giamberti. Among the patrician connoisseurs who took part in this social interchange of ideas with the artists, Taddeo Taddei and Lorenzo Rosi are to be principally named. Taddei offered the painter of Urbino a princely dwelling in his palace, and did not rest until the artist whom he so revered, became his daily guest. Raphael painted for Taddeo Taddei, according to tradition in one day, the "Madonna in the Green," one of the most precious pictures of the Belvedere gallery at Vienna. The fertility which Raphael developed at Florence is truly astonishing. And yet he did not devote the most of his time to production proper, but to his studies after Masaccio, whose greatness he called in his prime an imperishable model, as also after Luca Signorelli and the magnificent bronze works of Lorenzo Ghiberti, and also the deeply conceived pictures of Fiesole. When he had emancipated himself from the Florentine manner, his designs excited the astonishment of the artists of Florence. The boldness, certainty and ease of his hand was compared without exaggeration to the motion of an eagle in the air. The most extraordinary things were expected of him—but he has even exceeded the expectations of the contemporary artists who were closely connected with him.

When Raphael was summoned from Florence to Rome, he passed for a master unexcelled in the expression of the lovely, fervent, gracefully touching. The magnificent power, the solemn sublimity, the lofty thoughts which Raphael developed in his later haughty flights were scarcely to be divined even from his "Entombment of Christ"—were perhaps unknown even to the artist himself. But this was soon to be revealed.

In all probability it was the great Bramante, the architect of Pope Julius II., a relative of Raphael's, who directed the attention of the powerful ecclesiastical prince to the rising star of Urbino. Julius, the protector of Michel Angelo, with the aspiring, commanding spirit of the Medici, a passionate worshipper of art and burning with desire to clothe his pontificate with renown to the most distant times, sent Raphael the invitation to Rome, to decorate with pictures a series of rooms in the Vatican. The terrible conqueror of Bologna knew not contradiction. Raphael broke off therefore his negotiations with the Gonfaloniere Piero Soderini with respect to the frescoes to be executed in his palace, and arrived in the eternal city in the summer of 1518. Pope Julius, severe and imperious as he was, could not help confessing that the five and twenty year old painter of Urbino by his graceful bearing, had made an impression on him.

Raphael's master-period had begun. Courageously he took up brush and pencil before works which seemed to require centuries for their completion. The commencement was made with the halls of the Vatican. Pope Julius, accompanied by Raphael, strode gloomily through the apartments which, under Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV., had received a part of their pictorial ornament, raised the staff and commanded place to be made for Raphael. The entire frescoes were effaced from the walls, and it was with difficulty Raphael could save some by Perugino and others. In the Camera della Segnatura, in the upper story of the Vatican, Raphael began his work. When Julius II. had only seen the beginning of Raphael's labours, those pictures also were made to fall which had hitherto been spared. They were by Bramantino Milanese, Signorelli, Bartolomeo della Gutta, and Pietro Francesca.

Raphael consulted with learned friends concerning their ideas as to making the best use of the space at his command—embracing three roomy chambers and a hall. The intellectual acts,

of humanity, formed the commencement of the series in the "Stanze": Theology, poetry, philosophy, and jurisprudence were to be represented in their effects. The subjects seemed as if made to place allegory in the foreground and to rob the painter of the best part of his means of representation. Raphael saw with falcon glance where he could bring his strength to bear. He discarded allegory from the principal pictures, gave her spaces apart, and exhausted his materials in characteristic figures full of life, which could stand for valid representatives of the intellectual deeds of humanity. Of the allegorical figures of the *Rondelle*, that of poetry in particular is of exceeding beauty and grace. Theology is represented in the "Disputa." The upper part of the picture has the revelation with God the Father, Christ, the Holy Ghost, the Virgin and St. John the Baptist, surrounded by hosts of angels. Half circles shew patriarchs, apostles, and saints in a sitting posture, grand, characteristic figures full of a blissful repose. Beneath appear the holy teachers of the church—Jerome, Ambrose, Augustine and Gregory the great, sitting beside an altar with the pyx. All other church-fathers, saints and teachers stand or kneel. Petrus Lombardus expounds the doctrine of the sacraments. The congregation is represented quite beneath by groups of listeners and scholars. Every figure, every head is full of life, expression and spiritual characteristic, all are life-size, distinctly grouped, pouring forth a sublime solemnity like mighty organ-harmonies.

Then follows Parnassus with Apollo and the muses, with Homer, Virgil, and Dante. Lower down the lyric poets, Sappho, the Theban Corinna, Pindar, Horace, Anacreon, Petrarch, etc. The character of this picture is that of an intellectually cheerful entertainment. The arrangement falls far below that of the *Disputa* in breadth and perspicuity.

But powerful in the highest degree appears philosophy in the so-called "School of Athens." Raphael had in his eye the chronological development of Greek philosophy, which he was obliged to give, synthetically conceived, in one view.

Pythagoras with the older philosophers is seen to the left: Socrates and his associates lead ever to Plato and Aristotele who occupy the centre of the picture. and these idealists are followed by the materialistic stoics, epicureans and cynics, as well as by the mathematicians and technical philosophers. This ideal humanity in characteristic figures full of life, is grand in its charm. Meantime a predominant central point is wanting to the picture; the upper, artistically arranged double group does not suffice. One might remark here however with justice, that a central point is wanting to the Greek philosophy as well as to the picture which is meant to embody it.

"Parnassus" with Apollo playing the violin is treated very conventionally. "Jurisprudence" is coldly ceremonial. Justinianus delivers the pandects and constitution-codex to Stribonianus. Learned lawyers surround the emperor, but these, for the most part, are characteristic figures, entangled in the typical, without rising to the living individuality represented in the "Philosophy of the Greeks." Truer and firmer is one of the side-pictures; Gregory IX. receives the decretals collected by the Dominican P. Pennaforte. In the pope, Raphael gave the portrait of Julius II. Giovanni de' Medici, later Pope Leo X., is portrayed here also as cardinal. Behind de' Medici, serious, almost gloomy, stands Alessandro Farnese (Paul III.).

The problems solved in these pictures—as they, in their very nature, do not in the least belong to painting—are of such a kind, that even a tried master might become confused by them. They are formless ideas, with which the painter had to do, and only in the "Parnassus" could the sculptural, although certainly not to the advantage of the picture, offer any assistance.

Raphael had to unite objects separated in time, space, and intellectual purport without being able to take mere symbol or allegory to his assistance, if he wished to proceed in a painter-like manner. Although the "Disputa" has the more sublime and telling composition, it is the "school of philosophy" which solves the seemingly invincible contradiction of uniting harmoniously in one moment, such varieties according to time and space. In this painting Raphael the master is to be admired in his full, free development and power. He had made for himself a road to the representation of dramatic emotion.

Raphael's upward flights, in the "Greek philosophy," composed with his earlier performances, was so extraordinary, that it was sought to be explained in a still more extraordinary manner. It is an often told tale: Bramante is said to have secretly admitted Raphael into the Sixtine chapel, closed to every one, in which Michel Angelo was painting his last judgment. In such an unworthy manner, to speak mildly, are Raphael's eyes said to have been opened to Buonarrotti's sublime style. Michel Angelo's greatness was a secret to no artist in Rome—he had taken care that every one should know him. It is not to be thought that the prepondering feature of Buonarrotti, the forcible, spiritual, and sublime, should have had no effect on Raphael; but Raphael put the externally forcible aside and sought to attain to the great and powerful, out of the elements of his own personality.

After completing the above-mentioned large frescoes (1512) Raphael painted in San Agostino at Rome, and on a pillar of the church, a figure, which, in the modelling, shews the anatomical in a manner not customary with him. It is the prophet Isaiah. Michel Angelo himself admired the prophet, and said, when the person who ordered it, a Luxemburger, Jean Gorigius, found the price demanded too high: "One knee of the figure is of more value than the sum demanded."

By the second Stanza in the Vatican, Raphael proved that he only required a subject proper to painting, to work much more brilliantly than in the Camera della Segnatura. He painted the robbery attempted on the temple at Jerusalem (Maccabees II. 3.) Heliodorus is ridden down by an armed horseman, and two avenging angels punish with blows the attempt of the Syrian treasurer. Some groups of the battle of Constantine alone are comparable in energy of movement to the picture.

Then follows the "Mass of Bolsena" with the miracle of the transformation of the host. Pope Julius with his train is rendered an eye-witness to the miracle transferred to the year 1263. Without an explanation, however, the picture, in its subject, might be incomprehensible.

Pope Julius II. died shortly after the completion of this picture, and Leo X., a polished man of the world, of classic taste, and fond of the arts, began his brilliant pontificate. His influence on Raphael's works was of great importance, for it was by his inducement that the artist entered the region of the classic myth, the region in general of representation cut loose from the old types.

Leo X. was soon unable to miss the artist a day in his vicinity. Cardinal Bembo, Cardinal Vibrona, Count Castigeron, the poet Ariosto, Jacopo Sodoletto and Sanagaro belonged to Raphael's intimate friends. The master had become rich by his industry and built himself a splendid palace in the Borgo, between St. Peter's and the castle of St. Angelo. The train of his pupils made him appear like a prince.

We will follow the paintings in the Stanze. The picture of the deliverance of St. Peter

from prison refers to the imprisonment of Leo X. The light proceeds from the angel, an effect which was looked upon in Raphael's time as a sort of wonder.

Attila before the gates of Rome, repulsed by Pope Leo I, refers likewise to Leo X. and his victorious struggle with the French in 1513. The unity of the composition which possesses magnificent groups, is only given in an external manner. Pope Leo III's oath of purification a commentary on the infallibility of the successor of St. Peter, was painted by Raphael's scholars, from a hasty cartoon.

But it is in the principal picture, the conflagration of the Borgo at Rome, that Raphael is to be admired in his greatness. Leo IV. extinguishes the conflagration by the sign of the cross—the picture glorifying thus the omnipotence of the papal blessing. Subjects of emotion, and outward movement are flowing here like a stream, and the eye, horrified by the dreadful occurrence, falls everywhere on groups of immortal beauty. We have a representation of the terrible splendour of the destruction of Troy, Carthage, and Jerusalem. In the "Stanza dell' incendio" are the remains of Perugino's frescoes. We leave the world-famous figures: the youth who, hovering beside the wall, lets himself drop to the ground, the young woman, who reaches a dauntless-looking man two water-casks, and the famous girl carrying water, who is descending the stairs.

This Stanza is followed by the "Sala di Costantino" with scenes, to the glorification of the church, from the life of this emperor. All the other side-pictures are swayed by the famous "Battle of Constantine" at the Pons Milvius, where Maxentius was conquered. Raphael was no warrior; so much the more wonderful seems the soldierly, practical manner in which the figures use their weapons, the arrangement of the advancing masses, the tumult of the retreating. This picture has not its equal for fullness of life and motion in the warriors any more than for distinctness and grand inspiration. There is indeed no battle-piece which could contest the rank with this Battle of Constantine by the youthful, gentle Raphael.

This divine genius enters an entirely different region in the "Loggie" of the Vatican, known by the name of Raphael's Bible. The Loggie are open galleries which take in three sides of an inner court. We can scarcely here mention Bramante's splendid building with the magnificent staircase and the stories of arcades, after the idea of the baths of Titus. The principal events of bible-history are here created pictorially by Raphael, in a manner quite peculiar to himself. It is here real, complete life which he represents—the extremest simplicity united to expression to deepest meaning. The drapery is arranged in a manner of his own, and up to the present day could serve for an unsurpassable model. It is not the East which hovered before the eye of the Roman; but we find everywhere the lofty lines of simple grandeur and deep feeling which tradition has preserved to us like brilliant jewels from the childhood of the nations.

Leo X. conceived the idea of adorning the lower walls of the Capella di San Sisto, on which tapestry-pictures were already pretty well imitated in painting, with real tapestry of the most costly material. Raphael was commissioned to furnish for these tapestries a series of representations, from the acts of the Apostles. Raphael completed eleven of these representations, in which we perceive the most finished of his historical performances. The tapestries, worked in Arras, are called "Arazzi." Seven of the cartoons are preserved (Hampton-court-gallery). With the exception of some Madonnas, Raphael has seldom worked with such a complete devotion of his entire being, as in these cartoons. The following subjects are treated: the miraculous draught of fishes; the delivery of the keys, the stoning of St. Stephen; the healing of the cripple ("Silver

and gold have I not," etc.) Paul and Barnabas at Lystra (full of splendid Greek allusions); death of Ananias; the conversion of St. Paul; Elymas struck with blindness; St. Paul at Athens; St. Paul in prison.—On the plinths are imitations of bas relief which refer either to the pictures themselves or to events in the reign of Leo X. Above the high altar was to be a coronation of the Virgin Mary. The tapestries were completed for 50,000 ducats, and on St. Stephen's day, the 26. December, Raphael had the satisfaction of seeing them hung in their appointed places. The admiration which they excited is scarcely to be described. The French stole these tapestries in 1527, and for the second time in 1798. The art-commissioners of the French directory sold the treasure for a few hundred francs to a Lyonnese Jew who burnt one tapestry to convince himself of the gold it contained. But the gain was small, and Pius VII. was thus enabled to repurchase the rescued pieces for a moderate price. These tissues were several times repeated in Arras. The king of Prussia obtained a succession of them, an ornament of the royal museum at Berlin.

Besides these cartoons for artistic weaving, there were ten others sketched by Raphael, but only carried out by his pupils. The best known of this series is: the massacre of the innocents.

The Madonna di San Sisto was originated between 1517 and 1520. The master-piece in the first degree following upon this immortal picture is: the glorification of Christ on Mount Tabor, better known under the title of the Transfiguration. It was not quite finished when the youthful master died.

Almost as much has been disputed concerning the "Transfiguration" as concerning the "School of Athens." Majestic and with a blissful expression the Messiah is seen hovering between the solemn, adoring figures of Moses and Elias, figures which belong to the most sublime of Raphael's creations. Beside a knoll below are the nine apostles, and individuals from the multitude with the possessed boy whom the apostles were not able to heal. In this picture we read that the apostles were mere men, compared with the master whose divinity is revealed by His transfiguration. This picture is in the Vatican.

We cannot do more than mention here Raphael's "Holy families" and "Holy conversations" (in the Louvre etc.); the Crucifixion for the monastery of Santa Maria della Spasimo at Palermo; the Archangel Michael as victor over Satan (Louvre); Saint Cecilia with four saints (at Bologna), as well as a succession of portraits, at the head of which—exhibiting the sharpest contrasts of character and feeling—are those of the Pope Julius II. and Leo X. The portrait of Raphael's mistress, the famous Fornarina is also to be mentioned here. Fornarina means: "the Baker-girl." The true name of this remarkable maiden cannot be ascertained. She was Raphael's inseparable companion, adored always with the same fervour, who never left his side even when he was painting. Her cottage, where Raphael first saw her washing her feet is shewn in the Via Santa Dorothea at Rome. In the Barberini gallery is a half length portrait, the undoubtedly genuine likeness of the Fornarina. She appears full of unassuming grace and youthful simplicity, and with a look of gentle sweetness. In spite of a peculiar charm the countenance is not of faultless beauty and the intellectual expression is inconsiderable. A yellow striped turban surrounds the fresh, rather round face, and the dark hair is adorned with leaves of gold, flowers, and precious stones. Unlike this portrait is another one in the Tribuna degli Uffizi at Florence, marked 1512," representing a lady in a blue velvet bodice and upper robe trimmed with fur, wearing a golden enamel. It has been inferred from the wreath that the crowned improvisatrice Beatrice, a native of Ferrara, is the original of the picture.

If we examine closely the principal tendency of Raphael's work, we shall find that its great

aim was the glorification of the church, and more particularly of the papal dignity. But he stretched his powerful hand over the province of secular painting also, and pointed out a path to his scholars, on which later, more than once, painting was to arrive at its lowest grade. Raphael treated subjects taken from classical mythology. In the Farnesina, the palace of Agostino Chigi, he represented almost entirely with his own hand, the triumph of Galatea according to Philostrates, a work which has also been designated as the apotheosis of Amphitrite. Galatea, cleaving the floods on a shell, accompanied by nereids, naiads, ocean-centaurs, tritons and cupids, is hurrying with rapture to Acis. His treatment of the nude is to be seen in the "Judgment of Paris," from which Marco Antonio Raimondi executed a famous copperplate engraving. There is animation in the figures and a fine perception of living form, but the precision and pure harmony of the antique is wanting.

It seems almost wonderful that Raphael, besides the execution of such great and numerous pictorial works, could yet find time and vigour for the discharge of other important tasks. He was appointed to the dignity of principal architect for the dome of St. Peters', and drew up for this vast temple plans which bore the stamp at once of the sublime and harmonious. Besides this he directed the excavations systematically carried out at Rome for works of ancient art and, while "creating a second Rome of art, discovered the ancient Rome beneath the rubbish of a thousand years."

Overwhelmed with the most brilliant gifts of wealth, fame, power, and influence over the rulers and people of Italy, and of love, the artist had to part from life. He died after a short illness, on Good Friday, the 16th April, 1530, at the age of thirty-seven. There was none like him previously, and to this day no other painter has attained to his greatness.

There are about a hundred and twenty Madonnas by Raphael which bring to view in the most comprehensive manner in their diversity, chaste, maternal womanliness and the bewitching loveliness and divinity of the child-nature. Some eighty portraits are in existence, almost all finished by his own hand. There are very many drawings by him, shewing a firmness and boldness of design, an astonishing conception of the cardinal pictorial point of the subjects and at the same time the traces of the rapid forming power of the master.

On the 14th September 1633, Raphael's last resting place in the Pantheon, (the rotunda behind the altar) was opened. The skeleton was perfectly entire. A cast was taken of the very beautifully formed skull and of the right hand. The earthly remains of the master will fall to dust, but his works, made by innumerable imitations the property of all nations, will, together with Raphael's fame, defy eternity.

VELASQUEZ.

It was only towards the middle of the seventeenth century that Spanish painting came to be represented in a truly national manner. The influence of the Flemish and Italian painters can be distinctly recognised in the Spanish masters of an earlier period; these painters, however, kept themselves aloof from all popular characteristics of life and feeling. The great Italians, almost idolised in their own country, were not able, with the calm grandeur of their ideal style, to satisfy the perceptions of the Spaniards. The Spanish national character demanded the full vigour of living reality, powerful expression of strong emotions, religious fervour rising to ascetic pathos, and forms full of sensuous charm. From the time that Titian celebrated his triumphs, the Spanish painters saw their way to great national successes, and made a diligent use of colour which deviated, however, soon enough from the tenderly blended local tints of the Venetians in order to approximate itself to the effects of the glowing sun of Spain with bright lights and sharply defined shadows. The Spaniards borrowed the principal effects of light from Rubens and Rembrandt, but they seldom attained to energetic, harmonious forms, when they deviated from the reproduction of living models.

Spain has two fostering homes of painting to shew: Madrid and Seville: the latter being the most important. The tendencies of both schools are not very divided.

Diego Velasquez y Silva, born 1590, belongs to the painters of Madrid, although he was a scholar of Francesco Pacheco, a native of Seville. In Pacheco we find many features reminding us strongly of Perugino; but Velasquez turns completely to nature and only in the expression of his figures does he strive to bring out the feeling of ideal life. Velasquez is a master in the conception even of the finest physiognomical traits, and furnished with the most lively sense of harmony with the contrasts of colour.

It is related that Velasquez studied the most varied moods and emotions from the expressive head of a servant, until he was able to represent every other head with the expression wished for. In his earlier period Velasquez vied with Francesco Zurbaran who had rapidly won himself a name for the ecstatic expression in his church pictures. He produced his figures, mostly taken from real life, in a portrait-like manner, and endowed them with an often highly ideal life and feeling. Velasquez was certainly not able—did not even try—to discard the immaterial of his materialistic conception in order to attain to grand and harmonious forms, nor was he able further suitably to master the arrangement of his picture, nor to relieve drapery of its clumsiness and, in spite of the dress, after the manner of the great Italians, particularly Michael-Angelo and Raphael, to excite a certain feeling of form. There exist, however, many and great works of



Velasquez de Silva.

Velasquez' first period, of importance from their mental value and shewing the germs of a grand manner of a peculiar kind.

We may here make a remark concerning the "Ambiento," or atmosphere surrounding the figures in Velasquez' pictures. He imitated the Dutch painters first in his light and colouring, but sank soon enough to the point of yielding the sway to the broad, and mostly, glaring local tints. In his later period Velasquez liked to work with softened tints and many a picture of his moves us like a Vandyke, without however possessing his fine artistic arrangement. The harmony of colour, the external effects of light are seldom, however, so characteristic for the figures as to explain or strengthen at once the impression of intensity. Sometimes indeed Velasquez has hit this difficult mark, as in his "Watercarrier" in the Madrid Museum, an old beggar giving a boy water to drink. This is a genuinely Spanish picture with its sunny light and its vigorous, transparent shadow. Velasquez has seldom exceeded the liquid colouring and startling management of light in his famous "Spinners."

The church-pictures of this painter suffer almost throughout, one may say, from a want of finish in arrangement, and mostly, but in consequence of this fault, from an isolation of the figures. The mental characteristic is not of such a kind as to unite all the figures into one solid whole. There is no doubt indeed that Velasquez was only able with great trouble to execute his ecclesiastical pictures.

So much the more fresh and inexhaustible was his power, when he was able to devote himself to the reproduction of real life. As court-painter he fell back at length completely upon portrait-painting, but in this province he executed a great number of masterworks. The greatest picture is that entitled "Las Meninjas" or "The ladies of honour," with ladies of the court, whose figures appear in the very mirrors of the chamber, servants, dwarfs, and rich accessories. A higher artistic value has the "Family of Velasquez" with its extremely pleasing character. A splendid portrait is that of the Infant Don Baldassare, now in the Belvedere at Vienna, the portrait of King Philip IV., that of a beautiful Infanta, etc. In the historical line Velasquez shewed vigour and an abundant power of depicting motion, as in the battle scene in the equestrian portrait of the Duke de Olivarez. The horse is very unfinished. Portrait-like, but with a truly grand expression, is his St. John writing the apocalypse. The English national gallery possesses a "Boar-hunt" with many portraits, a more important picture than the "Surrender of Breda to Spinola." Velasquez' best pupil was Juan de Pareja, commonly called El esclavo, who likewise owed his greatest successes to portrait-painting.

MURILLO.

Spanish art in the seventeenth century is essentially founded on portrait-painting. Naturalistic conception forced its way everywhere into the ecclesiastical pictures, and very rare are those works of Spanish art which strive after reality by withdrawing from nature what is merely accidental. The conception of the natural, meanwhile, gives to the paintings of the Spaniards an extraordinary vital energy, and endows their figures with a faculty which is convincing, of action, feeling, and endurance. This pathos has received a broad and solid foundation. The paintings of all the great artists of Spain are seldom indeed grand or severe in style, but if formal perfection be wanting there is seldom anything to be wished for in powerful and lofty feeling. The Spaniard succeeds especially in the representation of devout fervour and religious ecstasy.

The greatest painter of the so-called "school" of Seville, Bartolomeo Esteban MURILLO, born 1618, united in himself all the excellencies of his immediate predecessors and contemporaries. With very scanty, previous study, he was early obliged to gain a livelihood by his brush. He painted heads of saints, portraits, and, while still a mere youth, produced those famous street figures of Seville, which, even as a master, he took a particular pleasure in painting. It was but for a short time that he followed the Italian naturalistic painters, of whom Spagnuololetto excited great attention in Spain. Murillo was attracted, on the other hand, by the manner of Velasquez and endeavoured to adopt his power and colouring. When the very able master Pedro de Moya returned home from the Netherlands and developed in his pictures the liquid colouring of a Rubens and the fine artistic arrangement of Vandyke, Murillo devoted much study to the foreign masters, and in many of his pictures their influence is very plainly to be recognised.

When Murillo had arrived, however, at his full vigour, he laid aside this imitation, and from this time onwards, was only himself. The perfection of style and form he was never able to master, never perhaps wished it very distinctly. He is just as little as Vandyke, a master of the dramatic, but possesses, on the other hand, the power of giving the liveliest expression to feeling. He never fails to exhibit effectually the intellectual life of his figures, and although disturbing, even ugly elements may slip in, still Murillo attains to an often sublime flight of feeling.

With Murillo the colouring is of great importance. This, as well as the prevailing effect of light, always possesses something extremely characteristic, and intensifies not only the impression



Bartholomeo Esteban Murillo.

of the emotional frame of the figures, but makes them fully intelligible to us. Here Murillo occupies the same field as Rembrandt.

To begin with Murillo's genre-works, let us mention his famous street-figures. The two beggar-boys with grapes and melons; Boys throwing dice; a Fruit-girl counting money; Beggar-boys feasting on bread and fruit; an Old woman with her grand-child; Four boys playing cards (all which pictures are in the Pinakothek at Munich); Beggar-boys in the Esterhazy gallery; Girls spinning; Moorish girl offering flowers (Dulwich College); all these figures possess extraordinary life and natural grace, in spite of their ragged appearance. In the little John the Baptist (Belvedere gallery in Vienna) this grace is lifted into higher regions.

There are but few real portraits by Murillo. In Dresden there is a Mother and child, with much expression, and in the Berlin Museum a Spanish Lady with glowing eyes.

We find most of Murillo's Madonnas reminding us of the portrait style; amongst these that in the Dresden gallery maintains the first rank. The Virgin appears full of ecstatic inspiration in the "Conceptiones," the most famous of which is preserved in the Louvre. Murillo does not seem to have power enough for pictures rich in figures; the arrangement is uncertain, and we must accept frosty, indifferent faces as an appendage to single figures in animated motion and richly endowed with expression. St. Ildefonsus ordained as bishop by the Madonna; St. Augustine's vision of the Virgin and the Crucified One; St. Franciscus with the miraculous rose which he is offering to the Madonna (pictures of the Madrid Museum); a Holy Family with God the Father and angels above have thus their power, but also their weaknesses. To those pictures of Murillo, which give the impression of the purely lovely and touching, belong his pictures of the boy Jesus. Of larger pictures that of St. Elizabeth healing the sick has the advantage of very excellent arrangement, but on the other hand the different diseases are depicted in a too pathologically truthful manner to be artistic.

With Murillo, after such a short and brilliant prime, Spanish painting sunk into its grave. In single pictures his rivals may approach him, but he has never been exceeded by any of his countrymen.

JACOB VAN RUYSDAEL.

Dutch landscape painting reached its highest perfection incontestably in Haerlem, where, as its principal representatives, we are met by three generations of artists, following on each other, who cultivated landscape as an independent branch of art: 1) Esajas van de Velde, born in Amsterdam, settled later in Leyden; 2) Jan van Goyen, Pieter de Molyn, and Salomon Ruysdael; 3) last of all Jacob Ruysdael, whom Waagen calls with perfect justice "certainly the greatest of all Dutch, indeed of all landscape-painters generally."

We may thus perhaps briefly characterise the stages of development which are represented by these names: E. van de Velde was able above all to give the characteristic and picturesque, and this was chiefly in form and colour, in the extreme of nature and simplicity; he has the emphasis of the local tints, and the preeminence of the accessories in common with the Flemish school, but he falls off from it essentially by the inconsiderable animation, more subdued light, and by his more concentrated tone. — The second generation, under the guidance of its master, who himself took to this direction more and more, strengthens the opposition to the school of Rubens; it strives after the rendering of the characteristic with the most simple materials, and therefore depresses the local tints, renders prominent in the drawing, the great masses, and not the details, and lays the entire emphasis on the frame of mind; here, for the first time, the individual national nature comes fully and completely into play and expression; the accessories, in space and in spirit, retire more and more into the background.

In the following generation landscape-painting reached its height by its junction with the new direction of Dutch art, which attained to the sway through Rembrandt; in landscape as well as in historical and genre-painting the highest value is placed on the expression of the intellectual life; and the *chiaro-oscuro*, the artistically conducted and measured arrangement of light and shade offers itself as the most essential means to this object. Landscape-painting was first freed by this from all hindrances. "These artists," says W. Bode, who depicts the inner development of Haerlem art with a fine perception and an appropriate expression, "found their pictures indeed, as a rule, upon ideas taken from their native country, but without giving them anything of the character of a view. They choose rather individual forms which are beautiful at the same time; they characterise and emphasize more sharply the single details of the landscape, and understand at once how to depict the spiritual life of nature, and to render the frame of mind which the landscape calls forth in the spectator, by the operation of temperament, and light and shade. As Claude Lorrain depicted more the beauty of nature in



Ruisdael

the South than pretty Italian landscapes, so have these Dutch artists in a similar manner known how to bring out of the *motifs* of their native land, the peculiar beauties of Northern scenery into an artistic form. Thus we see popular life vanishing from their landscapes and nature represented in her loveliness, in her own aesthetic and picturesque signifi-*cance*. With the conception, a corresponding change of treatment goes hand in hand: a more diligent and sharper perfecting of detail makes itself felt, a more vigorous and naturalistic colouring, more copious arrangement of light governed by the laws of *chiaro-oscuro*."

Jacob (van) Ruysdael or Ruysdael, the most gifted representative of this direction, was, as later researches have shewn, the son of the painter and print-seller Isack van Ruisdael, who, a native of Naarden, is mentioned in 1640 and 1642 as a member of the Lucas-guild at Haerlem, proceeded in the last mentioned year to a second marriage with a maiden of Haerlem, lost this wife in 1672 and was buried himself on the 4th October 1677 in the Nieuwe Kerk. Some landscape-paintings by his hand, hitherto ascribed to his son, shew that he forms, as artist, the transition between the second and third generation of the Haerlem school of landscape, and renders it extremely probable that no other than he was the first and perhaps only teacher of his son.

This Isack (not Jacob) was the younger brother of the before-mentioned Salomon Ruisdael, who, as he had already entered the Lucas-guild at Haerlem, in 1623, cannot have been born in 1610, scarcely even after 1600. In 1647 and 1669 he was among the commissioners of the Lucas-guild, in 1648 their dean. In 1659—1666 he administered the municipal honorary office of a Wyhmeester (president of one of the quarters of the city) and died towards the end of October 1670, in very favourable circumstances as to fortune, as may be seen from the cost of his funeral and the amount of his poll-tax. A son of this Ruisdael, also named Jacob, and whose biography has been hitherto mixed up with that of his greater cousin of like name, entered the Lucas-guild at Haerlem 1664, removed to Amsterdam, and died in his native city on the 16th Nov. 1681.

When the great Jacob Ruisdael was born, cannot be established; in any case he belongs to Haerlem. We know a painting and an etching by him with the date 1646; tradition thus gives his birth in 1635, undoubtedly too late. In 1648 he entered the painters' guild; later—in any case before 1668—he took up his residence in Amsterdam. To this year belongs a document which throws a melancholy light on the circumstances of this branch of the Ruisdael family; by this, the father cedes to his son his whole movable goods as guarantee for the claims, which the latter had upon him—merely a considerate form probably, behind which Isack received support on the part of his son. In spite of Jacob's astonishing productivity however, he was not able to preserve his own circumstances from disorder. His Vrienden (friends—the Mennonites, to which sect the whole Ruisdael family belonged, called each other so—) in his native city, had to beg the magistrate of Haerlem to give him a place in the Aalmozeniershuis (poor house), at their expense, which request was granted by a decree of the 28th October 1681. Ruisdael did not long survive the ruin of his hopes in life: on the 14th March 1682 the death-register of the principal church of Haerlem notes the entering of four guildens for the "opening of a vault for Jacob Ruisdael in the south cloister no. 177." What it was that had ruined this gifted man so early, corporally and mentally, we do not know: but it sounds sad and touching, and yet not improbable, that he remained unmarried in order to be better able to support his impoverished father. Through his works also there runs a gloomy expression of melancholy.

ANTOINE WATTEAU.

The haughty inspiration of the "grand monarque"—Louis XIV.—had subsided. Sooner than was thought had he become satiated with pleasure, and fortune had forsaken him. Madame de Maintenon obtained prescriptive influence, and piety came into vogue. It was a melancholy time. The land was unsettled by an infortunate war of long years' standing, whilst the king was declining towards his grave. The greatest minds, who had lent splendour to the epoch of the great king had either departed, one after the other, or the canting monarch had withdrawn from them the sun of his favour; and vanity, even in the greatest wits of France, was such an incentive to action that they could be lamed by the withdrawal of applause. Art even felt this fluid of the temper of the time full on her leaves like mildew, and sank into decay. The artistic staff of the school of Lebrun still surrounded—waiting his nod—the ruler with the full bottomed wig, but the decline was felt in the paucity of great undertakings, dominant spirits, and an active school.

A new life was glowing under these ashes; unfortunately not quickened to a prouder surging, by the temporary resistance, but also at least not marked with the brand of hypocrisy. Impatiently, not from the impulse of action and delight in creating, but from the necessity of being allowed to follow its inclinations unfettered and unhindered, it waited for the moment of deliverance which could only come outwardly with the death of Louis—1715—although it had been long inwardly prepared. The rejoicing which ran through all France when at last—at last the great periwigged monarch closed his eyes in endless slumber, unfettered the fresh breeze which relieved the young seed from the hollow, burdensome husk.

From the court of the Regent-duke of Orleans, an impulse of joviality spread once more over French society. He himself, an epicurean of pleasant exterior and winning manners, assisted love and joy once more—we cannot say: to their rights; for it was more than that. He shewed himself also favourable to art, having himself, as dilettante, attempted music and painting. But as, in the natural course of things, conviviality wantonly overleaped the bounds of decency and morality, so did art misunderstand the freedom from academic constraint, and very soon degenerated into that often and easily maligned, but in its coquettish grace inimitable and seldom understood manner of which we say that its best is a master-piece of bad taste. Earnestness and depth were given up; grace and elegance became the watch-word. Organic coherence disappeared from works of art.

Complete disorganization, socially as well as artistically, did not follow so soon; and the commencement of the merry and brilliant period of decay which passed away in the



Watteau.

the downfall of the revolution offered abundant room for the development of a phenomenon thoroughly significant of the time, but still rounded off in itself, and we may almost say classical. The creator of the artistic type of the society of the eighteenth century, the first and most important master of the French rococo school of painting, already developed during the life of King Louis, appeared during the first years of the regency, as a brilliant meteor in the artistic sky of France, to disappear again, after a short career, all too early.

Antoine Watteau, "the painter of love and gallantry, the portrayer of nature in French coquetry, French costume, but contemplated ideally or poetically," was born at Valenciennes in the year 1684. In his youth he was, as it seems, completely left to himself, with his pictorial fancy and obscure impulses. Without having studied according to rule, he seized on everything which kindled his easily excitable imagination, and he was especially attracted by the representations of wandering troops of comedians. He early attempted on his own authority to hold fast with the pencil the impressions received, and to form these into new pictures, and again and again he enriched his perceptions by the observation of life in the lanes and market-places. A mediocre, nameless painter who saw his untutored studies took him into apprenticeship; but he was probably not equal to his pupil. On a journey to Antwerp the latter made the acquaintance of Rubens and Vandyke, and his good fortune soon brought him to the only point where, in France, anything above the usual can be made out of a man, to Paris. His teacher sought occupation there as scene-painter at a theatre and took him with him (1704).

Fortune favoured them both, and Watteau revelled in the enjoyment of being able to devote his powers to the theatre. The canting piety of Madame de Maintenon made life difficult and at last impossible for the theatres, and thus the future headmaster among the painters of love became for the time—a painter of saints. In the studio of a certain *Metayer*, he made pictures of St. Nicholas by the dozen, for sale at the fairs—until he lost patience. He then went to Claude Gillot, the most important scene-painter of the time, and offered him his assistance. Gillot, born 1673 in a small Burgundian town, ruled with his taste the entire theatre; but he was, at the same time, an ingenious draughtsman, who—quite isolated in the French world of art—had, as the first after Jacques Callot, a preponderating humouristic trait, and in his drawings and etchings (among the latter, illustrations to the fables of Lafontaine) brought the comic genre again into repute. (He died 1722).

Through Gillot, Watteau came once more into contact with the theatre, but in order to be influenced by it, this time, in quite a different direction. He did not keep long to scene-painting, but took the theatre itself for a subject with its typical figures and changing scenes. From this, at a time in which all the world, properly speaking, acted comedies, the transition to society was easy to be made, as soon as the novel was recognised. For Watteau, on his first appearance, was truly a very startling phenomenon. He was fortunate enough, however, to find an enthusiastic admirer in the Abbé de la Roque, who knew the way to open the eyes of the elegant world to his favourite merits. Very soon he was favourably marked as the "*peintre de fêtes gallantes*" and when even the academy shewed itself accessible to him, his fortune was made. Charles de la Fosse (1636—1716) director of the academy, saw the picture which Watteau had been allowed to exhibit in the academy, and remarked to the latter, who had been hoping for an allowance for the purpose of going to Italy, that the painter of such pictures had no longer need of Italy but only of a few visits in order to gain the votes of the academicians. Watteau was really received into the academy on the 28. August 1717, on

the ground of his presentation-picture "Wandering toward the island of Cytherea," now in the Louvre, till lately his only picture there, and the usual entrance-money, with reference to his means, fixed at only one hundred livres.

Watteau was now the man of the day. People dressed à la Watteau and furnished their houses à la Watteau. Personally he was the extolled hero of the day: and yet he disliked this adoration in the highest degree. He was shy and reserved, and in his disposition never free from a certain oppression. It is credibly related, that on his first occupation at the opera, he entertained a violent but unreturned passion for the celebrated danseuse La Montagne, with whose portrait he celebrated one of his earliest and most brilliant triumphs. And so he remained, the apostle of the bliss of love, with wounded heart the unhappy slave of love. He found his happiness only in his imagination; and in glowing pictures, he fixed his dreams of bliss on the canvass. But satisfaction and repose were denied him. Once he hoped to find them in his home. He visited his parents and was beside himself for joy for some days; but like the moth, the scorching light soon drew him again to Paris; he was there, at least, beside the source of his art. When the intrusive swarms of the curious left him no repose in his studio, he took up his quarters with M. de Crozat, the well-known patron of art, in whose magnificent collection he had made diligent studies from drawings, especially from Rubens, whom he considered the greatest of painters, as Molière the greatest of poets. Followed thither also, he fled to the "knight Vlenghels, the subsequent director of the French academy at Rome. To banish the spirit of melancholy, which took possession of his mind more and more, he resided for a longer time at the chateau of Chantilly, the possession of the Prince Condé, and another time he visited a friendly parish priest at Nogent sur Marne. It was all in vain. Hoping for alleviation from a longer journey, he went 1720 to London, but could not stand the climate and returned to Paris paler and gloomier than ever. He turned again to Nogent, where the intendant of the court festivals Lefevre granted him a country house: thither came also his once coy mistress, to offer him now the remains of her dissipated youth; but after a short time of peaceful cohabitation it came to very unpleasant scenes between the two. Soon after their return to Paris, Watteau died 1721, at the same age as Raphael, even in the face of death maintaining that gloomy humour which characterises his pictures. He was buried in the churchyard of Nogent.

Watteau is an excellent draughtsman. His execution possesses a clever lightness. His colour is blooming and harmonious. He moves in certain types; his society gave him no opportunity for keen individualisation. The world in which he moves, is an artificial one, but it is poetic and graceful. Love and happiness is the eternal theme which the unhappy artist varies in a thousand ways.—The number of his works is perfectly astonishing for the short share of his life and prime. He has also etched several plates very skilfully.

Notice to the Bookbinder.

The plate of the Sistine Madonna is to be placed as title plate with its face to the title page. Then follows:

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 Plate: Gluck. 4
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 Plate: The Egg Test. 6
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 Plate: Boys eating melons, and ~~Boys~~ eating fruit. 7
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Then follow indiscriminately the other plates.

After the last plate follows the title page "Biographies," and then the biographies themselves, placing before each one (if published) the portrait.

